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REQUIRED READING

FOR THE

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.
MAY.

READINGS FROM ROMAN HISTORY.

SELECTED BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON.

It has not been the compiler's purpose in these extracts to produce a continuous sketch of the history of Rome. That, in the space assigned, would be impossible. It has not been his purpose to present to readers incidents or events in Roman story judged to be the most important or the most striking of all that were open to his choice. That, too, would require more room than could here be commanded. His purpose has been simply, from the long historic panorama of Rome, to cut out a few pictures, at the same time interesting enough, compact enough, and complete enough within themselves, to deserve and to admit being shown to readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, in the comparatively small space that could be allotted to them in these columns.

We begin with a tale taken from the legendary part of Roman history. Livy tells it for us, Mr. George Baker being his English interpreter, a practical one and excellent. A war is in progress between the Romans and the Albans.

THE LEGEND OF THE HORATII AND THE CURIATII.

[No date assignable.]

It happened that, in each of the armies, there were three twin brothers, between whom there was no disparity, in point of age, or of strength. That their names were Horatius and Curiatius, we have sufficient certainty, for no occurrence of antiquity has ever been more universally noticed; yet, notwithstanding that the fact is so well ascertained, there still remains a doubt respecting the names, to which nation the Horatii belonged, and to which the Curiatii; authors are divided on the point; finding, however, that the greater number concur in calling the Horatii Romans, I am inclined to follow them. To these three brothers, on each side, the kings proposed that they should support, by their arms, the honor of their respective countries, informing them that the sovereignty was to be enjoyed by that nation whose champions should prove victorious in the combat. No reluctance was shown on their parts, and time and place were appointed. Previous to the fight a league was made between the Romans and Albans, on these conditions: That, whichever of the two nations should, by its cham-

pions, obtain victory in the combat, that nation should, without further dispute, possess sovereign dominion over the other.

* * * * *

The league being concluded, the three brothers, on each side, pursuant to the agreement, took arms, the friends of each putting them in mind that "the gods of their country, the country itself, the whole of their countrymen, whether at home or in the army, rested on their prowess the decision of their fate." Naturally bold and courageous, and highly animated, beside, by such exhortations, they advanced into the midst, between the two armies. The two armies sat down before their respective camps, free from all apprehensions of immediate danger to themselves, but not from deep anxiety, no less than sovereign power being at stake, and depending on the bravery and success of so small a number. With all the eagerness, therefore, of anxious suspense, they fixed their attention on an exhibition which was far, indeed, from being a matter of mere amusement. The signal being given, the three youths, who had been drawn upon each side, as in battle array, their breasts animated with the magnanimous spirits of whole armies, rushed forward to the fight, intent on mutual slaughter, utterly thoughtless of their own personal peril, and reflecting that, on the event of the contest, depended the future fate and fortune of their respective countries. On the first onset, as soon as the clash of their arms and the glittering of their swords were perceived, the spectators shuddered with excess of horror, and their hopes being, as yet, equally balanced, their voices were suppressed, and even their breath was suspended. Afterward, in the progress of the combat, during which not only the activity of the young men's limbs, and the rapid motions of their arms, offensive and defensive, but wounds also, and blood, were exhibited to view, the three Albans were wounded, and two of the Romans fell lifeless, one over the other. On their fall the Alban army set up a shout of joy, while the Roman legions were in a state of the most painful anxiety, almost bereft of hope, and reduced to a state of despair by the situation of their champion, who was now surrounded by the three Curiatii. It happened that he was unhurt, so that, though singly he was by no means a match for them altogether, yet was he confident of success against each of them, separately. In order, therefore, to avoid their joint attack, he betook himself to flight, judging that they would pursue with such different degrees of speed as their wounds would allow. He had now fled to some distance from the place where they had fought, when, looking back, he perceived that there were large intervals between the pursuers, and that one was at no great distance from him; against him he turned back, with great fury, and while the Alban army called out to the Curiatii to succor their brother, Horatius having in the meantime slain his antagonist, proceeded, victorious, to attack the second. The Romans then cheered their champion with shouts of applause, such as naturally burst forth on occasions of unexpected joy; on his part, he delayed not to put an end to the combat; for, before the third, who was at no great distance, could come up to the relief of his brother, he dispatched the second Curiatius. And now they were brought

to an equality, in point of number, only one on each side surviving, but were far from an equality either in hopes or in strength; the one, unhurt, and flushed with two victories, advanced with confidence to the third contest; the other, enfeebled by a wound, fatigued with running, and dispirited, beside, by the fate of his brethren already slain, met the victorious enemy. What followed could not be called a fight; the Roman, exulting, cried out: "Two of you have I offered to the shades of my brothers, the third I will offer to the cause in which we are engaged, that the Roman may rule over the Alban;" and, whilst the other could scarcely support the weight of his armor, he plunged his sword downward into his throat; then as he lay prostrate, he despoiled him of his arms. The Romans received Horatius with triumphant congratulations, and a degree of joy proportioned to the greatness of the danger that had threatened their cause. Both parties then applied themselves to the burying of their dead, with very different dispositions of mind; the one being elated with the acquisition of empire, the other depressed under a foreign jurisdiction. The sepulchres still remain, in the several spots where the combatants fell: those of the two Romans in one place, nearer to Alba, those of the three Albans on the side next to Rome; but in different places, as they fought.

Do our readers wonder that Byron speaks of Livy's "pictured page"? We advance immediately to the beginning of authentic Roman history—the date of the war between Pyrrhus and Rome. Our historian shall be the German, Wilhelm Ihne (pronounced Eë-nuh), who, however, writes himself directly in English. He is still later than Mommsen, and far more judicial than he.

THE EMBASSY OF KINEAS TO ROME.

[About 280 B. C.]

The embassy of Kineas to Rome was celebrated in antiquity and was a favorite topic for rhetorical declamation. It is said that he took with him beautiful presents for men and women, but offered them in vain.* Rome, which in a later time the Numidian king Jugurtha declared to be ready to sell itself if only a purchaser could be found, was still, as is related, pure and virtuous. It was the time of Manius Curius, the conqueror of the Samnites, who, sitting by his own hearth and eating his simple peasant's food, had proudly rejected the tempting presents of the Samnites; it was the time when C. Cornelius Rufinus was cast out of the senate by the censors because he had silver plate to the weight of ten pounds in his use. And was not Fabricius, the first soldier and statesman of his time, a pattern of simplicity and contentment, and superior to all temptation? What a contrast to the mercenary Greeks, whose greatest patriots and statesmen were publicly accused of bribery, and were compelled to defend themselves against such charges before the public tribunals! But Kineas was a shrewd, experienced negotiator. Where one scheme failed, he tried another. He discovered the point where the stout Romans were vulnerable. He flattered their pride. On the second day after his arrival he knew the names of all the senators and knights, and had something obliging to say to each. He visited the influential men in their houses, to get them secretly to favor his propositions. At length, when he appeared in the senate and made known his commission, when he brought offers of peace and friendship from the powerful king of Epirus, the redoubted warrior, the victor of Heraclea, the senate wavered in its decision; the deliberations lasted many days, and it appeared that the advice of those would prevail whose courage was damped and whose confidence was small. At that critical moment, the blind Appius Claudius, bowed down with age and infirmity, appeared, supported by his sons, in the solemn assembly. He had for some years retired from public life, but his haughty temper could not brook

the idea that Rome should accept laws from a foreign conqueror. The Claudian pride which animated him was the genuine Roman pride, the first national virtue. He summoned all his strength once more to raise his voice in that council which he had so often swayed by his wisdom, and had subdued by his indomitable will. As if from the grave, and as if inspired by the genius of a better time, his words, echoing in the ears of the breathless assembly, scared away all pusillanimous considerations and infused the spirit of resistance which animated the men of Rome when, from the height of the capitol, they beheld the Gaulish conquerors rioting in the ruins of their town. The speech of Appius Claudius was a monument of a glorious time, the contemplation of which warmed and inspired succeeding generations. It is the first speech of the contents of which there has been preserved a substantially correct report. Later generations believed they possessed even the exact words, and Cicero speaks of it as of a literary composition of acknowledged authenticity. This view is hardly tenable; but it may be believed that the general purport and some of the arguments of the speech were faithfully preserved in the Claudian family books, and we can not deny ourselves the pleasure of listening to the faint echo which introduces us for the first time into the immediate presence of the most august assembly of the old world.

According to the tradition, Appius spoke something as follows: "Hitherto, assembled fathers, I used to mourn that I was deprived of the light of the eye; now, however, I should consider myself happy if, in addition to that, I had lost the sense of hearing, that I might not hear the disgraceful counsels which are here publicly proposed, to the shame of the Roman name. How are you changed from your former estate! Whither have your pride and your courage flown? You that boasted you would have opposed the great Alexander himself if, in the period of your youth, he had dared to invade Italy; that he would have lost in battle against you the fame of the invincible, and would have found defeat or death in Italy, to the glory of the Roman name—you now show that all this was nothing but vain boasting; for you fear now the Chaonians and Molossians, who have always been the spoil of the Macedonians, and you tremble before Pyrrhus, who passed his life in the service of one of Alexander's satellites. Thus one single misfortune has made you forget what you once were. And you are going to make him who is the author of your shame your friend, together with those who brought him over to Italy. What your fathers won by the sword, you will deliver up to the Lucanians and the Bruttians. What is this but making yourselves servants of the Macedonians? And some of you are not ashamed to call that peace which is really slavery!"

When Appius had spoken, the negotiations with Kineas were broken off. He was warned immediately to leave the town, and to inform his king that there could be no idea of peace and friendship between him and the Roman people until he had left the shores of Italy. That was the answer of a people conquered, but not broken in spirit; a people prepared to stand up for their honor and their greatness, even to the last man. The impression which the Romans made on Kineas is described as very powerful. It is said that he compared the town of Rome to a temple, and the senators to kings. Indeed, the dignity, the calmness, and firmness of the Roman people could not have failed to convince him that the Romans were barbarians of a peculiar type; although in refinement and polish, in art and the higher enjoyments of life below the Greeks, still as citizens and soldiers very superior to them. The day of Heraclea was far from damping their courage. A new army was formed in Rome, proudly under Kineas's own eyes, from volunteers, who, full of enthusiasm, poured thither from all parts to fill up the gaps.

*Let Dr. Thomas Arnold be compared with Ihne, at this point of the history, and a curiously instinctive contradiction appears. Both histo-

*Plutarch, Pyrrh. 13. According to Zonaras, however (viii.3), the attempts at corruption were not fruitless.

rians refer, for their authority, to precisely the same passages in two different works by Cicero; but whereas Ithue, as our readers have seen, makes Cicero in them vouch for the authenticity of Appius Claudius's speech, Arnold, on the other hand, makes him regard it as utterly unworthy of trust! But Arnold adds a comment that our readers will like to see.

No Englishman can have read thus far without remembering the scene, in all points so similar, which took place within our fathers' memory in our own House of Parliament. We recollect how the greatest of English statesmen, bowed down by years and infirmity, like Appius, but roused, like him, by the dread of approaching dishonor to the English name, was led by his son and son-in-law into the House of Lords, and all the peers with one impulse arose to receive him. We know the expiring words of that mighty voice, when he protested against the dismemberment of this ancient monarchy, and prayed that if England must fall, she might fall with honor. The real speech of Lord Chatham against yielding to the coalition of France and America, will give a far more lively image of what was said by the blind Appius in the Roman senate, than any fictitious oration which I could either copy from other writers or endeavor myself to invent; and those who would wish to know how Appius spoke, should read the dying words of the great orator of England.

COMMERCIAL LAW.

By EDWARD C. REYNOLDS, Esq.

IV.—REAL ESTATE.

How known? Unfortunately, this is not always easily determined, as much expensive litigation is continually demonstrating. There are two general divisions of property, which we designate as real and personal.

Land is real property, or real estate. *Stocks, lumber, evidences of debt, and all that property which is classed as movable is personal estate. Personal estate may become real estate. How? Take lumber, bricks, etc., which are personal property, and therewith construct a house, and locate it, with stone or brick foundation, on your land. The personal property, so used, merges its lesser title in that of the greater, that of the land on which it is placed, and becomes with the land real estate, subject to real estate law as regards taxation, transfer, and in fact every essential feature. Whence comes the original ownership? First by right of discovery; next by royal grant, and by purchase, and then by descent and purchase. It is our purpose to consider this transfer by purchase. This being accomplished through the medium of a deed, we pass on to mention a few of its characteristics. This document is the evidence of a sale and conveyance of certain real estate, which should therein be accurately described. There is a recognized form of deed in general use, which although containing a few seeming superfluous words, according to the ideas of an occasional iconoclast, is yet safe; and this blank, which may be purchased of publishers, is the one to use. Lack of space will not permit an analysis of a deed, but we will endeavor to explain its execution. The deed must be signed by the party or parties making the sale; must be sealed, acknowledged, witnessed (this is not required in all the states, but is generally done), delivered and recorded. The deed should be written in ink. The writing should be plain, since it is written to be read, a fact sometimes seemingly overlooked. The description and all the clerical work should be completed and accurately completed before signing, since no change is legitimate, if made after signature has been attached. The witnesses should see the grantor sign his name, and then sign themselves. A corporation making a transfer does it by its president or treasurer, who signs in this way:

Cimbrian Manufacturing Company,
By James Felt,
President.

A seal (a small piece of paper attached as a wafer or sealing wax is ordinarily used) is placed opposite the signature of the grantor, or, if more than one name, a seal for each. After signing, sealing and witnessing, the deed must be "acknowledged." For this purpose the grantor goes before a Justice of the Peace, or Notary Public, or, if the grantor is not resident in the state where the real estate is situated, then before a State Commissioner of Deeds, or if in a foreign country, then before a consul. These are persons qualified by appointment to the office which they hold, to take acknowledgments. The deed is shown the officer, to whom grantor makes the acknowledgment that the document by him signed is his free act and deed; and by whom a certificate to that effect by him signed, is attached to the deed. The deed being duly executed is now delivered by the grantor to the grantee (this matter of delivery is essential), and is by him placed upon record.

By record is meant this: Each county of the state has an office wherein are kept the records of all the real estate conveyances of that county, or of land situated in that county. This office opens its records to the inspection of the public, and by the records there each real estate owner's title may be investigated. Between the parties to a transfer, the deed would be sufficient evidence of such passing of title without record, but wherever the rights of other parties might clash with such a change of ownership, record would be absolutely necessary for the protection of the grantee. Make it a rule, then, when right or title in or to real estate becomes vested in you by deed, to allow no great length of time to elapse before having records made. Since all titles are to be established in the Registry of Deeds, it is the privilege of any one purchasing, either to investigate the title to his proposed purchase himself, or have some one do it for him. Whenever one wishes an agent to make a transfer he must first authorize his agent, by giving him a power of attorney to attend to the execution of the deed, and this power of attorney must contain specific authority and plenary, and be executed with the formality of a deed, and be regularly recorded.

On writing deeds remember:

That the price paid is ordinarily stated in the deed. The exact amount need not be mentioned. It may read "In consideration of one dollar." The amount named is not conclusive evidence of amount paid;

That the description should be accurate. It is quite common to find very imperfect descriptions, but this is wrong, and is the cause of much trouble. In addition to description, refer to previous deeds, by giving book and page; wherein recorded in the Registry of Deeds;

That a deed should describe the incumbrances, if any there be. If any such exist, and the deed is silent regarding them, the grantor is selling that which does not belong to him, a species of business activity which the law does not encourage;

That, if the grantor be a married man, his wife should sign the deed, relinquishing her interest in the property, commonly called dower;

That either a warranty or quit-claim deed transfers the owner's entire interest in the real estate; but while by the former the grantor warrants the title and engages to defend the same "against the lawful claims and demands of all persons," by the latter he avoids all such personal liability. Therefore if property be free from incumbrances a quit-claim is as good as a warranty deed; notwithstanding this, a purchaser had better insist on having the latter in every case;

That deeds should be recorded in the Registry of the county in which the real estate is located.

MORTGAGES—Real Estate.

A mortgage is a transfer made with intent of giving mortgage security for money loaned or a debt in some way incurred. The mortgage is a deed conveying to the mortgagee the owner's title to the estate granted in just the same way and with same formalities as a regular deed of transfer, subject to one

condition, which is, that the mortgage deed shall be void if the amount therein specified is paid at the stated time.

After the delivery of the mortgage deed the relative standing of the parties is this:

The mortgagee:

Unless the right is specially waived in the deed, he may enter and take possession. He is therefore the owner subject to a condition, and has in him the right of possession;

He may sell and assign to a third party his interest in the mortgaged property, investing such person with all his rights therein;

When the stated time for payment, whether of principal or interest, has elapsed, and the conditions have not been complied with, foreclosure of mortgage may be commenced, and at the expiration of three years from such commencement, he may take absolute possession of the estate, unless mortgagor redeems it within that time;

He may insure mortgaged premises for his own protection.

The mortgagor:

He is not in possession of mortgaged premises by right, unless by special permission;

He must pay all amounts designated in the mortgage deed, at the time therein specified;

He may redeem the property at any time within three years after commencement of foreclosure, by paying amount due; with interest and legal costs.

He may sell his remaining interest (called equity of redemption), after mortgage transfer, or procure other mortgages on same property.

Personal Property.

Mortgages of personal property are much more informal in their execution than similar transfers of real estate. The transfer is a complete change of ownership title, with similar conditional clause, relative to payment, to that of a mortgage deed.

The several states make provisions for record of these conveyances, which are to be observed in order to insure the proper security of mortgagee's title, since record has same significance with personal as with real estate mortgage transfers.

A farther analogy may be found in the fact of a right of foreclosure and equity of redemption.

Wills.

If at any time we were to say that "Every man his own lawyer" would be giving to some very poor assistance, we think the suggestion would be eminently proper here. This is not the word of discouragement, but of caution, else the practicability of these articles, which is the theory leading to their publication, might with propriety be questioned. There is no department of legal work where more skill and care may be demanded than in this. But though care is ever to be exercised, not always is superior skill necessary, for one may desire a very simple and direct disposition of his property, and this may be done if only the formalities are observed, by one not conversant with the niceties of law points, and done in such a proper and regular manner that all complications will be avoided. But where different interests are to be carved out of an estate, then the execution of it requires skill and experience.

Who may make a will? Any person who has attained proper age and is of sound mind. By the old common law a married woman was not competent, but this restriction has been removed by statutory enactment in most of the states, and a married woman in those states is no longer forbidden the disposition of her property in accordance with her own wishes.

Quite generally eighteen years for males and sixteen for females are designated as proper ages. Children not mentioned in a will, unless provided for in testator's lifetime, are presumed to have been accidentally omitted, and take same share of the estate as they would if there had been no will. It will therefore be readily seen that if omission was intentional, tes-

tator's design would be defeated. Whenever such omission of gift to a child is designed it should be particularly mentioned in the will.

A codicil is simply an addition to or change in the will, and should be attached to the original, and executed with same formalities.

In making a will be careful to observe:

That the person is of proper age and sound mind;

That all statements and declarations be made in clear, unambiguous language, so that a misconception of it will be impossible;

That, in propriety, the word "bequeath" should be used as applied to personal estate, and "devise" as belonging to real;

That, unless a life estate simply is intended, words of inheritance (heirs) should be coupled with devisee's name;

That, in most of the states, three witnesses are required. They should be wholly disinterested, so far as having no personal interest in the will; they should see the testator sign, and should each attach his signature in testator's presence, and in presence of the others;

That it is well for the testator to name an executor, although this is not required, since in the absence of such directions the Court will appoint an administrator.

OUTLINE OF FORM.

I — of — being of sound mind, hereby make and declare this to be my last will and testament. I give, devise and bequeath my estate and property, real and personal as follows:

[Then follow disposition of property and appointment of executor.]

In witness whereof I have signed, sealed, published and declared this instrument to be my last will and testament, at — this — day of —.

— [SEAL]

The witnesses then add:

The said — on said — day of — signed, published and declared the above as his last will and testament; and we, at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

—
—
—

The destruction of a will revokes it. The making of a new will revokes all former ones.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[April 6.]

Draw yet nearer, O, my soul! with thy *most fervent love*. Here is matter for it to work upon, something worth thy loving. O see what beauty presents itself! Is not all the beauty in the world united here? Is not all other beauty but deformity? Dost thou now need to be persuaded to love? Here is a feast for thine eyes and all the powers of thy soul; dost thou need entreaties to feed upon it? Canst thou love a little shining earth, a walking piece of clay? And canst thou not love that God, that Christ, that glory, which are so truly and unmeasurably lovely? Thou canst love thy friend because he loves thee; and is the love of a friend like the love of Christ? Their weeping or bleeding for thee does not ease thee, not stay the course of thy tears or blood; but the tears and blood that fell from thy Lord have a sovereign, healing virtue. O my soul! If love deserves and should beget love, what incomprehensible love is here before thee! Pour out all the store of thy affections here, and all is too little—O that it were more! O that it were many thousand times more! Let him be first served that served the first. Let him have the first born and strength of thy soul, who parted with strength, and life and love for thee.

O my soul! dost thou love for *excellency*? Yonder is the

region of light; this is the land of darkness. Yonder twinkling stars, that shining moon and radiant sun, are all but lanterns hung out of thy Father's house, to light thee while thou walkest in this dark world. But how little dost thou know the glory and blessedness that are within.

Dost thou love for *suitableness*? What person more suitable than Christ—his god-head and humanity, his fullness and freedom, his willingness and constancy, all proclaim him thy most suitable friend. What state more suitable to thy misery than mercy, or to thy sin and pollution than honor and perfection? What place more suitable to thee than heaven? Does this world agree with thy desires? Hast thou not had a sufficient trial of it, or dost thou love for interest and near relation? Where hast thou better interest than in heaven, or nearer relation than there?

Dost thou love for *acquaintance and familiarity*? Though thine eyes have never seen thy Lord, yet thou hast heard his voice, received his benefits, and lived in his bosom. He taught thee to know thyself and him; he opened thee that first window, through which thou sawest into heaven. Hast thou forgotten since thy heart was careless and he awakened it; hard, and he softened it; stubborn, and he made it yield; at peace, and he troubled it; whole, and he broke it; and broken, till he healed it again? Hast thou forgotten the times when he found thee in tears; when he heard thy secret sighs and groans, and left all to come and comfort thee? * * *

Methinks I hear him still saying to me, "Poor sinner, though thou hast dealt unkindly with me, and cast me off, yet I will not do so by thee; though thou hast set light by me and all my mercies, yet they and myself are thine. What wouldst thou have that I can give thee? And what dost thou want that I can not give thee? If anything I have will give thee pleasure, thou shalt have it. Wouldst thou have pardon? I freely forgive thee all the debt. Wouldst thou have grace and peace? Thou shalt have both. Wouldst thou have myself? Behold I am thine, thy friend, thy Lord, thy brother, husband and head. Wouldst thou have the Father? I will bring thee to him, and thou shalt have him, in and by me." These were my Lord's reviving words.

* * *
If *bounty and compassion* be an attractive of love, how immeasurably, then, am I bound to love him! All the mercies that have filled up my life, all the places that ever I abode in, all the societies and persons I have been conversant with, all my employments and relations, every condition I have been in, and every change I have passed through, all tell me that the fountain is overflowing goodness. Lord, what a sum of love am I indebted to thee! And how does my debt continually increase! How should I love again for so much love? But shall I dare to think of requiting thee, or of recompensing all thy love with mine? Will my mite requite thee for thy golden mines, my faint wishes for thy constant bounty; mine, which is nothing, or not mine, for thine, which is infinite and thine own? Shall I dare to contend in love with thee, or set my borrowed languid spark against the sun of love?

* * *
No, Lord, I yield; I am overcome. O blessed conquest. Go on victoriously and still prevail, and triumph in thy love. The captive of love shall proclaim thy victory; when thou leadest me in triumph from earth to heaven, from death to life, from the tribunal to the throne! myself, and all that see it, shall acknowledge thou hast prevailed, and all shall say, "Behold how he loved him."—*From Baxter's "Saint's Rest,"* abridged by Fawcett.

[April 13.]

For we, being accustomed to a careless and perfunctory performing of these duties, can not but find it a hard and difficult matter to keep our hearts so close unto them as to perform them as we ought to do, and so as that we may be really said

to do them. For we must not think that sitting in the church while the word of God is preached, is hearing the word of God, or being present there while prayers are read is real praying; no, no, there is a deal more required than this to our praying to the great God aright; insomuch that, for my own part, I really think that prayer, as it is the highest, so it is the hardest duty that we can be engaged in; all the faculties of our souls as well as members of our bodies being obliged to put forth themselves in their several capacities, to the due performance of it.

And as for these several graces and virtues with which our souls must be adorned withal, before they ever can come to heaven, though it be easy to talk of them, it is not so to act them. I shall instance only in some few, as to love God above all other things, and other things only for God's sake; to hope on nothing but God's promises, and to fear nothing but his displeasure; to love other men's persons so as to hate their vices, and so to hate their vices as still to love their persons; not to covet riches when we have them not, nor trust on them when we have them; to deny ourselves that we may please God, and to take up our cross that we may follow Christ; to live above the world whilst we are in it, and to despise it whilst we use it; to be always upon our watchguard, strictly observing not only the outward actions of our life, but the inward motions of our hearts; to hate those very things which we used to love, and to love those very duties which we used to hate; to choose the greatest affliction before the least sin, and to neglect the getting of the greatest gains rather than the performing of the smallest duty; to believe truths which we can not comprehend, merely upon the testimony of one whom we never saw; to submit our own wills to God's and to delight ourselves in obeying him; to be patient under sufferings, and thankful for all the troubles we meet with here below; to be ready and willing to do and suffer anything we can for him who hath done and suffered so much for us; to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the indigent, and rescue the oppressed to the utmost of our power; in a word, to be every way as pious toward God, as obedient to Christ, as loyal to our prince, as faithful to our friends, as loving to our enemies, as charitable to the poor, as just in our dealings, as eminent in all true graces and virtues, as if we were to be saved by it; and yet by no confidence in it, but still look upon ourselves as unprofitable servants, and depend upon Christ, and Christ alone for pardon and salvation.—*From "Private Thoughts upon Religion and a Christian Life,"* by Bishop Beveridge.

[April 20th.]

Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two Shining Men again, who there waited for them. Therefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying: "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went toward the gate.

Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the regions of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place; who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is "the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect." You are going now, said they, to the paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never fading fruits thereof; and, when you come there, you shall have white robes given you,

and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region, upon the earth, to-wit: sorrow, sickness, affliction and death; "for the former things are passed away." You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and to the prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness. The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was answered: You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One; for there you shall see him as he is. There also you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There you shall enjoy your friends again that are gone thither before you, and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. * * * * Also when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet and be ever with him.—*From Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

[April 27th.]

If we can make this with ourselves: I was in times past dead in trespasses and sins, I walked after the prince that ruleth in the air, and after the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience; but God, who is rich in mercy, through his great love, wherewith he loved me, even when I was dead, hath quickened me in Christ. I was fierce, heady, proud, high minded, but God hath made me like a child that is newly weaned. I loved pleasures more than God; I followed greedily the joys of this present world; I esteemed him that erected a stage or theater more than Solomon which built a temple to the Lord; the harp, viol, timbrel, and pipe, men singers and women singers were at my feast; it was my felicity to see my children dance before me; I said of every kind of vanity, O how sweet art thou unto my soul! All which things are now crucified to me, and I to them; now I hate the pride of life, and the pomp of this world; now I take as great delight in the way of thy testimonies, O Lord, as in all riches; now I find more joy of heart in my Lord and Savior, than the worldly minded man when "his possessions do much abound;" now I taste nothing sweet but the bread which came down from heaven, to give life unto the world; now my eyes see nothing but Jesus rising from the dead; now my ears refuse all kinds of melody, to hear the song of them that have gotten the victory of the beast and of his image, and of his mark, and of the number of his name, that stand on the sea of glass, "having the harps of God, and singing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, O King of saints." Surely, if the Spirit have been thus effectual in the sacred work of our regeneration with newness of life, if we endeavor thus to form ourselves anew, then we may say boldly with the blessed apostle, in the tenth to the Hebrews: We are not of them that withdraw ourselves to perdition, but which follow faith to the salvation of the soul." * * *

The Lord of his infinite mercy give us hearts plentifully fraught with the treasure of this blessed assurance of faith unto the end.—*From Hooker.*

ALL men have a rational soul and moral perfectibility; it is these qualities which make the poorest peasant sacred and valued by me. Moral perfectibility is our destiny, and here are opened up to the historian a boundless field and a rich harvest.

—*Forster.*

READINGS IN ART.

II.—THE PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS OF NORTHERN EUROPE.*

Art in Germany and the Netherlands may be considered as beginning about the middle of the fourteenth century. There is, however, no name of importance in the German school of artists until the time of Albrecht Dürer. Before him painters had shown little or no originality in their work. They had followed the Byzantine models largely, and had been influenced by the servile and narrow influences of the middle ages. With the new intellectual and spiritual life which sprang up in the fifteenth century, artistic life awoke in Germany. Dürer was the first and greatest master of the school. He was born in Nuremberg on the 21st of May, 1471.

His father was a Hungarian, who settled in Nuremberg as a goldsmith. Albrecht Dürer was taught his father's trade, but fortunately his talent for art was observed, and he was sent, in 1484, a boy of thirteen years, to Schongauer. In 1486 he was apprenticed to Michael Wolgemut for three years. From the studio of his master, Albrecht Dürer passed, in the year 1490, to a new world—he traveled; and in those "wander-years," which lasted till 1494, he was doubtless laying in stores of learning for the after-time; but unfortunately we know nothing of those years, except that he had a glimpse of Venice, the first sight of the Italian paradise which, in his case, though seen again, never made him unfaithful to the art of his fatherland. In 1494, Albrecht Dürer returned to Nuremberg, and married Agnes Frey, the daughter of a singer. He received two hundred florins with his wife for her dowry, and it has been said that with her he found more than two thousand unhappy days. In 1506, Dürer again traveled to Italy, and found a warm welcome from the painters at Venice, a city which he now beheld for the second time. Doubtless he learned much from the works which he saw, and the criticism which he heard, but, fortunately for his country, he could go to Italy without becoming a copyist. Giovanni Bellini paid him especial honor, and Dürer tells us that he considered Bellini "the best painter of them all."

Between the years 1507 and 1520, Dürer produced many of his most famous works. In 1509, he bought a house for himself in the Zisselgasse, at Nuremberg. In 1515 Raphael sent a sketch from his own pencil to his great brother, who has been well styled the "Raphael of Germany." The sketch is in red chalk, and is preserved in the collection of the Archduke Charles, at Vienna. In 1520 we find Dürer appointed court-painter to the emperor, Charles V., a position which he had already held under Maximilian. His own countrymen seem to have been niggardly in their reward of genius, for the court-painter had only a salary of one hundred florins a year, and painted portraits for a florin (about twenty English pence). In the same year Dürer, accompanied by his wife, visited the Netherlands, and at Antwerp, then the most important town of the Low Countries, both he and his wife were entertained at a grand supper; the master has recorded in his journal his pleasure at the honor bestowed upon him. At Ghent and Bruges all were delighted to show their respect for his genius. At Brussels, Dürer was summoned to the court of Margaret of Austria, Regent of the Netherlands, to whom he presented several engravings. Either through jealous intrigues, or from some other cause, his court favor was of short duration. In Brussels he painted several portraits which were never paid for, and for a time he was in straitened circumstances. Just at this time, however, Christian II., king of Denmark, became acquainted with him, and having shown every mark of honor to the painter, sat to him for his portrait. Soon afterward he returned to Germany.

* This paper is abridged from "German, Flemish and Dutch Paintings," by H. J. Wilmet Duxton, M.A., and Edward J. Poynter, R.A.

Once more at home in his beloved Nuremberg, Dürer wrote to remind the Town Council that whilst the people of Venice and Antwerp had offered him liberal sums to dwell among them, his own city had not given him five hundred florins for thirty years of work. But we must pass to the end. Whether the health of Albrecht Dürer had been injured by home cares and the tongue of Agnes Frey, we know not, though many passages in his letters and journal seem to point to this fact. He died on the 6th of April, 1528, and was buried in the cemetery of St. John, at Nuremberg.

Most of Dürer's works are to be found in Germany. In the Louvre there are only three or four drawings. The Museum of Madrid possesses several of his paintings—a "Crucifixion" (1513), showing the maturity of his genius, two "Allegories" of the same type as the "Dance of Death," so favorite a subject at this period, and a "Portrait of Himself," bearing the date 1496. At Munich we may trace, in a series of seventeen pictures, the dawn, the noonday, and the evening of Albrecht Dürer's art. The "Portrait of his Father," 1497, is one of his earliest works. His father was then seventy years old. The color is warm and harmonious. The masterpiece of Dürer's art is the painting of the four apostles—"St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul and St. Mark." This wonderful work is clearly the production of his later years; it bears no date, but the absence of the hardness, which Michael Wolgemut's workshop had imparted to his early style, is gone, and the whole work shows the influence of his travels and unflagging study. It is usually assigned to the year 1526. The picture has been supposed to represent the "Four Temperaments," but there is no satisfactory proof that Dürer intended this.

Vienna possesses some of the finest specimens of his art. In the legend of "The Ten Thousand Martyrs," who were slain by the Persian king Shahpouir II., Dürer has described on a panel of about a foot square every conceivable kind of torture. These horrors are witnessed by two figures which represent the painter himself, and his friend Pirckheimer.

The "Adoration of the Trinity" is one of the most famous of Dürer's works. It is a vast allegorical picture, representing the Christian Religion.

Of his wood-cuts the best known are the "Apocalypse," 1498; the "Life of the Virgin," 1511; and the "History of Christ's Passion." Of his copper-plate engravings, "St. Hubert," "St. Jerome," and "The Knight, Death, and the Devil," bearing the date 1513, in which we see what Kugler calls "the most important work which the fantastic spirit of German art has ever produced." The weird, the terrible, and the grotesque look forth from this picture like the forms of some horrible nightmare. Another famous engraving, called "Melancholy," is full of mystic poetry; it bears the date 1514. To these may be added a series of sixteen drawings in pen and ink on gray paper, heightened with white, representing "Christ's Passion," which he never engraved. They are in his best style, and among the finest of his works.

HANS HOLBEIN.

Contemporary with Dürer lived another great artist, Hans Holbein. He was born at Augsburg, in 1497. Comparing him with Albrecht Dürer, Kugler says that "as respects grandeur and depth of feeling, and richness of his invention and conception in the field of ecclesiastical art, he stands below the great Nuremberg painter. Though not unaffected by the fantastic element which prevailed in the Middle Ages, Holbein shows it in his own way." What we know of Holbein's life must be told briefly. He was painting independently, and for profit, when only fifteen. He was only twenty when he left Augsburg and went to Bâle. There he painted his earliest known works, which still remain there. In 1519, after a visit to Lucerne, we find him a member of the Guild of Painters at Bâle, and years later he was painting frescoes for the walls of the Rathaus—frescoes which have yielded to damp and decay, and of which fragments only remain. These are in the Mu-

seum of Bâle, as well as eight scenes from "The Passion," which belong to the same date. Doubtless Holbein had gone to Bâle poor, and in search of any remunerative work. It is said that he and his brother Ambrose visited that city with the hope of finding employment in illustrating books, an art for which Bâle was famous. Hans Holbein was destined, however, to find a new home and new patrons. In 1526, Holbein went to England. The house of Sir Thomas More, in Chelsea, received him, and there he worked as an honored guest—painting portraits of the ill-fated Chancellor and his family. Of other portraits painted at this time that of "Sir Bryan Tuke," treasurer of the king's chamber, now in the collection of the Duke of Westminster, and that of "Archbishop Warham," in the Louvre, are famous specimens. Having returned to Bâle for a season, hard times forced Holbein to seek work once more in England. This was in 1532, when he was taken into the service of Henry VIII., a position not without its dangers. He was appointed court-painter at a salary of thirty-four pounds a year, with rooms in the palace. The amount of this not very magnificent stipend is proved from an entry in a book at the Chamberlain's office, which, under the date of 1538, contains these words: "Payd to Hans Holbein, Paynter, a quarter due at Lady Day last, £8 10s. 9d."

Holbein was employed to celebrate the marriage of Anne Boleyn by painting two pictures in tempera in the Banqueting Hall of the Easterlings, at the Steelyard. He chose the favorite subjects for such works, "The Triumph of Riches," and "The Triumph of Poverty." The pictures probably perished in the Great Fire of London. In 1538, Holbein was engaged on a very delicate mission, considering the matrimonial peculiarities of his royal master. He was sent to Brussels to paint the "Portrait of Christina," widow of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, whom Henry would have made his queen, had she been willing. Soon after, having refused an earnest invitation from Bâle to return there, Holbein painted an aspirant to the royal hand, Anne of Cleves. Perhaps the painter flattered the lady; at all events the original was so distasteful to the king that he burst into a fit of rage which cost Thomas Cromwell his head. Holbein continued his work as a portrait painter, and has left us many memorials of the Tudor Court. He died in 1543, of the plague, but nothing is known of his burial place. Some time before his death we hear of him as a resident in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, in the city.

The fame of this great master rests almost entirely upon his power as a portrait painter. In the collection of drawings at Windsor, mostly executed in red chalk and Indian ink, we are introduced to the chief personages who lived in and around the splendid court in the troublous times of the second Tudor.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH OVERBECK.

After the death of Dürer and Holbein the German school did not long hold its supremacy. Its decline was rapid, and not until the present century was there a re-awakening. Johann Friedrich Overbeck, the chief of the revivalists of German art, was born at Lübeck, in 1789. When about eighteen years of age he went to Vienna, to study painting in the academy of that city. The ideas on art which he had carried with him were so entirely new and so little agreeable to the professors of the academy, that they met with but small approval. On the other hand, there were several among his fellow-pupils who gladly followed his lead; and in 1810, Overbeck, accompanied by a small band of youthful artists, went to Rome, where he established the school which was afterward to become so famous.

Overbeck, who was professor of painting in the Academy of St. Luke, a foreign member of the French Institute, and a member of all the German academies, died at Rome in 1869, at the advanced age of eighty years. He painted both in fresco and in oil. Of his productions in fresco, the most noteworthy are a "Vision of St. Francis" in Santa Maria degli Angeli, at Assisi, and five scenes from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered,"

in the villa of the Marchese Massimo, in Rome. Of his oil paintings, the best are the "Triumph of Religion in the Arts," in the Städel Institute at Frankfurt; "Christ on the Mount of Olives," at Hamburg; the "Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem," painted in 1816 for the Marien Kirche, at Lübeck; and a "Descent from the Cross," at Lübeck. Overbeck also executed a number of small drawings. Of these we may mention forty designs of the "Life of Christ," and many other Biblical subjects.

THE SCHOOL OF THE NETHERLANDS.

In the Netherlands, we find before the seventeenth century, two schools of art; that of Bruges, whose most famous painters were the brothers Van Eyck, and that of Antwerp, whose founder, Matsys, did some fine work. It was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, that art in the Netherlands attained its full strength and life. The artist to whom the revival was due was Peter Paul Rubens. He was born on the day of the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul—the 29th of June, 1577, at Siegen, in Westphalia. His father was a physician, who being suspected of Protestant proclivities, had been forced to flee from his native town of Antwerp, and was subsequently imprisoned, not without cause, by William of Orange, whose side he had joined. When Peter Paul was a year old, his parents removed to Cologne, where they remained for nine years, and then on the death of her husband, the mother of Rubens returned with her child to Antwerp. Young Rubens was sent to a Jesuit school, doubtless in proof of his mother's soundness in the faith of Rome, and studied art. Fortunately for the world, Rubens possessed too original a genius to be much influenced by his masters. He visited Italy in 1600, where the coloring of the Venetians exercised a great influence upon the young painter, and we may consider Paolo Veronese, as the source of inspiration from which Rubens derived the richness of his tints. In 1601 we find Rubens in the service of Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga of Mantua, an enthusiastic patron of art, and two years later he was sent to Philip III. of Spain, on an "artistic commission," some secret mission, perhaps, but certainly as the bearer of costly presents. On his return from Spain he passed some time in Mantua, Rome, and Genoa; the dramatic power of his pictures he derived probably from Michelangelo, as he had learned richness of coloring from Veronese, and we can trace the influence of Giulio Romano, whose works he must have studied at Mantua.

Rubens settled in Antwerp, and married in 1609 his first wife, Isabella Brandt. Always popular, and always successful, Rubens founded a school of painting in Antwerp, which was soon crowded with pupils. His life, however, was destined to be full of action and movement. In 1620 he went to Paris at the invitation of Marie de Medicis, then living in the Luxembourg Palace. The work which the widowed queen proposed to Rubens was to decorate two galleries, the one with scenes from her own history, the other with pictures from the life of Henri IV. In 1626 Rubens visited Holland, saw the principal painters of that country, and lost his wife in the same year. The picture of the two sons of this marriage is in the Lichtenstein Gallery, in Vienna. In 1627 Rubens was employed in diplomatic service at the Hague, and in the next year he was ambassador to Philip IV. of Spain, from the Infanta Isabella, widow of the archduke Albert. In 1629 we find the painter still acting as a diplomatist, and this time to the Court of England. The courtly manner, handsome person, and versatile genius of Rubens made him a favorite at Whitehall.

On his return to Antwerp in 1630, he married his second wife, Helena Fourment, a girl of sixteen, belonging to one of the richest families in the city. She served him many times as a model for his pictures. The great master died in 1640, wealthy, honored, and famous, not only in his own city, but in many another. He was buried in the Church of St. Jacques at Antwerp.

In speaking briefly of the chief works of Rubens, we come

first to the "Descent from the Cross," in Antwerp Cathedral. We find in this wonderful work perfect unity, and a nobler conception and more finished execution than usual. Of the coloring it is needless to speak. But even here in this masterpiece we notice the absence of spirituality. The dead Christ is an unidealized study, magnificently painted and drawn, but unredeemed by any divinity of form, or pathos of expression in the head, so that we discover no foregleam of the Resurrection; it is a dead body, no more. Among the eighteen pictures by Rubens in the Antwerp Museum, is a "Last Communion of St. Francis," which has a great reputation, but suffers from the ignoble type of St. Francis's head. It was painted in 1610.

In the Gallery at Munich we find ninety-five paintings by this master, illustrating all his styles. The masterpiece is the "Last Judgment." Passing to Vienna, we find in the Lichtenstein Gallery the portraits of Rubens's "Two Sons," and a long series of pictures illustrating the "History of Decius." In the Belvedere is a magnificent portrait of his second wife, "Helena Fourment." In the Louvre we find forty-two paintings by Rubens. The greater number of these belong to the series illustrating "The Life of Marie de Medicis." At Madrid in the Museo del Rey is a "Glorified Virgin," a truly wonderful work. Turning to Russia, we find in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg some fine works by this master; especially deserving of notice is the "Feast in the House of Simon." Coming home to England we find this great master again largely represented. The "History of Ixion on the Cloud" is in the gallery of the Duke of Westminster; and "Diana and her Nymphs surprised by Satyrs," painted for Charles I. in 1629. Blenheim contains many great works by Rubens.

ANTOON VAN DYCK.

The greatest of the pupils of Rubens, the son of a merchant of good standing, was born at Antwerp, in 1599. At ten years of age he was studying art under Van Balen, and was registered in the Guild as his pupil; from him he proceeded to the studio of Rubens. His wonderful precocity enabled Van Dyck to become a master in the Guild of Antwerp painters when only nineteen. In 1620 he was engaged as an assistant by Rubens, and in the following year he was in England employed by James I. This royal service soon ended, and in 1623 Van Dyck went to Italy; in Venice he copied many of Titian's works, and spent some time in Rome, and a much longer time at Genoa. Wherever he went he was busy with brush and canvas, and in Genoa he painted many of his best pictures. From 1626 to 1632 Van Dyck was in Antwerp, diligently working at some of his greatest pictures, historical subjects and portraits. In the Cassel Gallery there are fourteen of his portraits, among which that of the "Syndic Meerstraten" is one of the most characteristic of his art at this period. At the close of these six years of Antwerp work a new world opened to him. His first visit to England seems to have been unfruitful, but in 1632 he became one of the court painters of Charles I. Success and honor now crowned the new works of Van Dyck. He received a salary of £200 a year as principal painter to the Stuart court, and was knighted by the king. Nothing succeeds like success, and we find Van Dyck sought after by the nobility and gentry of England, and at once installed as a fashionable portrait painter.

Later, after his return to Flanders, in 1640, with his wife, a lady of the Scottish house of Ruthven, he went to Paris, hoping to obtain from Louis XIII. the commission to adorn with paintings the largest saloon in the Louvre, but here he was doomed to disappointment, as the work had been given to Poussin. Van Dyck returned to England, and found that he had fallen, like his patron, Charles I., "on evil tongues and evil days." The Civil War had commenced. There was no time now for pipe or tabor, for painting of pictures or curling of lovelocks, and whilst trumpets were sounding to boot and saddle, and dark days were coming for England, Van Dyck died in Blackfriars, on the 9th of December, in 1641, and was

buried hard by the tomb of John of Gaunt, in old St. Paul's.

Possessed of less power of invention than his great master, Van Dyck shows in his pictures that *feeling* which is wanting in the works of Rubens. It is infinitely more pleasant to gaze on a crucifixion, or some other sacred subject, from the pencil of Van Dyck, than to examine the more brilliant but soulless treatment of similar works by his master. As a portrait painter Van Dyck occupies with Titian and Velasquez the first place. In fertility and production he was equal to Rubens, if we remember that his artistic life was very brief, and that he died at the age of forty-two. He lacked the inexhaustible invention which distinguishes his teacher, and generally confined himself to painting a "Dead Christ" or a "Mater Dolorosa." Of Van Dyck's sacred subjects we may mention the "Taking of Jesus in Gethsemane" (Museum of Madrid), "Christ on the Cross" (Munich Gallery), the "Vision of the Blessed Hermann Joseph" (Vienna), the famous "Madonna with the Partridges" (St. Petersburg), and the "Dead Christ," mourned by the Virgin, and adored by angels, in the Louvre.

Portraits by Van Dyck are scattered widely throughout the galleries of Europe, and his best are probably in the private galleries of England. In all his portraits there is that air of refinement and taste which rightly earned for Van Dyck the name which the Italians gave him, *Pittore Cavalieresco*.

REMBRANDT.

Contemporaneous with the Flemish school of which Rubens and Van Dyck were the masters, was the Dutch school, of which the great name was Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn. Few persons have suffered more from their biographers than the painters of the Dutch school, and none of them more than Rembrandt. The writings of Van Mander, and the too active imagination of Houbraken, have misrepresented these artists in every possible way. Thus Rembrandt has been described as the son of a miller, one whose first ideas of light and shadow were gained among his father's flour sacks in the old mill at the Rhine. He has been described as a spendthrift reveler at taverns, and as marrying a peasant girl. All this is fiction. The facts are briefly these: Rembrandt was born on July 15, 1607, in the house of his father, Hermann Gerritszoon Van Rijn, a substantial burgess, the owner of several houses, and possessing a large share in a mill on the Weddesteege at Leyden. Educated at the Latin school at Leyden, and intended for the study of the law, Rembrandt's early skill as an artist determined his father to allow him to follow his own taste.

But it was not from these nor from any master that Rembrandt learnt to paint. Nature was his model, and he was his own teacher. In 1630 he produced one of his earliest oil paintings, the "Portrait of an Old Man," and at this time he settled as a painter in Amsterdam. He devoted himself to the teaching of his pupils more than to the cultivation of the wealthy, but instead of being the associate of drunken boozers, as some have described him, he was the friend of the Burgomaster Six, of Jeremias de Decker the poet, and many other persons of good position. In 1632 Rembrandt produced his famous picture, "The Lesson in Anatomy," about that time he was established in Sint Antonie Breedstraat; in the next year he married Saskia van Ulenburch, the daughter of the Burgomaster of Leeuwarden, whose face he loved to paint best after that of his old mother. We may see Saskia's portrait in the famous picture, "Rembrandt with his wife on his knee," in the Dresden Gallery; and a "Portrait of Saskia" alone is in the Cassel Gallery.

In the year 1640 Rembrandt painted a portrait, long known under the misnomer of "The Frame-maker." It is usually called "Le Doreur," and it is said that the artist painted the portrait in payment for some picture frames; but in reality a portrait of Dorer, a friend of Rembrandt. The year 1642 saw Rembrandt's masterpiece, the so-called "Night-watch." Saskia died in the same year, and the four children of the marriage all died early, Titus, the younger son, who promised

to follow in his father's steps, not surviving him. Rembrandt was twice married after Saskia's death. The latter years of the great master's life were clouded by misfortune. Probably owing to the stagnation of trade in Amsterdam, Rembrandt grew poorer and poorer, and in 1656 was insolvent. His goods and many pictures were sold by auction in 1658, and realized less than 5,000 guilders. Still he worked bravely on. His last known pictures are dated 1668. On the 8th of October, 1669, Rembrandt died, and was buried in the Wester Kerk.

Rembrandt was the typical painter of the Dutch School; his treatment is distinctly Protestant and naturalistic. Yet he was an idealist in his way, and as "The King of Shadows," as he has been called, he brought forth from the dark recesses of nature, effects which become, under his pencil, poems upon canvas. Rembrandt loved to paint pictures warmed by a clear, though limited light, which dawns through masses of shadow, and this gives much of that air of mystery so noticeable in his works. In most of his pictures painted before 1633, there is more daylight and less shadow, and the work is more studied and delicate.

In the National Gallery we find two portraits of Rembrandt, one representing him at the age of thirty-two, another when an old man. In the same collection is the "Woman taken in Adultery" (1644), and the "Adoration of the Shepherds" (1646), both superb in arrangement and execution. Germany and Russia are almost as rich as Holland in the number of Rembrandt's pictures which they possess. The "Descent from the Cross," in the Munich Gallery, is a specimen of the sacred subjects of this master. He interprets the Bible from the Protestant and realistic standpoint, and though the coloring of the pictures is marvelous, the grotesque features and Walloon dress of the personages represented make it hard to recognize the actors in the gospel story. Many of his Scripture characters were doubtless painted from the models afforded him in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, where he resided. The magnificent panoramic landscape belonging to Lord Overstone, and the famous picture of "The Mill" against a sunset sky, are signal examples of his poetic power, and his etchings show us this peculiarity of his genius, even more than his oil paintings. Of these etchings, which range over every class of subject, religious, historical, landscape and portrait, there is a fine collection in the British Museum; and they should be studied in order to understand the immense range of his superb genius. The "Ecce Homo," to say nothing of the splendor, the light and shade, and richness of execution, has never been surpassed for dramatic expression; and we forgive the commonness of form and type in the expression of touching pathos in the figure of the Savior; nor would it be possible to express with greater intensity the terrible raging of the crowd, the ignobly servile and cruel supplications of the priests, or the anxious desire to please on the part of Pilate. The celebrated plate "Christ Healing the Sick," exhibits in the highest perfection his mastery of chiaroscuro, and the marvelous delicacies of gradation which he introduced into his more finished work.

The number of Rembrandt's pictures in Holland, although it includes his three greatest, is remarkably small—indeed, they may be counted on the fingers; and lately, by the sale of the Van Loon collection, the Dutch have lost two more of his finest works in the portraits of the "Burgomaster Six" and "His Wife." But his works abound in the other great galleries of Europe.

•••••
THERE is really in nature such a thing as high life. A life of health, of sound morality, of disinterested intellectual activity, of freedom from petty cares is higher than a life of disease and vice, and stupidity and sordid anxiety. I maintain that it is right and wise in a nation to set before itself the highest attainable ideal of human life as the existence of a complete gentleman.—Hamerton.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

"Among the writers who have done much to refine and elevate American literature, Thomas Bailey Aldrich should have the brightest place of one who has wrought equally well in prose and poetry. Among his early efforts 'Baby Bell' will longest hold its place in poetry."—*Henry James, Jr.*

It 'is' the vision of a gentle, tender spirit, and many eyes unused to tears will grow moist over the delicate lines. We have not room for the whole.

"Baby Bell."

Have you not heard the poets tell,
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels.
They fell like dew upon the flowers;
Then all the air grew strangely sweet
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

* * * * *

O, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes;
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright,
As if she yet stood in the light,
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more;
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born;
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn.
And for the love of those dear eyes,
For love of her whom God led forth
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise),
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, Dear Christ! our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

* * * * *

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;

Her heart was folded deep in ours;
Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands;
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair;
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours.

Some of Aldrich's descriptions of oriental scenery are richer in color and more luxurious, but he is more at home and more captivating with familiar themes drawn from every day life. We are charmed with such simple pictures as

"Before the Rain."

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

North from Jerusalem.

We left Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate. Not far from the city wall there is a superb terebinth tree, now in the full glory of its shining green leaves. It appears to be bathed in a perpetual dew; the rounded masses of foliage sparkle and glitter in the light, and the great spreading boughs flood the turf below with a deluge of delicious shade. A number of persons were reclining on the grass under it, and one of them, a very handsome Christian boy, spoke to us in Italian and English. I scarcely remember a brighter and purer day than that of our departure. The sky was a sheet of spotless blue; every rift and scar of the distant hills was retouched with a firmer pencil, and all the outlines, blurred away by the haze of the previous few days, were restored with wonderful distinctness. The temperature was hot, but not sultry, and the air we breathed was an elixir of immortality.

Through a luxuriated olive grove we reached the Tombs of the Kings, situated in a small valley to the north of the city. Part of the valley, if not the whole of it, has been formed by quarrying away the crags of marble and conglomerate limestone for building the city. Near the edge of the low cliffs overhanging it, there are some illustrations of the ancient mode of cutting stone, which, as well as the custom of excavating tombs in the rocks, was evidently borrowed from Egypt. The upper surface of the rocks was first made smooth, after which the blocks were mapped out and cut apart by grooves chiseled between them. I visited four or five tombs, each of which had a sort of vestibule or open portico in front. The door was low, and the chambers which I entered, small and black, without sculptures of any kind. There were fragments of sarcophagi in some of them. On the southern side of the valley is a large quarry, evidently worked for marble, as the blocks have been cut out from below, leaving a large overhanging mass, part of which has broken off and fallen down.

The opening of the quarry made a striking picture, the soft pink hue of the weather-stained rock contrasting exquisitely with the vivid green of the vines festooning the entrance.

From the long hill beyond the tombs, we took our last view of Jerusalem, far beyond whose walls I saw the Church of the Nativity, at Bethlehem. Notwithstanding its sanctity, I felt little regret at leaving Jerusalem, and cheerfully took the rough road northward over the stony hills. There were few habitations in sight, yet the hillsides were cultivated, wherever it was possible for anything to grow. After four hours' ride we reached El Bireh, a little village on a hill, with the ruins of a convent and a large Khan. The place takes its name from a fountain of excellent water, beside which we found our tents already pitched. The night was calm and cool, and the full moon poured a flood of light over the bare and silent hills.

We rose long before sunrise and rode off in the brilliant morning—the sky unstained by a speck of vapor. In the valley, beyond El Bireh, the husbandmen were already at their plows, and the village boys were on their way to the uncultured parts of the hills with their flocks of sheep and goats. The valley terminated in a deep gorge, with perpendicular walls of rock on either side. Our road mounted the hill on the eastern side, and followed the brink of the precipice through the pass, where an enchanting landscape opened upon us.

The village of Zebroud crowned a hill which rose opposite, and the mountain slopes leaning toward it on all sides were covered with orchards of fig trees, and either rustling with wheat or cleanly plowed for maize. The soil was a dark brown loam, and very rich. The stones have been laboriously built into terraces; and, even where heavy rocky boulders almost hid the soil, young fig and olive trees were planted in the crevices between them. I have never seen more thorough and patient cultivation. In the crystal of the morning air the very hills laughed with plenty, and the whole landscape beamed with the signs of gladness on its countenance.

The site of ancient Bethel was not far to the right of our road. Over hills laden with the olive, fig and vine, we passed to Aian el Haramiyeh, or the fountain of the robbers. Here there are tombs cut in the rock on both sides of the valley. Over another ridge, we descend to a large, bowl-shaped valley, entirely covered with wheat, and opening eastward toward the Jordan. Thence to Nablous (the Shechem of the Old and Sychar of the New Testament) is four hours through a winding dell of the richest harvest land. On the way, we first caught sight of the snowy top of Mount Hermon, distant at least eighty miles in a straight line. Before reaching Nablous, I stopped to drink at a fountain of clear sweet water, beside a square pile of masonry, upon which sat two Moslem dervishes. This, we were told, was the tomb of Joseph, whose body, after having accompanied the Israelites in all their wanderings, was at last deposited near Shechem.

There is less reason to doubt this spot than most of the sacred places of Palestine, for the reason that it rests not on Christian, but on Jewish tradition. The wonderful tenacity with which the Jews cling to every record or memento of their early history, and the fact that from the time of Joseph a portion of them have always lingered near the spot, render it highly probable that the locality of a spot so sacred should have been preserved from generation to generation to the present time.

Leaving the tomb of Joseph, the road turned to the west and entered the narrow pass between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. The former is a steep, barren peak, clothed with terraces of cactus, standing on the northern side of the pass. Mount Gerizim is cultivated nearly to the top, and is truly a mountain of blessing, compared with its neighbors. Through an orchard of grand old olive trees, we reached Nablous, which presented a charming picture, with its long mass of white, dome-topped stone houses, stretching along the foot of Gerizim through a sea of bowery orchards. The bottom of the valley resembles some old garden run to waste.

CELIA THAXTER.

Her home is by the sea, and she gives us some vivid glimpses of ocean scenes. Occasionally a joyous phase is delicately presented, but the prevailing tone of her verse, on whatever subject, is in the minor. Perhaps "Beethoven" shows most imagination and insight, as well as felicity of expression.

Beethoven.

If God speaks anywhere, in any voice,
To us his creatures, surely here and now
We hear him, while the great chords seem to bow
Our heads, and all the symphony's breathless noise
Breaks over us, with challenge to our souls!
Beethoven's music! From the mountain peaks
The strong, divine, compelling thunder rolls;
And "Come up higher, come!" the words it speaks,
"Out of your darkened valleys of despair;
Behold, I lift you upon mighty wings
Into Hope's living, reconciling air!
Breathe, and forget your life's perpetual stings—
Dream, folded on the breast of Patience sweet,
Some pulse of pitying love for you may beat!"

Faith.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft
Like yonder tower built high above the reef;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds blow soft,
Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.
For darkness passes; storms shall not abide,
A little patience and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide
The singing flood returns in joy at last.
The night is long and pain weighs heavily;
But God will hold His world above despair.
Look to the east, where up the lucid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair!

The Sandpiper.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.
Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky,
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.
I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.
Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper and I?

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

Before the middle of the eighteenth century the current of events in the American colonies became rapid and impetuous. Many obstacles were met, but the swollen stream rushed on, leaping over, or dashing aside the barriers that seemed to accelerate, rather than hinder the progress.

But a crisis was at hand, and the danger grew apparent.

England and France, rival nations, and often in conflict, both had extensive possessions in this country, and their rights were in dispute. The English occupied the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, and their colonies were well established. As yet all their important settlements were east of the Allegheny Mountains, though they claimed, as their right by discovery, all the land westward to the Pacific.

Meanwhile, the French had made important inland settlements, occupying principally the valley of the St. Lawrence and some of its tributaries. They had built Quebec and Montreal, more than 500 miles from the gulf, with other towns of importance; had fortified themselves at different points along the great chain of lakes, from Ontario to Superior; had penetrated the wilderness of western New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, fixing their stations and building forts on all the more important tributaries of the Mississippi, with the evident and avowed intention of connecting their St. Lawrence and Canadian possessions with the great western valley; and, through the large rivers that drain it, find their way to the sea. They would thus confine the English to the Atlantic States, and found their empire in the West. Comparatively little intercourse as there was between the East and West, these designs were well understood, and the resolute purpose to thwart them was at once avowed. The nations beyond the Atlantic were nominally at peace, but not friendly, and neither disposed to yield to the claims of the other. France, dominated by Roman Catholics, and England, the leading Protestant nation of Europe, had nurtured hatred and jealousies that might any day precipitate a conflict of arms, and the theater of the strife would be in their colonial possessions.

But before war was declared the colonists themselves became involved in actual hostilities. The English had adjusted their difficulties, and, confederate by articles of agreement and a strong national feeling, refused to be restrained by the mountain barriers. Two settlements were begun west of the Alleghenies, one on the Youghiogheny, and one in some part of western Virginia. Their relations with the Indians were friendly, and trade with them was profitable. The French, who had taken possession of the valley of the Ohio, and were doing their utmost to secure the influence of the Indians in all the region between the river and the lakes, protested against the encroachment of the English, and warned the Governor of Pennsylvania to restrain his subjects from entering territory claimed by the King of France. Of course no attention was paid to the warning other than appeared in preparations for the conflict that now seemed inevitable. The "Ohio Company," composed of Virginians, continued to explore and survey the country. The natives protested against the French occupying their country, and the tribes prepared for an armed resistance. The Virginia charter included the whole country north to Lake Erie, and Governor Dinwiddie thought best, before hostilities were begun, to draw up a remonstrance, setting forth in order, the nature and extent of the English claim to the valley of the Ohio, and warning the French against any further attempt to occupy it. It was necessary that this paper, whatever danger and hardship it might require, should be carried to the French General St. Pierre, who was stationed at Erie, as commander of their forces in the West. The journey, that could be performed only on foot, would be through a vast, unbroken wilderness, and would require more than ordi-

nary endurance, as well as undaunted courage. George Washington, then a young surveyor, was sent for from his home on the Potomac, and duly commissioned to carry the document. He set out on the last day of October, with four attendants and an interpreter. The route was through the mountains to the head waters of the Youghiogheny, thence down the stream to the site of Pittsburgh, which was noted as an important point, and the key to the situation in the valley of the Ohio. Thence the course was twenty miles down the river, and across to Venango (Franklin), and thence, by way of Meadville, to Fort Le Boeuf, on the head waters of French Creek, fourteen miles from Erie, where he met the General, who had come over in person to superintend the fortifications.

The officer received him with courtesy, but declined to discuss any questions of national rights. "His superior, the Governor of Canada, owned the country from the lakes to the Ohio; and being instructed to drive every Englishman from the territory, he would do it." A respectful but decided reply was sent to Dinwiddie, and Washington was dismissed, to find his way back to Virginia.

It was by this time midwinter, and the perils of the long journey were increased by swollen rivers that had to be crossed on the treacherous ice, or on raft, constructed of logs and poles cut for the purpose. Of the incidents of that first great public service by the "Father of his Country," but few authentic records are found, and we only know that it was performed with fidelity, and that the fuller information gathered respecting the strength of the French forces, and their preparations for descending the Allegheny with their large fleet of boats and canoes, in the spring, thoroughly aroused the Virginians to the importance of holding the point at the confluence of the great rivers forming the Ohio. In March, and before it was possible for the French to come down the Allegheny, a rude stockade was built; but there was not force enough to hold it. As the fleet came sweeping down the river, and resistance was found impossible, the little band at the head of the Ohio surrendered, and was allowed to withdraw from the stockade, which the enemy at once entered, and where they laid the foundations of Fort Du Quesne. Remonstrance and negotiations having failed, the alternative of war was promptly accepted, and Washington having been made Colonel, was commissioned to take the fort, "to kill or repel all who interfered with the English settlements in the disputed territory." His regiment of Virginia soldiers, in the month of April, encountered difficulties and hardships in their westward march that made progress slow.

The roads were well nigh impassable, the streams were bridgeless, and drenching rains fell on the tentless soldiers. Before reaching the Ohio, Washington learned that the enemy were on the march to attack him, and immediately built a stockade that he called Fort Necessity. He advanced cautiously, with some heavy skirmishing, in which a number of the enemy were killed, and some prisoners were taken. But the promised reinforcements not arriving, he fell back to his little fort, and was scarcely within the rude enclosure when he was surrounded. The enemy in force gained an eminence, from which they could fire into the fort, while they were partly concealed. For hours, the gallant little band, encouraged by the calm, resolute bearing of their colonel, vigorously returned the fire. Thirty of the company were killed, and others wounded, when they were allowed to withdraw, taking all their stores and equipage. The retreat was orderly, but the enterprise was abandoned.

The valley of the Ohio and the whole country to the lakes was left in the power of the French, who were also strengthening their works at Crown Point and Fort Niagara.

As yet there had been no declaration of war by England or France, and the ministers of the two countries kept assuring each other of peaceful intentions, though the hostility of their dependencies in America could not be ignored. Louis XV., to help keep the peace, sent an army of three thousand soldiers

to Canada, and the British government ordered General Braddock, with two regiments, to America, to protect their frontier settlements. Early in the spring of 1755 this force reached the Chesapeake, and in April Braddock held a council with all the Governors, at Alexandria. As there had been no formal declaration of war they would not invade Canada, but repel the French from the northern and western frontier. Vigorous and concerted measures, however, were to be employed. Governor Lawrence was to settle and guard the boundaries of Nova Scotia. Johnson, of New York, with his militia and a force of Mohawks, hired for the purpose, was to capture the French post at Crown Point, while Shirley, of Massachusetts, was to drive the enemy from their fortress at Niagara; and Braddock himself as commander-in-chief, with the main body of the regulars, was to subdue Fort Du Quesne. It was a magnificent program, but easier to plan than to execute; and those so full of confidence were to encounter some sad reverses.

Braddock's army numbered about 2,000, nearly all veterans who had served in the wars of Europe. There were few provincial troops; two companies led by Gates, of New York, and Washington, joining the army at Fort Cumberland, was placed on Braddock's staff as aid-de-camp. The movement was necessarily slow. Over a narrow and exceedingly rough road the slender column stretched out for some four miles. Braddock was a brave, resolute general, acquainted with his army, but ignorant of the country and the forces he would have to meet.

Franklin and others had suggested that it would be wise to move cautiously. But he scouted the idea that the assault of untutored savages that might be encountered before reaching the fort he proposed to capture, could make any impression on his regulars. When Washington, understanding the modes of Indian warfare, suggested the possibility of an ambush, the General was furious, and indignantly refused to be advised by an inferior. They had advanced without any noteworthy casualty till within about seven miles of the fort, and no enemy yet appeared. Confident of speedy success, Braddock, at the head of twelve hundred chosen troops, pressed on more rapidly, Colonel Gage, leading a detachment of three hundred men, in the advance. The road was but twelve feet wide, the country uneven and thickly wooded; a hill on the one hand and a dry ravine on the other, the whole region covered with a thick undergrowth. A few scouts were thrown forward, but the situation gave no opportunity for the feeble flanking parties to act. Suddenly there was a sharp, rapid fire of musketry heard in the front. The scouts were killed or driven in. The advance forces were thrown back in confusion, leaving their cannon in the hands of the enemy, who were found to be an unexpectedly strong force of both French and Indians. The peril of the situation was at once apparent, and, suffering much from their concealed foe, Gage's men wavered and became confusedly mixed in thickest underbrush with a regiment that Braddock pushed forward to support them. The confusion grew almost to a panic, the men firing constantly, with but little effect, in the direction of the concealed enemy, while their well directed volleys, from under the cover of rocks and trees, told with terrible effect on the English crowded together in the narrow roadway. The rash, but brave General rushed to the front, and with impetuous courage rallied his men to charge on the foe. But it was impossible. They, panic-stricken, were huddled together like sheep, or fled in disorder to the rear. The army routed, his aids and officers mostly killed or wounded, and the forest strewn with dead or disabled soldiers, the General, after having five horses shot under him, fell mortally wounded. To Washington, who came to his aid, the fallen hero said: "What shall we do now, Colonel?" "Retreat, sir, retreat!" This was ordered, and the dying General carried from the scene of carnage. Washington, with the Virginians that remained alive, covered the hasty retreat of the ruined army. Nearly everything was lost. The artillery, baggage, provisions and private papers of the officers were left on the

field. Braddock died the fourth day, and was buried by the roadside, a mile west of Fort Necessity, where Dunbar had been left, an officer with neither capacity nor courage. When the fugitives, who had not been pursued far from the battleground, reached his camp, the panic was communicated; he destroyed the remaining artillery, baggage and army stores, to the value of a hundred thousand pounds sterling, and joined in a most precipitate retreat to Fort Cumberland, and thence, in a thoroughly demoralized condition, to Philadelphia. Thus, the main army, of which much was expected, was in a few days practically destroyed, and nothing more was attempted that year.

The work of subduing the French in Nova Scotia, assigned by Braddock and the Governors to Lawrence, assisted by the English fleet under Colonel Monckton, was done with dispatch and unparalleled cruelty.

The province had been ceded to the English in the treaty of 1713, and remaining under the dominion of Great Britain, was ruled by English officers, though the inhabitants were largely French.

The French forts near the New Brunswick line being taken after but feeble resistance, the English were masters of the whole country east of the St. Croix; and, pretending to fear an insurrection on the part of the Nova Scotians, or Acadians, adopted measures with them that have always and everywhere met with the most unqualified condemnation. The French in the province outnumbered the English three to one, and had their pleasant homes in that oldest settlement of their people on the continent. They were ruthlessly torn from their homes and the graves of their kindred, driven at the point of the bayonet, forced on ship-board, and more than three thousand of them, half-starved and destitute, were scattered here and there among English colonists, from whom but little kindness and less of fellowship could be expected. The guilty agents in the infamous transaction, as cowardly as it was inhuman, made themselves the scorn of mankind.

In about the only quarter where the British army had that year any success, what followed the victory was so shocking to the feelings of humanity, and met with such universal condemnation, that even the guilty perpetrators of the deed would have blotted the record if they could.

The campaign planned for Shirley, who with his Indian allies was to take Fort Niagara, was about as utter a failure as that of Braddock. The fort had no great strength, and was not well garrisoned; but it was a month before he reached Oswego, where his provincials were to assemble. Four weeks were spent in getting his boats ready. A storm caused farther delay, and after the storm the wind was in the contrary direction. Then another storm caused delay. Sickness prevailed in camp, and by the first of October Shirley declared the lake too dangerous for navigation. The Indians deserted his standard. The fact was that while on the march, news of Braddock's defeat reached him, and, as they had expected to meet at Niagara, he feared to go there, thinking the same fate might await him. So he marched homeward, without striking a blow.

Johnson, who was to attack the enemy at Crown Point, had better success, though the objective point was not reached, and his was a dear-bought victory. His movements were all anticipated, and the portion of his army led by Williams, ambushed and cut to pieces. Several hundred Englishmen fell. The French still held Crown Point, and had seized and fortified Ticonderoga.

That was a year of disasters to the English, and so was the next. The Indians, doubtless influenced by the unsuccessful campaign of the English, and perhaps instigated by French emissaries, had killed more than 1,000 people.

In May, 1756, after two years of actual hostilities, war was declared. The English, chagrined with the reverses of the past year, and in danger of losing all the territory west of the Alleghenies, after much debate in Parliament, decided to place

all the military forces sent to America under one command. A large army was equipped, and Lord Loudon placed in command. He proved unfit for the position, and another year passed with great losses and little or nothing gained. The French, led by competent, determined men, were everywhere successful, and wasted the British forces with repeated assaults, capturing or destroying a large part of the armament, till the English had not a single fort or hamlet remaining in the valley of the St. Lawrence. And every cabin where English was spoken was swept out of the valley of the Ohio. At the end of the year France seemed to be in secure possession of twenty times as much territory in America as her British rival.

Her colonial possessions endangered, and the flag of the country in disgrace, the ministers were forced to resign, and the great commoner, William Pitt, became Prime Minister. The dilatory, imbecile Loudon, was deposed, and Abercrombie put in his place, with Lord Howe next in rank. The gallant Wolfe led a brigade. The campaign for the summer was well arranged and prosecuted with energy. In May Amhurst, at the head of ten thousand men, reached Halifax. A few days after the fleet was in Gabarus Bay, and Wolfe landed his division without serious loss, though under fire from the enemy's batteries. The French dismantled their guns and retreated. The siege of Louisburg was pressed with great vigor. Four French vessels, one a seventy-four-gun ship, were fired by the English boats, and burned in the harbor. The town and fortress became a ruin. Resistance was hopeless, and Louisburg capitulated. The garrison, with the marines, in all six thousand men, became prisoners of war, and were sent to England. Cape Breton and Prince Edward's Island were surrendered to Great Britain.

In another quarter, however, there was not long after only partial success, followed by severe disaster. General Abercrombie, with 15,000 men, reached Lake George, and embarked for Ticonderoga. His equipment was in all respects thorough. Proceeding to the northern extremity of the lake, they landed safely on the western shore. But the difficulty of going farther compelled them to leave the heavy artillery behind, Lord Howe leading the advance in person. Before reaching the fort, in a sharp skirmish with the pickets, that brave officer was killed. The French were overwhelmed, but the soldiers of Howe, smitten with grief, began to retreat. Abercrombie was in the rear with the main army, but the soul of the expedition was gone. Two days after a determined effort was made to take the fort by assault. The defences proved much stronger than was expected, and the assailing parties were again and again repulsed with great loss. The unavailing efforts were continued for four hours, and then they withdrew, having lost in killed and wounded nearly two thousand men. Probably in no other battle on the continent did the English have so many men engaged, or suffer such terrible loss. Abandoning this enterprise as hopeless, the army was withdrawn to Fort George, at the other extremity of the lake. Thence Colonel Bradstreet was sent with three thousand men, mostly provincials, against Fort Frontenac, at the present site of Kingston, at the outlet of Ontario. He embarked his command at Oswego, and landed within a mile of the fort. This fortress, of great importance, was at the time but feebly garrisoned, and after two days' siege capitulated. Forty-six cannon, nine vessels of war, and a vast quantity of military stores were the fruit of this victory. It compensated the English for all their losses at Ticonderoga, except for the men who were there sacrificed. It was a crushing defeat for the French, who became disheartened. Their crops had failed, and with almost a famine in the land, it became so difficult to subsist the army that the people clamored for peace. "Peace, peace; no matter with what boundaries," was the message sent by the brave Montcalm to the French ministry.

The outlook in Canada and along the lakes was not encouraging, and Forbes, with nine thousand men from Philadelphia,

undertook the reduction of Fort Du Quesne, and the expulsion of the French from the valley of the Ohio.

Washington was again in command of the Virginians, Armstrong led the Pennsylvanians. An advance section, under Major Grant, more eager than wise, was attacked by the enemy in ambush, and lost heavily. The main column came on slowly, cutting roads and bridging streams, but in such force that, as they drew near, those in the fort became alarmed, burned their works, and with what they could carry, floated down the river. Those eager for the assault, and to avenge injuries received in former attempts, marched, unopposed, over the ruins, and unfurled their flag over that gateway of the West, calling it, in honor of the great British minister, whose energetic measures gave confidence to the army and hope to the colonists—Pittsburgh.

Marked progress was made during the summer and fall campaign, and Parliament voted twelve million pounds sterling for carrying on the war. The colonial magistrates exerted themselves to the utmost, and by the spring of 1759 the whole effective force of the English was near fifty thousand, while the entire French army was less than eight thousand.

The conquest of Canada was not at first contemplated, but it had become evident that the rival nations could not live in peace, with such slight natural barriers between them, and so Canada must be conquered and made a British province. With that object in view, the campaigns for the year were planned.

Prideaux proceeded against Niagara, for the relief of which the French collected all their available forces from Detroit, Erie, Le Bœuf and Venango. Prideaux was accidentally killed on the 15th, and Sir William Johnson, on whom the command devolved, so disposed his forces as to intercept the approaching French, and a bloody battle was fought in which they were completely routed; the fort soon after capitulated.

Amhurst was victorious on Lake Champlain, and proceeded through Lake George, to attack and take Ticonderoga, from which, after feeble resistance, the enemy withdrew to Crown Point, and the whole region, mapped out for his operations, was recovered, with but little loss on his part.

The French were now sadly crippled everywhere, except in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and it remained for General Wolfe to achieve the final victory. As soon as the river was navigable in the spring he proceeded with a force of eight thousand men, and a fleet of forty-four vessels. He arrived on the 27th of June at the Isle of Orleans, four miles below Quebec, and began his operations vigorously. His camp was located on the upper end of the island, and the fleet gave him immediate command of the river. On the night of the 29th General Monckton was sent to plant a battery on Point Levi, opposite the city, and was successful.

The lower town was soon reduced to ruins, and the upper much injured, but the fortress seemed unharmed. The French knowing that the city could not be stormed from the river side, had constructed three defences, reaching five miles from the Montmorenci to the St. Charles, and in these entrenchments the brave Montcalm, with ten or twelve thousand soldiers, awaited the movement of his assailants. Anxious for battle, though there were serious difficulties in the way of approaching the foe, it was decided to risk an engagement by fording the Montmorenci when the tide ran out. The attempt was made without success, and with the loss of nearly five hundred men. Disappointments, fatigue and exposure threw the English general into a fever that held him prisoner in the tent for some days; and when convalescent he proposed another assault on the lines of defence, but was in that overruled, and it was determined, if possible, to gain possession of the Plains of Abraham in the rear of the city, without passing the fortifications. After thorough examination a place, afterward called Wolfe's Cove, was found, where it was thought possible to make the ascent. On the night appointed, everything being

in readiness, the English entered their transports, quietly dropped down to the place, and with almost superhuman exertions ascended to the plain, and the morning revealed them to the greatly astonished defenders of the city, drawn up in battle array.

When Montcalm learned the fact so unexpected, he said: "They are now on the weak side of this unfortunate city, and we must crush them before-noon." With great haste he withdrew his army from the trenches and threw them between the English and the city. The battle began with an hour's cannonade, and then the attempt to turn the English flank, but he was driven back. The weakened ranks of the French wavered. Wolfe led his charge in person, and was shot thrice, and survived but a short time. Learning from an attendant that the enemy fled, he gave directions for securing the fruits of the battle, and declared he was happy thus to die. Montcalm also fell early in the battle, mortally wounded, and when told by his surgeon that the end was near, said: "It is well—then I shall not live to see Quebec surrendered." The surrender took place a few days after, and the last resistance was offered by the French at Montreal, but it was hopeless and of short continuance. The remnants of their beaten armies collected there, to the number of ten thousand, were surrendered to General Amhurst, and all the French possessions in America were ceded to the English. Liberal terms were granted, the rights of conscience respected, and the ecclesiastical institutions and property of the Catholics respected and protected.

[End of Required Reading for May.]

THE DIVINE SCULPTOR.

By MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

I feel the chiseling touch,
And know that I shall stand,
Finished and shapely as the work,
Of the designer's hand.
Though cruel is the pain
From His unceasing blows,
I hold me, trustfully and still,
What time "the Angel grows."

Through slowly passing years,
With an unerring skill,
His hand, with patient, tireless care,
Is shaping to His will;
That when I stand unveiled
Before His glorious throne,
No traces in me shall be found
Of the unsightly stone.

He sees what I *shall be*,
Through all the rough disguise,
And knows, at every stroke he gives,
Some earthward clinging dies.
Some harsh discordant part,
Is rounded into grace;
Some likeness of the pattern true
Is fashioned in its place.

Work on, oh, Master hand,
I gladly yield to thee,
Until within thy loftiest thought
I stand complete and free;
Thy glorious design
I would not mar or break,
I shall be satisfied I know,
When perfected I wake.

REMINISCENCES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

For many generations the gift of oratory has been in the blood of the Phillips family. The founder of the family in America, the Rev. George Phillips, first minister of Watertown, Mass., is noted in New England annals for his eloquence. "The irrefragable doctor" he was called by his hearers, we learn from the pedantic Mather, so able was he in dispute, and such readiness had he on all occasions to stand to his guns and to maintain any statement he had once made. But there must have been another strain of blood in Wendell Phillips, added to that in the veins of his ancestor George, for Mather goes on to say that the earlier Puritan was "very averse unto disputation until delivered thereto by extreme necessity."

The son of George Phillips, of Watertown, was the Rev. Samuel Phillips, first minister of Rowley, so distinguished a preacher that it was said of his father: "He would have been beyond compare, if he had not been the father of Samuel." This is Mather's epitaph on the Rev. George Phillips.

The grandson of the first Phillips was another George, a minister like his father and grandfather, who lived at Brookhaven, Long Island. "A good man," was the second Rev. George, but "thought to be too much addicted to facetiousness and wit;" more dangerous qualities in those Puritan times than nowadays, and suggesting, again, the Phillips of our day.

The great-grandson of the first George Phillips, nephew to the second, was Samuel Phillips, for sixty years minister of Andover, and the father of John and Samuel Phillips, the founders of the Andover and Exeter academies. Strictly orthodox was the Rev. Samuel Phillips, as one may see from his sermons; and the religious tone that he gave to the village of Andover has lasted to this day. His many printed sermons are proof of the popularity of his public speech, and the election sermon, at least, shows that he was not afraid to deal with the living problems of the day.

His sons founded the two Phillips academies, John that at Exeter, and the two together the academy at Andover. Samuel was as well a liberal benefactor to the theological seminary at Andover. It would be fair to say, that with one single exception, where there was perhaps insanity, the family has been distinguished for public spirit, as well as for eloquence. Two of the grandsons of the Rev. Samuel, Samuel and William, were chosen lieutenant-governors of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Their second cousin, John Phillips, was the first mayor of Boston. Their grandfathers had been brothers, the one Samuel, the Andover minister, and the other John, a Boston merchant. The mother of this second John was Margaret Wendell. She was Wendell Phillips's grandmother, and from her he had his Christian name. His mother was of another Puritan family. Her maiden name was Walley.

John Phillips, father of Wendell, graduated at Harvard College in 1788, and became a lawyer. He was afterward one of the trustees of the college, and in 1809 was appointed a judge of common pleas. In 1822 Boston was made a city, and John Phillips was chosen the first mayor. He died in the next year of a trouble of the heart. His sudden death took place when Wendell and his brother George were both scholars in the Boston Latin School—the oldest school in America. At that time this school had recently been revived, and set in new order, with great local reputation, under Mr. Benjamin Apthorp Gould. It is said that the mayor, John Phillips, once came into the school to examine it, and, almost of course, had offered to him the seat of most dignity on the platform. This his little boys thought a mistake in etiquette, considering that no one could be of rank as high as the master. They did not hesitate then, more than in later days, to express their disap-

probation, and when their father met them at table, told him they had been mortified to see him in that chair. "Ah," he said, "you were not more ashamed of me than I was of you."

But this anecdote must only be taken to show that Wendell Phillips at eleven years was not afraid of his father, and was not averse to criticising what he thought mistaken. He took even distinguished rank at school, and another school anecdote shows how early boys can judge correctly of each other's ability, for it is remembered that when he first spoke before the assembled school, on Saturday, the first class—who sat by themselves, and thought well of their own opinion—were not displeased. Charles Chauncey Emerson, who was a crack scholar, one of the very highest in repute, turned to George Stillman Hillard and said, "That boy will make an orator." The name of Charles Emerson will not be familiar to all your readers, for he died young. But here he is still remembered by the men of his time as the young man of most promise, who, in those days, left Harvard College. They will not admit that his brother Waldo Emerson has won any renown in the world, or rendered any service which would not have come in the life of Charles, had it been spared to this earth.

From this school, with a distinguished reputation among his fellows, Wendell Phillips entered Harvard College in 1827. The college was not then what it is now. Neither law nor divinity school was large, and these were the only graduate schools at Cambridge. The college proper, or the "seminary," as President Quincy used to call it, numbered about two hundred students, of whom the greater part were from Massachusetts. A few southern lads, from distant plantation life, struggled up into what, in those days of no railroads and of no coast lines of steamers, was a foreign country. They were generally favorites; there was no such discussion of slavery as to make their position in the least uncomfortable, and, indeed, the general drift of sentiment among the people around them was not in sympathy with Abolitionists or abolitionism. Both these words, if spoken at all in those days in New England, were generally spoken with scorn. After a genial and affectionate administration, Dr. John Thornton Kirkland resigned the presidency of the college in the year 1828. Wendell Phillips was then a freshman. To succeed Dr. Kirkland, Josiah Quincy was appointed. He had won his reputation by steady work in Congress, first as a Federalist, and afterward as a watchful maintainer of northern rights. More lately he had approved himself an admirable administrative officer as Mayor of the city of Boston—the second chosen under its city charter. John Phillips, the father, of Wendell Phillips, had been his immediate successor in that duty. The older Ware was professor of Divinity, Levi Hedge of Logic and Metaphysics, Dr. J. S. Popkin of Greek, Dr. Sidney Willard of Hebrew, John Farrar of Mathematics, Edward T. Channing of Rhetoric and Oratory, and George Ticknor of the Modern Languages. A few of these names will be remembered by general readers, though "t'is sixty years since" and more, and I record them because I wish all biographers would tell more than they are apt to do of the circumstances under which the mental powers of their heroes were trained.

Several of Phillips's classmates survive, and one of them, Mr. Francis Gold Appleton, a gentleman whose wide American sympathies and sterling public spirit have endeared him to the whole community in which he lives, has kindly given to me some personal reminiscences of the young fellow's life there. Thirteen of his school companions entered college with him. Other Boston boys came from the Round Hill school, and Exeter, so that in a class of sixty there were at least twenty Boston boys. In a sense, therefore, Phillips was not lonely there. But his classmates saw, or fancied they saw, that at one time he was moody, and suffering from what they called religious depression. They knew, even then—for boys know almost everything of the abilities of their companions—that Phillips had remarkable power in elocution. They chose him

into the Porcellian Club—which takes its name from the traditional roasting of a little pig (*Porcellus*)—and of this club he became president. In other days the Porcellians were thought to be specially Southern in their proclivities, and this club used to rally almost all the Southern students. It is therefore rather a queer incident in its history that Wendell Phillips stands as a popular president. His college reputation was that of an amiable and bright young man, with an especial gift for oratory. He took his first degree in 1831—studied at the Law School, then under Professor Greenleaf, and Judge Story—and took the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1833. He then went into a lawyer's office in Boston and entered at the bar in 1834. He opened his modest office and waited for clients. But in those days, perhaps in these days, even such a young man waits long. For myself I think that the old dons of money or of business would rather give such scraps of formal business as they have to some young stranger from the country, who has no relatives in Boston, and whom nobody knows there, than to confide private affairs to somebody they have known from childhood, whose father, or uncle, or brother-in-law they meet at the Saturday Club or the Wednesday Club. But Phillips did not flinch from doing what anybody wanted him to do. It has been remembered that in the illness of his brother he did the almost mechanical work of the clerk of the Municipal Court. This means that he was brought into personal relation with every criminal who was brought up there for trial and sentence.

But the skies were thickening, and there was not any danger that a young man of spirit would long lack a chance if he chose to take it. It was in October, 1835, that "a mob of gentlemen of property and standing" broke up a meeting of the Women's Anti-Slavery Society of Boston. Phillips was an eye witness of the indignities with which Mr. Garrison was then treated. He loyally threw in his fortunes with those of the Abolitionists; and, as it proved, his chance came at a public meeting called at Faneuil Hall.

At this meeting the small and unpopular set of Abolitionists was in a measure reinforced by persons who had not been identified with them; for it was a meeting in the interests of free speech. Lovejoy had been killed by a mob in Illinois, and the people of Boston were called to their historic Town Hall to remonstrate. The moderator selected was Jonathan Phillips, a relative of Wendell's, and a man deservedly of leading position in Boston. He was rich, enterprising and wise. He was a leader in philanthropic organization. He was a great friend of Dr. William Ellery Channing, who said of him once, "I have had much more from Mr. Phillips than he ever had from me;" this from a friend who was saying that Phillips had derived great profit from Dr. Channing's preaching. Benjamin F. Hallett, a distinguished anti-Masonic leader, moved the resolutions. Hillard, a young lawyer, sustained them, and the event of the day—on the program—was a speech from Dr. Channing, whose reputation as a man of letters and a leader in religious opinion was at its height, and who was senior pastor of the most fashionable and influential church in Boston. But the meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, which, by a clause in the city charter, must be given for the use of any fifty citizens who asked for it for a public purpose. Of course, at such a meeting any citizen might be present. On this occasion the enemies of the Abolitionists were on hand in force. When the fit moment came for them to reply, James T. Austin, one of the political leaders of the State, of Democratic antecedents, but now Attorney General of the State, under the rule of the newly named Whig party, took the floor against the resolutions proposed. It was clear enough that the hall was well filled with marketmen and truckmen, and other laboring men, who, in those days, all supposed that a "nigger" was the most despicable creature in the world, excepting that an "Abolitionist" was worse. Austin never spared invective, and he used it on this occasion to denounce Lovejoy and those who abetted him.

I doubt if Phillips knew he was going to speak when he went to the meeting. Indeed, it is quite sure, that Austin secured for him the attention of the unfriendly assembly. But he had not spoken long before he was sure of their audience.

"I thought this floor would yawn open before the gentleman and swallow him up. I thought the pictured forms behind me here would step from their frames in horror at his words." These are Phillips's phrases, which in one form or another those men repeat who heard him.

The meeting was pitilessly opposed to him and his. After a fashion a vote was obtained for all the resolutions of sympathy. But nobody cared whether they passed or not. Nobody heard Phillips that day who did not know that there was an orator in the town who could do much what he would with any audience.

He spared nobody and no thing in his attack. He never did till the last hour of his life. And it is right to say, that the people he opposed, denounced and satirized, replied with the sneer so often lavished on such men, "He has a devil and is mad, why do you hear him?" "Phillips's crazy talk" is the phrase you constantly find as you turn over private or published letters of those times. None the less did people go to hear him, and, as I said, he could do with an audience, friendly or unfriendly, much what he would. He seemed to be—I think he was—quite careless about preparation. If he was asked to speak for the cause, he spoke. He thus had, very soon, the best possible training for his business. If I am right, it is the only training worth much—namely, constant practice. I have never, in forty years, varied from the opinion I expressed the night I first heard him—that he was the best public speaker we had in New England, as he was the best I had heard anywhere. He had the double gift of language and of easy familiar gesture. He was absolutely at his ease. He talked with his audience, played with them, joked with them, reasoned with them, scolded them, ridiculed them, soothed them, flattered them and compelled them, just as he chose. He knew his audience through and through. He knew what speech to make to them. He was never guilty of that ghostly folly which insists on addressing to the audience of to-day the speech which pleased some other audience a week ago.

I have no intention of writing his biography or an abridged history of the time in which he was so active. I think he did not long remain at the bar. I think it was as early as 1838 that he refused to take the attorney's oath of allegiance to the United States, without which he could not practice in any United States Court. For the theory of the extreme Abolitionists was that they must break up the Constitution of the United States. But in practice very few of their adherents followed them fully here, and many a man who cordially supported their newspapers and their meetings, voted as he chose at the next election, or when the time came went loyally into battle for the old flag. Nay, of Phillips himself I remember this: I met him on the Sunday before Fort Sumter was fired upon, and we walked half a mile together. He had brought up town the last news from the bulletin about the preparations of the South Carolina batteries. I had been on the spot, on Sullivan's Island, and pointed out some inconsistency in the narrative, saying, what I thought then, that I believed the whole thing would turn out to be mere Carolina bluster. To which he replied with great cordiality, "I am sure I hope so;" and from that moment to the end of the war I think no one enjoyed the national successes more thoroughly than he.

Side by side with the Anti-Slavery excitement, which every one connects with his name, was the growth of what may fairly enough be called the "Lyceum Movement." In the beginning this was thought as pure a piece of philanthropy as the other. Almost every public spirited man considered it his duty to have one or more "Lectures" which he should deliver at the call of his neighbors when they had a "Lyceum." I have no doubt that Phillips's early lecturing was a bit of phil-

anthropic effort of this sort. But as things went on, enterprising committees began to raise the price of their tickets, to send for distant lecturers and to pay them enough to make it worth their while to come. Even college societies and the providers for Commencement entertainments found it wise to pay a handsome honorarium to their speakers, and I am afraid that the element of philanthropy has long since disappeared from what is called the "Lecture Platform." Phillips had an ingenious way of uniting the functions of a literary and of a political lecturer. No one was in more demand than he for the regular work of the winter Lyceums. But it would often happen that the timidity of a committee made them pause before they would listen to his radicalism in a lecture. For such agents he was quite ready. If people had scruples they must pay for them. His program was: "For a literary lecture without politics, \$100 and my expenses." "For a political lecture, nothing, and I pay my fares."

He used to tell a story of his arrival at a western city where the committee were divided, four to four, on the question whether they would hear his lecture on the "Lost Arts" or a political speech. Perhaps he would determine between them.

"Let us have both," said Phillips. To which they eagerly assented. So he delivered the "Lost Arts" first, innocent as a new rosebud of any political bias. Then a recess was given to the audience, and all who wished to go might go. But of course, after that beginning, no one went. And so Phillips had another hour, and an audience for as many heresies as he chose to utter.

It ought to be remembered that as soon as he had any leisure from his work as an Anti-Slavery agitator, he gave his time and power, in the same open-handed way, to the temperance cause. In all these late years the friends of temperance reform have had no public man more ready to take up their work for them than he.

The country has shown that it can duly honor such an agitator, whose own conscience was always clear, even though no man could agree with him in what he called opinions. The truth is, they were as often impulses as convictions. But in the matter of slavery, of temperance, and of charity, he had settled convictions, and lived on them without flinching. He was utterly without thought of self.

The public has never known nor said enough of Mr. Phillips's private charities, and I can not wonder at it. It is impossible for any one to speak fitly of them this side of the recording angel. Throughout the world Mr. Phillips had a reputation as helper of the oppressed, and with this reputation, the other, more dangerous to the comfort of its possessor, that he cared nothing for popularity, and that he acted from his own knowledge and will alone, and without regard to the recommendations of anybody. Thus it was natural that every wanderer, every outcast, of every color or nation, when he might find himself in need in Boston went first to Mr. Phillips's door, and that he should find the door always open to him. He gave lavishly whenever he thought he ought to give, not only of his time but of his money; exactly how much no one but himself ever knew. His house became a sort of bureau of charity, investigation and relief, so that whenever man, woman or child was not known at the overseers of the poor, at the "Provident," or at the "Associated Charities," it was the more certain that he was known at Mr. Phillips's. He gave his alms literally to all sorts and conditions of men.

That would be a very queer world—and it would be hard to say how it would fare—which should be made up of Wendell Phillipses. But this may be fairly said—that one such man in a community like that of New England, renders essential service. In his case, while there were thousands who hated him, other thousands loved him—and the thousands who loved, lived much nearer to him, and knew him a thousand times better than the thousands who hated.

HESITATION AND ERRORS IN SPEECH.

By J. MORTIMER-GRANVILLE.

Speech is, in a practical sense, more than the mere instrument of thought. It is so far an essential part of the faculty or function of "thinking," that little beyond a simple recognition of the impressions received through the sensations can be accomplished without the aid of language—at least in one of its elementary forms. Thought and speech are so connected, that it is impossible to separate them. It is not a necessity that speech should be articulate and audible. It may be set in any key, from the loudest voice-utterance to the mere self-conscious conception of certain sounds, as when a person *thinks* the pronunciation of a word, clearly marking its peculiarities in his own mind, but in a manner imperceptible to any one else. If the performance of this act—pronouncing a word in thought—be closely examined, it will be found that there is an impulse, as it were, to move the lips and tongue, but so restrained, that commonly no obvious muscular action takes place. There are exceptions to this limitation which not only prove the rule, but show how intimately thoughts and actions are connected.

In sleep, during dreams, and in the case of some persons, especially the aged and feeble-minded, when awake, the lips move with nearly every thought, though no audible sound is emitted. When the restraint, normally exercised, is less forcible, or the impulse stronger, the thinker involuntarily speaks his thoughts; and comical stories are told of persons who have betrayed their real sentiments inopportunely by this process of thought-speaking. Faults in speech are, therefore, likely to be due to defects in thought, the two faculties being mutually dependent; or the reverse may be the case, and impediments and errors of speech react mischievously on the mind. Much interest and importance attach to the conclusion arrived at with respect to the real cause of the hesitation or error which marks the utterance of any particular sufferer.

First, make quite sure that it is not ordinary confusion of thought, consequent upon a slovenly habit of thinking or the miserable practice of allowing thoughts to drift, which has produced the faltering or mistake that occasions anxiety. Many persons permit their minds to become overrun with tangled scrub, so that nothing short of the most acute or agile powers of way-finding can carry a thought safely through the domain, and then they complain of the difficulty of thought-driving! Clear away the jungle that renders the mind impassable, and thought will no longer be found to wander by circuitous paths, and too often be irrecoverably lost. The only measure by which this self-improvement can be accomplished is one of culture; the degree of labor required will vary from that of a settler in the backwoods, who finds it necessary to clear and dig every square yard of the land he would convert to useful purposes, to the ordinary weeding and breaking the clods which may suffice to repair the results of a single season of neglect. In any event, however great or small the task may be, the cultivation must be accomplished, or this, the most troublesome and inconvenient cause of speech-blundering, a weedy, tangled, and lumpy state of mind can not be remedied. We are not now concerned with faults of the motor apparatus or mechanism of the voice; and, excluding these, it may be asserted that, of all causes of hesitation or error in speech which lie, so to say, deeper than the surface, the neglect of self-control in thought is the most common and, in many senses, the most mischievous.

If a person who has previously been an easy and fluent speaker begins to hesitate in his utterance, there is generally reason for anxiety. Supposing the general health to be good, and nothing specially notable to have happened in the life of the individual which might have produced what is commonly

called a "shock" to the mind or the nervous system, there is probably some physical or mental disorder in the background, to which attention should be directed. If the cause be physical, the attempt to speak will generally be accompanied by trembling or twitching in the muscles of the mouth, the lips, the nose, or the jaw. Should any such symptom be perceptible to friends, or self-detected, it will be wise to seek medical advice without delay, because it may be produced by conditions the most important, or comparatively trivial, and no one except a skilled practitioner can determine from which of several sources the agitation springs; whether it indicates mere weakness or serious disease.

Commonly, when there is none of this trembling or twitching, and sometimes even when these are present, the hesitation is mental. Either the mind is too busy with a crowd of thoughts to maintain proper command of the word-finding function, or that faculty is so enfeebled that it seems incapable of any reasonable activity in the service of the will. It is quick enough in the response to influences which have no right to usurp control, but when the master-spirit of thought, the judgment ruling by the will, issues a mandate, the faculty is powerless to obey. This comes of a riotous or vicious habit of thinking. The mind-weakness which results from the terrible error of mental dissipation, whatever the direction in which the thoughts are permitted to disport themselves, is one of the most perilous conditions of exhaustion into which the faculties of a still sound brain can be allowed to sink. It is a state of which the mind in danger is itself conscious long before any indication becomes recognizable by others. Hesitation in speech is one of the earliest external symptoms which indicate this malady, but when that occurs, the weakening power has generally been in secret operation for a length of time sufficient to accomplish serious mischief. It is not, as a matter of fact, too late to mend matters; but the individual who has permitted his mind to pass into this condition has incurred a great peril.

This is a point on which it is necessary to speak plainly. Habits of musing, brooding, or conjuring up mental pictures and scenes in which the thinker is himself an actor, and into which he gradually brings his faculties of imagination, and even his sensations, are the overlooked, the unconfessed, perhaps the unrecognized, causes of by far the larger number of attacks of "insanity." And, though it seems cruel to say so, the great majority of poor creatures, especially the younger and middle-aged persons, who with wrecked minds drag out weary years in lunatic asylums have themselves to thank for the experience. Any one of a score of existing causes may overbalance the mind or occasion the outbreak and determine the particular form the mind-malady ultimately assumes; but the predisposing cause which renders the disaster possible and entails all the evil consequences is the morbid habit of allowing the thoughts to wander uncontrolled, at first innocently, then in forbidden paths, and finally wherever the haunting demon of the inner life, a man's worse nature, his evil self, may lure or drive them!

The habit of preoccupation which sometimes shows itself by hesitation in speech is less dangerous than weakness, but it should not be neglected. Having "too much to think about" is not so bad as having exhausted the power of voluntary thought, but it is an evil. "Too much" does not always mean more than the mind *ought* to be able to receive and deal with. It is quite as often too much for the defective discipline of thought maintained, as really more than a due quantity for the mind engaged if the business of thinking were properly conducted. There is a marked tendency in modern education—and it increases each year—to neglect the training of minds. The subjects which were principally useful for purposes of mental development and exercise are being eliminated because they do not commend themselves to the commercial instinct of the day as producing marketable information. Greek

Latin, mathematics, and the like, are not possessed of a high value in the mart of commerce or on 'Change, and they are therefore lightly estimated.

We are beginning to reap the fruit of this time-serving policy in education, and it takes the form of a general break-down of young minds when set to any duty which involves dealing with a crowd of thoughts at once. The untrained and disorderly thinker can not choose his words, he has "no time" to arrange them, and can seldom find them when wanted. He is "thinking of something else." It has come to be thought rather clever to be "abstracted," and "so engrossed," "with many things to think about!" These are the pitiful excuses offered by a generation of incompetent and confused thinkers when their speech betrays them. A clever talker will often bridge over the gap between two right words in place of interposing a wrong one. It is amusing and, in a certain sense, interesting to notice how admirably this is done by self-possessed though confused speakers; but the evil of disorderly thought lurks behind, and may be detected through the flimsy, though ingenious, artifice.

The remedy for a growing hesitancy in speech, when not the result of serious mind-weakness—and the person affected is generally secretly conscious of the cause—is a better method of thinking. The first effort must be to preserve greater calmness; the second, to be more orderly in thought. There is a process in thinking which is the counterpart of dotting the *i*'s and putting in the stops in writing, or of knotting the thread and "fastening off" securely in needlework. If this be neglected, as it commonly is by what are called rapid—another word for careless, reckless, or impetuous—thinkers, entanglement and confusion in thought, showing themselves in hesitation and errors of speech, are inevitable.

Verbal blunders are generally due to confusions of thought, but sometimes to disease. It is important to distinguish between the two varieties of this fault. The former is a matter for self-improvement, the latter will require medical aid. If the mistakes made seem to follow no particular line of error—if they are, so to say, general or capricious, the wrong words substituted for what it was wished to say being taken at random, perhaps from some other sentence at the moment darting across the mind—the "confusion" may be safely set down as one to be cured by mind-discipline. If, on the contrary, particular words, previously familiar and ready at hand, are forgotten, certain numbers dropped out of memory, and a sort of method seems to determine the occurrence of faults in speaking or writing, the matter may be more serious, and advice should be sought. It is a curious feature of the early forms of speech-disorders springing from physical sources—for example, incipient disease of the brain—that particular elements of knowledge seem to be effaced, and special processes of thought or reasoning can no longer be performed, although the great mass of mind-work goes on unimpaired.

A world of trouble would be saved if, in all mental derangements, apart from brain-disease, persons who feel things going amiss with them (and I am convinced this premonition of mind-disorder is a common experience), whether the sensation be one of "irritability" or of "confusion," would undertake of their own free motive, to cure the evil by subjecting the consciousness to a regular course of training. The best plan is to set the mind a daily task of reading, not too long, but sufficiently difficult to give the thoughts full employment while they are engaged. This should be performed at fixed hours. Perfect regularity is essential, because the object is to restore the rhythm of the mind and brace it up to higher tension. When, as in the class of cases we are considering, hesitation and errors in speech are the characteristic symptoms of a break-down or impaired vigor of mind, much good will often be done by reading aloud for an hour or more daily to the family.

It is not only useless but harmful to read aloud when alone; the mind conjures up an imaginary audience, and this habit of

"conjuring up" things is one of the short cuts to insanity which should be carefully avoided, more particularly by those who are most expert in the exercise—the highly imaginative. Another drawback consists in the fact that when a person reads aloud, without a real audience to engross that portion of the thoughts which will wander from the subject, the mind becomes engaged with the sound of the voice through the faculty of hearing; and this paves the way for other mischief. It is by gradually substituting in fancy, and then mistaking, their own voices for those of other beings that the weak and morbidly-minded become impressed with the notion that they are honored or plagued, as the mood may determine, with communications, super- or extra-natural—which are in truth the echoes of their own imaginary utterances.

By reading aloud any healthy and improving work which is so interesting as to engage the thoughts, the strained connections between thought and speech will be relieved. Properly employed, this is one of the most patent and effective of remedies for disorders of the faculty of speech; but it is essential to success in the experiment of self-cure that the book read should be of a nature to interest, and sufficiently difficult to hold the attention. In some cases the exercise is rendered more effectual by reading aloud in one language from a work written in another—for example, a French book to an English audience. This gives practice in the choice of words, and brings the memory into play, the two faculties it is desired to develop and strengthen. Hesitation and errors in speech are of great moment, view them as we may. In their less serious forms they demand a vigorous effort for self-improvement; in their more grave varieties they portend the existence of perils to brain and mind.

ASTRONOMY OF THE HEAVENS FOR MAY.

By PROF. M. B. GOFF.

THE SUN.

Although, as mentioned last month, the sun gives out such a vast amount of heat and light, we must remember that these are sent out in all directions, and that we receive comparatively a very small portion. The best estimates make our part one twenty-three-hundred-millionths of the whole. But this quantity is no trifling matter, and its effects are not to be overlooked. Speaking of the general effect of the sun's influence, Prof. Lockyer puts it in this way: "The enormous engines which do the heavy work of the world—the locomotives which take us so smoothly and rapidly across a whole continent—the mail packets which bear us so safely over the broad ocean—owe all their power to steam; and steam is produced by heating water by coal. We all know that coal is the product of an ancient vegetation; and vegetation is the direct effect of the sun's action. Hence without the sun's action in former times, we should have had no coal. The heavy work of the world is, therefore, indirectly done by the sun. Now for the light work. Let us take man. To work, a man must eat; does he eat beef? On what was the animal which supplied the beef fed? On grass. Does he eat bread? Of what is bread made? Of the flour of wheat and other grains. In these, and in all cases, we come back to vegetation, which is the direct effect of the sun's action. Here again, then, we must confess that to the sun is due man's power of work. In fact, all the world's work, with the trifling exception of tide-work, is done by the sun; and man himself, prince or peasant, is but a little engine, which merely directs the energy supplied by the sun." The use of the sun as a time-piece is perhaps more frequently thought of than any other, since its value is constantly presenting itself. Each day, as noon approaches, the question occurs, "How is the time?" and when possible, the time of crossing the meridian is compared with that exhibited by the clock. For this month, on the 1st, noon by the sun occurs at

11:57 a. m. clock time; on the 15th, at 11:56 a. m.; on the 31st, at 11:57½ a. m. Another method, though not very accurate, of determining time, is the noting of the rising and setting of the sun. One difficulty here would be the obtaining of a good horizon, such for example, as could be had at sea. The following times answer very well for most parts of the United States and Canada: On the 1st sun rises at 5:02 a. m. and sets at 6:52 p. m.; daybreak occurs at 4:08 a. m., and twilight ends at 8:46 p. m.; on the 15th, sun rises at 4:48 a. m., sets at 7:05 p. m.; daybreak at 2:44 a. m., and end of twilight at 9:09 p. m.; and on the 31st, sun rises at 4:37 a. m., and sets at 7:17 p. m.; daybreak occurs 2:24 a. m., and twilight ends 9:30 p. m. During the month the days increase in length some fifty minutes. On the 31st the sun reaches its highest elevation above the horizon, which in latitude 41° 30' north is 70° 33', nearly. As we are now moving away from the sun, its apparent diameter diminishes from 31' 48" to 31' 37".

THE MOON

Presents the following changes: First quarter at 59 minutes past twelve on the morning of the 2d; full moon on the 9th, at 10:59 p. m.; last quarter on the 17th, at 11:46 in the evening; new moon on the 24th, at 5:28 p. m.; and first quarter again on the 31st, at 11:48 a. m. On the 31st she sets at 12:12 a. m.; on the 15th, rises at 11:25 p. m.; on the 31st, sets at 12:06 a. m. On the meridian, 1st at 5:56½ p. m.; on the 15th, at 3:58 a. m.; on 30th, at 5:30 p. m. Farthest from the earth, 10th at 7:24 p. m.; nearest the earth on 24th, at 1:36 p. m. Highest point above the horizon on 26th, which in latitude 41° 30' north, is 67° 17'; and lowest on the 24th, 29° 45'.

MERCURY

Will be visible for a few evenings during the first of the month, setting on the 1st at 8:33, one hour and forty minutes after the sun; on the 15th, sets at 7:20 p. m.; and on the 31st at 5:43 p. m. Its diameter increases from 9.2" on the 1st to 12" on the 15th, and then diminishes to 10.6" on the 30th. On the 5th, about midnight, and again on the 30th about 3:00 p. m., it is stationary. At 5:00 p. m. on the 17th it is at its inferior conjunction that is, on a line or nearly so, with the earth and sun, and between these latter bodies. On the 24th, at 1:37 a. m., it will be only one minute of arc south of the moon, but as both it and the moon will at that hour be below our horizon, we can not see the conjunction. On the same date it reaches its greatest distance (aphelion) from the sun.

VENUS

During this month (on the 2d about 5 p. m.) reaches its greatest eastern elongation, and will then be 45° 33' from the sun. One might suppose that at this time the planet would appear to us the brightest; but this is not the case. The surface seen, though a greater portion of the disk than is visible thirty-two days later, is rendered less brilliant on account of its greater distance, and hence we find that the period of greatest brilliancy does not occur in this instance until the 3d of June. From the 1st to the 30th the diameter of Venus increases from 23.6" to 34.6", an increase of 11", or about 50 per cent. It will set as follows: On the 1st, at 10:49; on the 15th, at 10:49; and on the 30th, at 10:40 p. m. On the 27th, at 7:54 p. m., is 8° 7' north of the moon.

MARS

The fourth planet in distance from the sun, and, next to Venus, the one that comes nearest to the earth, has also to the latter some points of resemblance. Not that it is like it in size; for in fact, it is not more than about one-eighth as large; nor yet in the length of its year, which is nearly twice as long as one of our years (about 687 of our days). But it has about its equatorial regions, light and dark portions, which are generally admitted to be continents and oceans, whose distribution appears very much like that of the land and water on the earth's surface. About the poles also appear during the planet's winter brilliant white portions, which disappear during its summer. This is probably occasioned by the fall of snow in winter, and

its melting in the spring and summer. Again, its time of revolution on its axis, which has been quite satisfactorily determined, and, indeed, much more accurately than that of any other planet, is shown to be 24 hours, 37 minutes, 23 seconds very nearly, making its days and nights very much like our own. Its seasons also resemble ours somewhat, though longer and subject to greater extremes of heat and cold. The inclination of the equator of Mars to the plane of its orbit is about 27°, or 3½° more than that of the earth; and its year being nearly twice as long and its orbit more eccentric, make the seasons in its northern hemisphere about as follows: Spring 191½ days, summer 181 days, autumn 149½, and winter 147 days (of the planet). When nearest to us, its apparent diameter is about seven times as great as when farthest away. These distances are in round numbers 35 and 247 millions of miles respectively. It appears brightest to us of course, when in opposition, that is, when we are between it and the sun, its distance from the earth at these periods varying from 35 to 62 millions of miles, making it seem four times as bright at the former as at the latter distance. On account of the inclination of the equator to the orbit, we can see 27° beyond the north pole at conjunction, and 27° beyond its south pole at opposition; hence astronomers are much better acquainted with its southern than with its northern regions. It is believed that Mars has not only land, water and snow, but also clouds and mists. The land is generally reddish when the planet's atmosphere is clear; this is owing to the absorption of the atmosphere, as is the color of the setting sun with us. The water appears of a greenish tinge. Of this planet we have to report for this month, that it is decreasing in interest. Its diameter diminishes from 7.8" to 6.6". On the 2d it sets at 1:34 a. m.; on the 16th, at 12:55 a. m.; and on the 31st, at 12:13 a. m. On the 2d, at 9:01 a. m., it is 7° 9' north of the moon; on the 5th, at midnight, 90° east of the sun; on the 30th, at 3:20 p. m., is again in conjunction with and 5° 50' north of moon; and on the 31st, at 11:00 a. m., is 53' north of *Alpha Leonis*.

JUPITER

"The greatest of the planets," retains his position as an evening star, setting at the following times: On the 2d, at 12:34 a. m.; on the 15th, at 11:45 p. m.; on the 30th, at 10:54 p. m. His motion during the month is direct, and amounts to 4° 39' 34". His diameter diminishes 2.4", being 34.4" on the 1st, and 32" on the 31st. He is in conjunction twice with the moon; on the 1st, at 12:21 a. m., when he is 5° 58', and on the 23th, at 3:42 p. m., when he is 5° 49' to the north of our satellite.

SATURN

Makes this month a direct motion of four degrees and two seconds of arc, a greater advance than he has made for several months. He rises after daylight and sets on the 1st at 9:06 p. m., on the 15th at 8:19 p. m., and on the 30th at 7:29 p. m.

URANUS

Has a mean distance from the sun of 1770 millions of miles, and makes one revolution in 84.02 years. To find it readily it is necessary to know its right ascension and declination, which for the 1st, 15th and 30th are in order as follows: Right ascension 11h. 40m. 35.92s., declination, 2° 57' 8.4" north; right ascension, 11h. 39m. 36s., declination, 3° 3' 1.5" north; right ascension, 11h. 39m. 11.54s., declination, 3° 4' 58.3" north. Will be evening star throughout the month, setting as follows: On the 2d, at 3:09 a. m.; on the 16th, at 2:13 a. m.; and on the 31st, at 1:14 a. m. Its motion will be retrograde, amounting to 24' 7.2". Diameter on 1st, 3.8", and on the 31st, 3.6". On the 5th at 10:33 a. m., 3° 29' north of moon; and on 31st, at 9:00 a. m., stationary.

NEPTUNE

The "Far-away," remains close to the sun, as can be seen by comparing their times of rising and setting. The rising of Neptune occurs on the 1st, at 5:37 a. m.; on the 15th, at 4:43 a. m.; and on the 30th, at 3:47 a. m.; and the setting on the same dates in the same order at 7:31, 6:39 and 5:43 p. m.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE LONDON POOR.

By WALTER BESANT.

Everybody knows, in general terms, how the English working classes amuse themselves. Let us, however, set down the exact facts, so far as we can get at them, and consider them. First, it must be remembered that the workman of the present day possesses an accomplishment, or a weapon, which was denied to his fathers—he can read. That possession ought to open a boundless field; but it has not yet done so, for the simple reason that we have entirely forgotten to give the working man anything to read. This, if any, is a case in which the supply should have preceded and created the demand. Books are dear; beside, if a man wants to buy books, there is no one to guide him or tell him what he should get. Suppose, for instance, a studious workingman anxious to teach himself natural history, how is he to know the best, latest, and most trustworthy books? And so for every branch of learning. Secondly, there are no free libraries to speak of; I find in London one for Camden Town, one for Bethnal Green, one for South London, one for Notting Hill, one for Westminster, and one for the City; and this seems to exhaust the list. It would be interesting to know the daily average of evening visitors at these libraries. There are three millions of the working classes in London; there is, therefore, one free library for every half million, or, leaving out a whole three-fourths in order to allow for the children and the old people and those who are wanted at home, there is one library for every 125,000 people. The accommodation does not seem liberal, but one has as yet heard no complaints of overcrowding. It may be said, however, that the workman reads his paper regularly. That is quite true. The paper which he most loves is red hot on politics; and its readers are assumed to be politicians of the type which considers the millennium only delayed by the existence of the Church, the House of Lords, and a few other institutions. Yet our English workingman is not a firebrand, and though he listens to an immense quantity of fiery oratory, and reads endless fiery articles, he has the good sense to perceive that none of the destructive measures recommended by his friends are likely to improve his own wages or reduce the price of food. It is unfortunate that the favorite and popular papers, which might instruct the people in so many important matters—such as the growth, extent, and nature of the trades by which they live, the meaning of the word Constitution, the history of the British Empire, the rise and development of our liberties, and so forth—teach little or nothing on these or any other points.

If the workman does not read, however, he talks. At present he talks for the most part on the pavement and in public houses, but there is every indication that we shall see before long a rapid growth of workmen's clubs—not the tea-and-coffee make-believes set up by the well meaning, but honest, independent clubs, in every respect such as those in Pall Mall, managed by the workmen themselves. Meantime, there is the public house for a club, and perhaps the workman spends, night after night, more than he should, upon beer. Let us remember, if he needs excuse, that his employers have found him no better place and no better amusement than to sit in a tavern, drink beer (generally in moderation), and talk and smoke tobacco.

Another magnificent gift he has obtained of late years—the excursion train and the cheap steamboat. For a small sum he can get far away from the close and smoky town, to the seaside perhaps, but certainly to the fields and country air; he can make of every fine Sunday in the summer a holiday indeed. Again, for those who can not afford the country excursion, there is now a park accessible from almost every quarter. And I seriously recommend to all those who are inclined to take a gloomy view concerning their fellow creatures, and the mis-

chievous and dangerous tendencies of the lower classes, to pay a visit to Battersea Park on any Sunday evening in the summer.

As regards the workingman's theatrical tastes, they lean, so far as they go, to the melodrama; but as a matter of fact there are great masses of working people who never go to the theater at all. Music halls there are, certainly, and these provide shows more or less dramatic, and, though they are not so numerous as might have been expected, they form a considerable part of the amusements of the people; it is therefore a thousand pities that among the "topical" songs, the breakdowns, and the comic songs, room has never been found for part-songs or for music of a quiet and somewhat better kind. The proprietors doubtless know their audience, but wherever the Kyrle Society has given concerts to working people they have succeeded in interesting them by music and songs of a kind to which they are not accustomed in their music halls.

The theater, the music hall, the public house, the Sunday excursion, the parks—these seem almost to exhaust the list of amusement. There are also, however, the suburban gardens, such as North Woolwich and Rosherville, where there are entertainments of all kinds, and dancing; there are the tea-gardens all round London; there are such places of resort as Kew and Hampton Court, Bushey, Burnham Beeches, Epping, Hainault and Rye House. There are also the harmonic meetings, the free-and-easy evenings, and the friendly leads at the public houses.

As regards the women, I declare that I have never been able to find out anything at all concerning their amusements. Certainly one can see a few of them any Sunday walking about in the lanes and in the fields of northern London, with their lovers; in the evening they may also be observed having tea in the tea-gardens. These, however, are the better sort of girls; they are well dressed, and generally quiet in their behavior. The domestic servants, for the most part, spend their "evening out" in taking tea with other servants, whose evening is in. On the same principle, an actor, when he has a holiday, goes to another theater; and no doubt it must be interesting for a cook to observe the *differentia*, the finer shades of difference, in the conduct of a kitchen. When women are married and the cares of maternity set in, one does not see how they can get any holiday or recreation at all; but I believe a good deal is done for their amusement by the mothers' meetings and other clerical agencies. There is, however, below the shopgirls, the dressmakers, the servants, and the working girls, whom the world, so to speak, knows, a very large class of women whom the world does not know, and is not anxious to know. They are the factory hands of London; you can see them, if you wish, trooping out of the factories and places where they work on any Saturday afternoon, and thus get them, so to speak, in the lump. Their amusement seems to consist of nothing but walking about the streets, two and three abreast, and they laugh and shout as they go so noisily that they must needs be extraordinarily happy. These girls are, I am told, for the most part so ignorant and helpless, that many of them do not know even how to use a needle; they can not read, or if they can, they never do; they carry the virtue of independence as far as they are able, and insist on living by themselves, two sharing a single room; nor will they brook the least interference with their freedom, even from those who try to help them. Who are their friends, what becomes of them in the end, why they all seem to be about eighteen years of age, at what period of life they begin to get tired of walking up and down the streets, who their sweethearts are, what are their thoughts, what are their hopes—these are questions which no man can answer, because no man could make them communicate their experiences and opinions. Perhaps only a Bible-woman or two knows the history, and could tell it, of the London factory girl. Their pay is said to be wretched, whatever work they do; their food, I am told, is insufficient for young and hearty girls, consisting gen-

erally of tea and bread or bread and butter for breakfast and supper, and for dinner a lump of fried fish and a piece of bread. What can be done? The proprietors of the factory will give no better wages, the girls can not combine, and there is no one to help them. One would not willingly add another to the "rights" of man or woman; but surely, if there is such a thing at all as a "right," it is that a day's labor shall earn enough to pay for sufficient food, for shelter, and for clothes. As for the amusements of these girls, it is a thing which may be considered when something has been done for their material condition. The possibility of amusement only begins when we have reached the level of the well-fed. Great Gaster will let no one enjoy play who is hungry. Would it be possible, one asks in curiosity, to stop the noisy and mirthless laughter of these girls with a hot supper of chops fresh from the grill? Would they, if they were first well fed, incline their hearts to rest, reflection, instruction, and a little music?

The cheap excursions, the school feasts, the concerts given for the people, the increased brightness of religious services, the bank holidays, the Saturday half holidays, all point to the gradual recognition of the great natural law that men and women, as well as boys and girls, must have play. At the present moment we have just arrived at the stage of acknowledging this law; the next step will be that of respecting it, and preparing to obey it; just now we are willing and anxious that all should play; and it grieves us to see that in their leisure hours the people do not play because they do not know how.

Compare, for instance, the young workman with the young gentleman—the public schoolman, one of the kind who makes his life as "all round" as he can, and learns and practices whatever his hand findeth to do. Or, if you please, compare him with one of the better sort of young city clerks; or, again, compare him with one of the lads who belong to the classes now held in the building of the old Polytechnic; or with the lads who are found every evening at the classes of the Birkbeck. First of all, the young workman can not play any game at all; neither cricket, football, tennis, racquets, fives, or any of the other games which the young fellows in the class above him love so passionately; there are, in fact, no places for him where these games can be played; for though the boys may play cricket in Victoria Park, I do not understand that the carpenters, shoemakers, or painters have got clubs and play there too. There is no gymnasium for them, and so they never know the use of their limbs; they can not row, though they have a splendid river to row upon; they can not box, fence, wrestle, play single-stick, or shoot with the rifle; they do not, as a rule, join the volunteer corps; they do not run, leap, or practice athletics of any kind; they can not swim; they can not sing in parts, unless, which is naturally rare, they belong to a church choir; they can not play any kind of instrument—to be sure the public school boy is generally groveling in the same shameful ignorance of music. They never read. Think what it must be to be shut out entirely from the world of history, philosophy, poetry, fiction, essays and travels! Yet our working classes are thus practically excluded. Partly they have done this for themselves, because they have never felt the desire to read books; partly, as I said above, we have done it for them, because we have never taken any steps to create the demand. Now as regards these arts and accomplishments, the public schoolman and the better class city clerk have the chance of learning some of them, at least, and of practicing them both before and after they have left school. What a poor creature would that young man seem who could do none of these things! Yet the workman has no chance of learning any. There are no teachers for him; the schools for the small arts, the accomplishments, and the graces of life are not open to him. In other words, the public schoolman has gone through a mill of discipline out of school as well as in. Law reigns in his sports as in his studies. Whether he sits over his books or plays in the fields, he learns

to be obedient to law, order, and rule; he obeys, and expects to be obeyed; it is not himself whom he must study to please; it is the whole body of his fellows. And this discipline of self, much more useful than the discipline of books, the young workman knows not. Worse than this, and worst of all, not only is he unable to do any of these things, but he is even ignorant of their uses and their pleasures, and has no desire to learn any of them, and does not suspect at all that the possession of these accomplishments would multiply the joys of life. He is content to go on without them. Now contentment is the most mischievous of all the virtues; if anything is to be done, any improvement is to be effected, the wickedness of discontent must first be introduced.

Let us, if you please, brighten this gloomy picture by recognizing the existence of the artisan who pursues knowledge for its own sake. There are many of this kind. You may come across some of them botanizing, collecting insects, moths and butterflies in the fields on Sundays; others you will find reading works on astronomy, geometry, physics, or electricity; they have not gone through the early training, and so they often make blunders; but yet they are real students. One of them I knew once who had taught himself Hebrew; another, who read so much about coöperation, that he lifted himself clean out of the coöperative ranks, and is now a master; another, and yet another and another, who read perpetually, and meditate upon, books of political and social economy; and there are thousands whose lives are made dignified for them, and sacred, by the continual meditation on religious things. Let us make every kind of allowance for these students of the working class; and let us not forget, as well, the occasional appearance of those heaven-born artists who are fain to play music or die, and presently get into orchestras of one kind or another, and so leave the ranks of daily labor and join the great clan or caste of musicians, who are a race or family apart, and carry on their mystery from father to son.

But, as regards any place or institution where the people may learn or practice or be taught the beauty and desirability of any of the commoner amusements, arts, and accomplishments, there is not one, anywhere in London. The Bethnal Green Museum certainly proposed unto itself, at first, to "do something," in a vague and uncertain way, for the people. Nobody dared to say that it would be first of all necessary to make the people discontented, because this would have been considered as flying in the face of Providence; and there was, beside, a sort of nebulous hope, not strong enough for a theory, that by dint of long gazing upon vases and tapestry everybody would in time acquire a true feeling for art, and begin to crave for culture. Many very beautiful things have, from time to time, been sent there—pictures, collections, priceless vases; and I am sure that those visitors who brought with them the sense of beauty and feeling for artistic work which comes of culture, have carried away memories and lessons which will last them for a lifetime. On the other hand, to those who visit the Museum chiefly in order to see the people, it has long been painfully evident that the folk who do not bring that sense with them go away carrying nothing of it home with them. Nothing at all. Those glass cases, those pictures, those big jugs, say no more to the crowd than a cuneiform or a Hittite inscription. They have now, or had quite recently, on exhibition, a collection of turnips and carrots beautifully modeled in wax; it is perhaps hoped that the contemplation of these precious but homely things may carry the people a step farther in the direction of culture than pictures could effect. In fact, the Bethnal Green Museum does no more to educate the people than the British Museum. It is to them simply a collection of curious things which is sometimes changed. It is cold and dumb. It is merely an unintelligent branch of a department; and it will remain so, because whatever the collection may be, a museum can teach nothing, unless there is some one to expound the meaning of the things. Is it possible

that, by any persuasion, attraction, or teaching, the working-men of this country can be induced to aim at those organized, highly skilled, and disciplined forms of recreation which make up the better pleasure of life? Will they consent, without hope of gain, to give the labor, patience and practice required of every man who would become master of any art or accomplishment, or even any game? There are men, one is happy to find, who think that it is not only possible, but even easy, to effect this, and the thing is about to be transferred from the region of theory to that of practice, by the creation of the People's Palace.

Let me say a few words as to what this palace may and may not do. In the first place it can do nothing, absolutely nothing to relieve the great fringe of starvation and misery which lies all about London, but more especially at the East-end. People who are out of work and starving do not want amusement, not even of the highest kind; still less do they want university extension. Therefore, as regards the palace, let us forget for awhile the miserable condition of the very poor who live in East London; we are concerned only with the well fed, those who are in steady work, the respectable artisans and *petits commis*, the artists in the hundred little industries which are carried on in the East-end; those, in fact, who have already acquired some power of enjoyment because they are separated by a sensible distance from their hand-to-mouth brothers and sisters, and are pretty certain to-day that they will have enough to eat to-morrow. It is for these, and such as these, that the palace will be established. It is to contain: (1) class rooms, where all kinds of study can be carried on; (2) concert rooms; (3) conversation rooms; (4) a gymnasium; (5) a library; and lastly, a winter garden. In other words, it is to be an institution which will recognize the fact that for some of those who have to work all day at, perhaps, uncongenial and tedious labor, the best form of recreation may be study and intellectual effort; while for others, that is to say for the great majority—music, reading, tobacco, and rest will be desired. Let us be under no illusions as to the supposed thirst for knowledge. Those who desire to learn are even in youth always a minority. How many men do we know, among our own friends, who have ever set themselves to learn anything since they left school? It is a great mistake to suppose that the working man, any more than the merchant man, or the clerk man, or the tradesman, is ardently desirous of learning. But there will always be a few; and especially there are the young who would fain, if they could, make a ladder of learning, and so, as has ever been the goodly and godly custom in this realm of England, mount unto higher things. The palace of the people would be incomplete indeed if it gave no assistance to ambitious youths. Next to the classes in literature and science come those in music and painting. There is no reason whatever why the palace should not include an academy of music, an academy of arts, and an academy of acting; in a few months after its establishment it should have its own choir, its own orchestra, its own concerts, its own opera, with a company formed of its own *alumni*. And in a year or two it should have its own exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculpture. As regards the simpler amusements, there must be rooms where the men can smoke, and others where the girls and women can work, read, and talk; there must be a debating society for questions, social and political, but especially the former.

As for the teaching of the classes, we must look for voluntary work rather than to a great endowment. The history of the college in Great Ormond Street shows how much may be done by unpaid labor, and I do not think it too much to expect that the palace of the people may be started by unpaid teachers in every branch of science and art; moreover, as regards science, history and language, the University Extension Society will probably find the staff. There must be, however, volunteers, women as well as men, to teach singing, music, sewing, speak-

ing, drawing, painting, carving, modeling, and many other things. This kind of help should only be wanted at the outset, because before long, all the art departments ought to be conducted by ex-students who have become in their turn teachers; they should be paid, but not on the West-end scale, from fees—so that the schools may support themselves. Let us not *give* more than is necessary; for every class and every course there should be some kind of fee, though a liberal system of small scholarships should encourage the students, and there should be the power of remitting fees in certain cases. As for the difficulty of starting the classes, I think that the assistance of board schoolmasters, foremen of works, Sunday-schools, the political clubs and debating societies should be invited; and that beside small scholarships, substantial prizes of musical and mathematical instruments, books, artists' materials, and so forth, should be offered, with the glory of public exhibition and public performances. After the first year there should be nothing exhibited in the palace except work done in the classes, and no performances of music or of plays should be given but by the students themselves.

There has been going on in Philadelphia for the last two years an experiment, conducted by Mr. Charles Leland, whose sagacious and active mind is as pleased to be engaged upon things practical as upon the construction of humorous poems. He has founded, and now conducts personally, an academy for the teaching of the minor arts; he gets shop girls, work girls, factory girls, boys and young men of all classes together, and he teaches them how to make things, pretty things, artistic things. "Nothing," he writes to me, "can describe the joy which fills a poor girl's mind when she finds that she, too, possesses and can exercise a real accomplishment." He takes them as ignorant, perhaps—but I have no means of comparing—as the London factory girl, the girl of freedom, the girl with the fringe—and he shows them how to do crewel work, fret work, brass work; how to carve in wood; how to design; how to draw—he maintains that it is possible to teach nearly every one to draw; how to make and ornament leather work, boxes, rolls, and all kinds of pretty things in leather. What has been done in Philadelphia amounts, in fact, to this: That one man who loves his brother man is bringing purpose, brightness and hope into thousands of lives previously made dismal by hard and monotonous work; he has put new and higher thoughts into their heads; he has introduced the discipline of methodical training; he has awakened in them the sense of beauty. Such a man is nothing less than a benefactor to humanity. Let us follow his example in the palace of the people.

I must go on, though there is so much to be said. I see before us, in the immediate future, a vast university, whose home is in Mile End Road; but it has affiliated colleges in all the suburbs, so that even poor, dismal, uncared-for Hoxton shall no longer be neglected; the graduates of this university are the men and women whose lives, now unlovely and dismal, shall be made beautiful for them by their studies, and their heavy eyes uplifted to meet the sunlight; the subjects of examination shall be, first, the arts of every kind; so that unless a man have neither eyes to see nor hand to work with, he may here find something or other which he may learn to do; and next, the games, sports, and amusements with which we cheat the weariness of leisure and court the joy of exercising brain and wit and strength. From the crowded classrooms I hear already the busy hum of those who learn and those who teach. Outside, in the street, are those—a vast multitude, to be sure—who are too lazy and too sluggish of brain to learn anything; but these, too, will flock into the palace presently to sit, talk, and argue in the smoking rooms; to read in the library; to see the students' pictures upon the walls; to listen to the students' orchestra, discoursing such music as they have never dreamed of before; to look on while Her Majesty's Servants of the People's Palace perform a play, and to hear the bright-eyed girls sing madrigals.—*The Contemporary Review*.

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

By Mrs. PATTIE L. COLLINS.

The sarcasm that "Good Americans expect to go to Paris when they die," has lost its force. They have a City Beautiful of their own which more than justifies the enthusiasm of those who dwell within her gates. There are no tall houses that shut out the blue sky and the sunshine, no narrow, filthy streets swarming with the children of the vicious and starving, but everywhere clean, broad highways, decent abodes, and the priceless blessing of a pure atmosphere. The smoke of factories does not drop its dusky mantle over the smiling river and the church spires glancing heavenward. Not even does the sound of a great traffic intrude into the peaceful repose of this ideal city. Art schools, musical conservatories, libraries, and various institutions of learning offer every inducement for liberal culture at rates so cheap that it may almost be said to be "without money and without price." Into this community one can not come without feeling its broadening and elevating influence. Prejudices are obliterated, gentle toleration is followed by wide charity, sectionalism dies, and to thoroughly understand and appreciate these things makes a residence under the shadow of the dome a blessed realization. But I should go on endlessly if permitted to dwell upon this home of my heart; the historic Potomac touching the hem of her garments, and the wooded heights of Georgetown forming a Rembrandt-like background, are accessories of a picture to which no words, unless "touched with fire," could do justice. I have often thought that not even Genoa the Superb, with its palaces and rich cathedrals rising high and yet higher above its gulf of sapphire, and finally encircled by its olive-crowned hills, was more beautiful.

If, as has often been said, America has no distinctive style of architecture, at least the anomalous constructions of the Capital are harmonious, artistic, and imposing. The hoary cities of the Old World can only vie with her in her bold and lusty youth. The Smithsonian, that temple of knowledge, the Treasury, custodian of countless millions, those twin sisters, the Patent and Postoffice Departments, and the peerless Capitol itself are all monuments of national power in which we have a legitimate pride.

Washington is scarcely less the shrine of the Republic than is Mecca to the followers of the prophet. Its fifty millions seem to ebb and flow, like the tide of the restless sea, through its grand avenues, its parks, its public buildings, ceaselessly, from January to December. Perhaps, among these casual sight-seers, no place is so much visited as the Postoffice Department, in a general way, and, if I may use the expression, the Dead-Letter Office, specifically, which is the very *sanctum sanctorum* of written communications. It is characteristic of human nature to stand with mere vague wonderment before any question or occurrence that appears distant and impersonal. But anything that comes in the shape of an everyday occurrence, that touches intimately social and domestic relations arouses at once an acute interest. The Pagan element thus selfishly asserts itself in this ready subordination of the great problem of humanity to personal considerations. This may account for the eager delight and interest always displayed by the Dead-Letter Office pilgrims. And, on the other hand, it may be observed that those who, officially speaking, possess a proprietary interest in defunct epistles are akin to the dealers in other wares—they like to vaunt their merchandise!

The gleaming pile of white marble, chaste, symmetrical, inviting, might be likened, after an exploration of its contents, to many another sepulcher—but I forbear a premature expression of opinion, and beg to invite you, my readers, through the front door, which, like the gates of mercy, stands ever wide open, and allow you to receive your own impressions.

Dry statistics, I have idly observed, are not usually relished by the average knowledge-seeker, or shall I say even tolerated? But I shall presume that all of mine will patiently grapple with my arithmetical statements, which I promise shall not be complicated, and I also hope to escape the incredulity which painfully embarrassed a modest gentleman in this office, while making statements in regard to its workings to a party of visitors. He said to these unbelievers, as they stood among Uncle Sam's mail bags, piled to the right and to the left of them, watching the busy clerks assort their contents, that from twelve to fifteen thousand letters were received upon every working day. This was received with a depressing silence. Proceeding further, he added that the mails were a means of transportation not only for letters, but for clothes, books, jewelry, and almost every article of merchandise. At this, a somewhat ironical smile was discernible. The gentleman was now somewhat disconcerted, but determining to die by his colors nobly, he seized upon an immense brogan lying upon an adjacent desk and exclaimed, desperately: "This is a specimen—could not go forward to its destination on account of being over weight—more than four pounds." Here the auditors smiled broadly (it was conjectured afterward that one of the ladies must have been a Chicago belle, and that, like Cinderella, she had lost her slipper). "However," continued the narrator, somewhat abashed, but not wholly discomfited, "that is nothing compared to this," showing an iron hitching post! At this the supposed western belle sweetly and gravely inquired, "Was the horse fastened to it, sir?"

To be exact, the precise number of letters at the Dead-Letter Office during the fiscal year which ended July 1st, 1883, was 4,379,198. The official report furnishes the following information: "Of these 3,346,357 were advertised and unclaimed at the offices to which they were addressed; 78,865 were returned from hotels, because the departed guests failed to leave a new address; 175,710 were insufficiently prepaid; 1,345 contained articles forbidden to be transported by the mails; 280,137 were erroneously or illegibly addressed, while 11,979 bore no superscription whatever. Of the domestic letters opened, 15,301 contained money amounting to \$32,647.23; 18,905 contained drafts, checks, money orders, etc., to the value of \$1,381,994.47; 66,137 enclosed postage stamps; 40,125, receipts, paid notes, and canceled obligations of all kinds, and 35,160, photographs."

Compare this statement with the record of the office during Franklin's administration; one small, time-stained volume contains the history of every valuable letter received, duly inscribed in the crabbed hieroglyphics of the period. The contrast between the forlorn, dilapidated, provincial little city of Alexandria, beloved of the Father of his Country, to the Washington of to-day is not more forcible. Now nearly one hundred employees are needed to perform the duties of the office. A vast apartment, surrounded by a broad gallery, and seven smaller rooms, beside the space allotted for storage in the basement, are the quarters at present occupied by this division of the public service.

Everything is so systematized that an immediate answer can be returned to the thousands of inquiries received during a year in reference to letters or packages that have miscarried and been finally sent to the Dead-Letter Office.

A large proportion of the money is restored to the senders, and the balance is deposited in the Treasury to the credit of the Postoffice Department. But despite every precaution, parcels of all descriptions accumulate so rapidly that it has been found necessary to dispose of them at public auction as often as once in two years.

The Museum contains a curious collection of articles which have not been offered for sale. They are arranged upon shelves covered with dark crimson cloth, and protected by glass cases. It is certainly a heterogeneous assortment. A miniature mountain of minerals, many-colored and gleaming,

open bolls of cotton, a box filled with small gold nuggets, and specimens of valuable woods are silent but eloquent witnesses of our immense natural resources and still undeveloped wealth. A bottle of imported cologne, carefully wrapped in herbs, probably just as it was captured from a would-be smuggler, lies here, forever free from both Custom House officer or dishonest speculator. A necklace wrought of fish scales, so delicate that it seems as if it must have been designed for a fairy princess, shows daintily against its dark background just beneath the oddest, quaintest baby monkey that ever was seen, carved from a peach stone! There are Indian pipes and tomahawks, a birch-bark canoe and moccasins, and lava from the Modoc beds, darkly suggestive of savage malice and treachery. A box heaped with the cocoons of the silk worm keeps company with a bottle full of agates from the northern shores of Lake Superior, reading cards for the blind, masses of wood fiber as fine, white and strong as linen floss, birds' eggs, Easter offerings, and the rosaries of pious Sisters. The little folk who throng the Museum pause in wondering delight before the array of dolls, pet "Jumbos" of home manufacture, and even a greater wonder still, a bedstead, pillows, covering, babies and all, made of sugar and chocolate!

Not even does this enumeration draw the line of limitation for the abuse of our generous Uncle Sam. It is fortunate for his people that he is patient under blows and as long-suffering as a camel, else an imperial ukase would have probably long ere this interdicted even social and business correspondence. In this he would have been quite justified, since he can neither eat the cakes, raisins and fruits, use the tooth brushes, nor take the medicine, with which his mails are burdened.

A pistol, half-cocked, and each chamber filled with a cartridge, was not called for by the young lady to whom it was addressed, in a western city, and it now reposes harmlessly beside a lock of hair and the autograph of Charles Guiteau.

From some of our distant Territories there are specimens of pottery which archaeologists seem inclined to accept as evidences of a pre-historic civilization.

Quite apart, ensconced in an aristocratic quarter, are various articles of jewelry, rings, watches, etc., and a costly crucifix of silver and carnelian, in a glass-covered case, which was found in the postoffice at Savannah, Ga., at the close of the war. But perhaps the saddest memento to be seen here is a funeral wreath, woven after the homely fashion of the German and French peasantry, of black and white beads and the sunny hair of childhood commingled, whilst an inscription in the center commemorates the death of "Ernest and Dorcas," who have died within a few days of each other.

However, it is only a step from the pathos of this mute appeal to one's sympathies to the grotesque and ridiculous.

Of course the Museum would not be complete if it did not contain sundry sets of false teeth. Well, one day a gentleman and his wife stood before these in rapt contemplation. She winked, and stepped upon his toes, and nudged him sharply—and all in a quiet and conjugal manner—but to no purpose; his confidential communications, made in a stage whisper, could not be cut short. "That is my set of teeth that I lost; I would know them anywhere, same as I would know you, or my hat. I don't want 'em now, because I've got some more, and I don't know how they got here, but I would swear to my teeth."

Chief among these curiosities may be mentioned the snakes. Now, these snakes constitute a regular "big bonanza." Letters, garments, live bees, embroideries and etchings lose their interest in the presence of the bottled serpents. A Brewers' Convention was once held in this city, and during its progress a Teutonic delegation gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at their snakeships upon learning that they had arrived at the Dead-Letter Office alive; and small wonder, for they are thirteen in number, and range from the inoffensive looking junior members of the family to ancient and loathsome monsters.

"Vat you say, dey come here 'live? how den you kill dem?"

"Why, they were carried to the Medical Museum and chloroformed, then dropped into alcohol, which killed them, just as readily as it does men."

The brewers turned from the snakes to the *raconteur*, and the least taciturn thus commented:

"Mine friend, dis is von temperance speech. You didn't look stout; come down to our place and ve vill give you more beer den you can drink."

Before leaving the Museum I must not neglect to mention the rare coins. They represent the currency of almost every nationality, and many of them are as valuable as they are curious. They have come from Sumatra, Persia, China, and all over the civilized world. But the most remarkable, and therefore the most precious of the entire collection is a Roman coin bearing an inscription which declares it to have been in existence nearly four hundred years before the Christian Era.

From the Foreign Branch of this office during the last year, 400,898 dead letters were returned unopened to their respective countries of origin. This special work is presided over by a lady who is a remarkable linguist, and the possessor of many other scholarly accomplishments which peculiarly fit her for the position. Her skill in translating foreign addresses, deciphering illegible superscriptions and supplying their deficiencies is truly phenomenal.

Scarcely less interesting is the work of handling misdirected domestic letters, also for the purpose of sending them forward unopened to their proper destination. Of the 100,000 thus sent out last year, more than ninety per cent. were delivered. These letters, it must be understood, are *live* letters, sent here directly from the mailing office, on account of this deficiency or illegibility. An accurate and comprehensive knowledge of geography and other general information are requisite for the duties of this desk, as well as a sufficient knowledge of modern languages to interpret the combinations of bad Italian, French and German with worse English. For instance, an undomesticated Gaul will address a letter to "Ste Traile," or "St. Treasure," Ill., instead of Centralia; a Scandinavian writes Phœnix, "Sjfonix," and a German with perfect independence of American dictionaries spells Eagle Lake "Igel Lacht." Then again, Senatobia figures as "St. Toby;" Kankakee, as "Quinkequet City," and Bridgetown, N. J., as "Bruchstein, Geargei." This epistolary "Comedy of Errors" certainly leads one through perplexing labyrinths; as when a letter intended for Mr. George D. Townsend, of Kilby St., Boston, is addressed to Rilby St., Washington, D. C., or one intended for Hans Jeussen, in far away Norway, stops short in direction at Novgerod or Stavenger. If, as is frequently the case, the address consists merely of a hotel, college, asylum, reform school, factory, or newspaper office, street and number, without city or state, the clue is generally followed successfully. Whatever may be involved in this work, whether cold reasoning, analytical study, or felicitous intuition, it is accomplished with satisfactory results, therefore it matters little to what it is attributed.

There are a few things (but not many) over which these "experts" become slightly discouraged, as for instance an address like this:

"Please forward to the physician who was looking for a housekeeper in St. Louis, last week; is a widower with two children; don't know his name."

Other specimens of wit and indefiniteness are not wanting, as in the following:

"Bummer's letter, shove it ahead;
Dead broke, and nary a red.
Postmaster, put this letter through,
And when I get paid I'll pay you."

Another:

"To George W. Knowles this letter is sent,
To the town of Brighton, where the other one went;
No matter who wrote it, a friend or a foe,
To the State of New York, I hope it will go."

A sordid young man writes from Albia, Iowa, to Sydney, Australia, upon a postal card addressed, "To any good-looking girl, who is worth, say £10,000, rank immaterial." Upon the reverse side are set forth the particulars of his intentions after this wise:

"DEAR MISS:—Well, I have found you at last, thanks to the good postmaster, whose super-excellent judgment, I am happy to assure you, is in perfect accord with my own. Now then, the object of dropping you this postal is to open a correspondence with you. Intentions, matrimonial. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write at once, enclosing stamp for photo.

"Yours, presumably,

"JOHN LOOPER."

Sometime since several letters were received among the "mis-directed," addressed to Zachary, Marshall Co., Ala. As no trace of such office could be found, a circular of inquiry was sent to the postmaster at Dodsonville, the county seat of Marshall, requesting him, if there was such village, hamlet or settlement in his county, to ascertain its location and inform the Department. His response was both prompt and lucid, as a literal transcription will readily show:

"Sirs I would say in answer to this letter that the settlement of Zachary is about five miles a little w of S in the Tennessee River valley Between Dodsonville and Henreyville the people of that Settlement is furnished with or get ther mail at Dodsonville and Swaringin Zachary has not been known as an office since the war it would furnish more people with mail to move Dry cove back 3 miles to where it was first established when thos Mitchell was P M and discontinued the rout from Dodsonville to Cottenville and run it down the valley to Henreyville and reestablish Zachary but you can use your own pleasure about that

"yours truly

"J D Gross P M"

I have never ascertained whether the Department adopted Mr. Gross's suggestions. Gratuitous and intelligent information like this was certainly entitled to respectful, if not favorable, consideration.

In the same category with this brilliant ornament of the postal service might be placed the Londoner who addressed the Postmaster General for information concerning his brother "Charles Egar Quinton, who had sailed for America about nine years previously, with the intention of keeping a public house, or an hotel, and had never been heard of since." Even the "experts" hung their heads in confusion as they pondered the whereabouts of Mr. Quinton, confessing themselves vanquished, unless, indeed, the Department would grant them six months' leave, "a roving commission" and expenses paid, in which case they would pledge themselves to return the long-lost Charles, dead or alive, to his sorrowing relatives.

To these children of the government any ordinary work, such as calculating an eclipse, taking an astronomical observation, tunneling the Channel, or drawing up a Lasker resolution, would have been an easy and delightful task, and promptly executed, but this search for an unknown quantity still hidden among or long since eliminated from fifty millions was a task too herculean for contemplation.

I do not, for my own part, like the notion of keeping books cribbed and confined under glass. They are like friends; if they can not be used freely, they are worth little. The dust will come, and finger-marks will come. Well, let them—if only the finger-mark has given a thought-mark to match it. I can not say but a little disarray of home-books is a good sign of familiarity, and that sort of acquaintance which makes them worshipful friends. Nay, I go farther than this, and would not give a shuttle cock for a home-book which I might not annotate. No matter what wealth is there already, our own little half-pence may be more relished by home eyes, than the pile of gold which retains its unbroken formality.—From "Bound Together," by *Ik Marvel*.

AGASSIZ.

LEAVES FROM OUR SCRAP BOOK.

By Prof. J. TINGLEY, Ph.D.

There are stories that should never be allowed to grow old. There are lives and characters whose memory should be forever kept green—whose light and fervor should glow in the minds of men as steadily as the unfading stars. While the Father of us all has given us but one perfect model, but one example of manhood without blemish, yet, all through the world's history, remarkable types of men have been developed, so distinct, so worthy, so far removed from the average plane of humanity as to command the attention, the respect, and even the reverence of the thoughtful of all time. They are constant reminders of the heights of power and dignity to which the immortal soul may aspire. Familiarity with the events of their lives—with the loftiness of their purposes—with the warmth and passion of their thoughts—with the achievements of their energy and wisdom—lifts us all up, inspires us with eager desire to be like them in our devotion to truth and noble effort. No one will deny to Louis Agassiz a prominent place among these immortals—these "names that were not born to die." So recently a living force among us, the echoes of eulogy still linger with us. With many a reader of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* his name is doubtless a household word. Not for these, but for the younger class of readers, we gather from our scrap book something about the eminent naturalist, which they may not have met with elsewhere—something perhaps that may awaken the desire to know more of him. It is to be regretted that we have not yet a complete biography of so remarkable a man. At the time of his death it was supposed that the most competent hand for such a work would give it to the world at an early day—but it has not yet appeared.

Short biographical sketches containing the leading events of his life, and giving an account of the results of his labor and studies may be found in the principal cyclopædias, and in many of the periodicals issued soon after his death. But there are volumes of incident and characteristic utterances which are scattered here and there—familiar only to such friends and admirers as cherish every line and word that has been written concerning him. Some of these we find in our scrap book.

AGASSIZ, THE TEACHER.

A prominent trait in the character of Agassiz was his dislike of ostentation. This is eminently illustrated in his virtual rejection of all titles. He possessed all the honors that Universities and learned societies could bestow, but made no use of them. On the title page of his great works we find only "Louis Agassiz." There was, however, one title in which he did take pride—the only one he ever assumed. In his last will he described himself as "Louis Agassiz, teacher." An intimate personal friend alluding to this, says that "he gloried in the title of schoolmaster, preferring it to that of professor." He deemed the profession of teacher "the noblest of all professions, but included in that category all good and great minds engaged in disseminating knowledge or in increasing it."

The desire to know something of his methods and ideas of teaching, is often expressed. His methods were simple, but radically different from prevailing methods. He despised recitations by rote from text-books—allowed the use of books only for reference, and urged the selection of such as were authoritative and the work of original investigators. In teaching Natural History his leading purpose was to stimulate and secure independent observation. A fine illustration of this was given anonymously by one of his pupils, who subsequently became a successful entomologist, in *Every Saturday*, in 1874, which we venture to quote entire, as affording perhaps the best conception of his method:

"It was more than fifteen years ago that I entered the labo

ratory of Professor Agassiz and told him I had enrolled my name in the scientific school as a student of natural history. He asked me a few questions about my object in coming, my antecedents generally, the mode in which I afterward proposed to use the knowledge I might acquire, and finally, whether I wished to study any special branch. To the latter I replied that while I wished to be well grounded in all departments of zoölogy, I purposed to devote myself specially to insects.

"When do you wish to begin?" he asked.

"Now," I replied.

"This seemed to please him, and with an energetic 'Very well,' he reached from a shelf a huge jar of specimens in yellow alcohol. 'Take this fish,' said he, 'and look at it; we call it a *Hæmulon*; by and by I will ask what you have seen.'

"With that he left me, but in a moment he returned with explicit instructions as to the care of the object intrusted to me. 'No man is fit to be a naturalist,' said he, 'who does not know how to take care of specimens.'

"I was to keep the fish before me in a tin tray, and occasionally moisten the surface with alcohol from the jar, always making care to replace the stopper tightly. Those were not the days of ground glass stoppers and elegantly shaped exhibition jars; all the old students will recall the huge, neckless glass bottles with their leaky, wax-besmeared corks, half eaten by insects and begrimed with cellar dust. Entomology was a cleaner science than ichthyology, but the example of the Professor, who had unhesitatingly plunged to the bottom of the jar to produce the fish, was infectious, and though this alcohol had 'a very ancient and fish-like smell,' I really dared not show any aversion within these sacred precincts, for gazing at a fish did not commend itself to an ardent entomologist. My friends at home, too, were annoyed when they discovered that no amount of eau de cologne would drown the perfume which haunted me like a shadow. In ten minutes I had seen all that could be seen in that fish, and started in search of the Professor, who had, however, left the museum; and when I returned, after lingering over some of the odd animals stored in the upper department, my specimen was dry all over. I dashed the fluid over the fish as if to resuscitate the beast from a fainting fit, and looked with anxiety for a return of the normal sloppy appearance. This little excitement over, nothing was to be done but return to a steadfast gaze at my mute companion. Half an hour passed—an hour—another hour; the fish began to look loathsome. I turned it over and around; looked it in the face—ghastly; from behind, beneath, above, sideways, at three-quarters view—just as ghastly. I was in despair; at an early hour I concluded that lunch was necessary; so, with infinite relief, the fish was carefully replaced in the jar, and for an hour I was free.

"On my return, I learned that Professor Agassiz had been at the museum, but had gone and would not return for several hours. My fellow-students were too busy to be disturbed by continued conversation. Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish, and with a feeling of desperation again looked at it. I might not use a magnifying glass; instruments of all kinds were interdicted. My two hands, my two eyes, and the fish; it seemed a most limited field. I pushed my finger down its throat to feel how sharp the teeth were. I began to count the scales in the different rows until I was convinced that that was nonsense. At last a happy thought struck me—I would draw the fish—and now with surprise I began to discover new features in the creature. Just then the Professor returned. 'That is right,' said he; 'a pencil is one of the best of eyes. I am glad to notice, too, that you keep your specimen wet and your bottle corked.'

"With these encouraging words, he added: 'Well, what is it like?'

"He listened attentively to my brief rehearsal of the structure of parts whose names were still unknown to me; the fringed

gill-arches and movable operculum; the pores of the head, fleshy lips, and lidless eyes; the lateral line, the spinous fins, and forked tail; the compressed and arched body. When I had finished he waited as if expecting more, and then, with an air of disappointment:

"You have not looked very carefully. Why," he continued more earnestly, 'You haven't even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself; look again, look again!' and he left me to my misery.

"I was piqued; I was mortified. Still more of that wretched fish. But now I set myself to work with a will, and discovered one new thing after another, until I saw how just the Professor's criticism had been. The afternoon passed quickly, and when, towards its close, the Professor inquired:

"Do you see it yet?"

"No," I replied, 'I am certain I do not—but I see how little I saw before.'

"That is next best," said he earnestly, 'but I won't hear you now; put away your fish and go home; perhaps you will be ready with a better answer in the morning. I will examine you before you look at the fish.'

"This was disconcerting; not only must I think of my fish all night, studying, without the object before me, what this unknown but most visible feature might be; but also, without reviewing my new discoveries, I must give an exact account of them the next day. I had a bad memory; so I walked home by Charles River in a distracted state, with my two perplexities.

"The cordial greeting from the Professor the next morning was reassuring; here was a man who seemed to be quite as anxious as I, that I should see for myself what he saw.—'Do you perhaps mean,' I asked, 'that the fish has symmetric all sides with paired organs?'

"His thoroughly pleased 'Of course, of course!' repaid the wakeful hours of the previous night. After he had discoursed most enthusiastically—as he always did—upon the importance of this point, I ventured to ask what I should do next. 'Oh, look at your fish!' he said, and left me again to my own devices.

"In a little more than an hour he returned and heard my new catalogue. 'That is good, that is good!' he repeated; 'but that is not all; go on;' and so for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else, or to use any artificial aid. 'Look, look, look,' was his repeated injunction.

"This was the best entomological lesson I ever had—a lesson whose influence has extended to the details of every subsequent study; a legacy the Professor has left to me, as he has left it to many others, of inestimable value, which we could not buy, with which we can not part.

"A year afterward, some of us were amusing ourselves with chalking outlandish beasts upon the museum black-board. We drew prancing star-fishes; frogs in mortal combat; hydra-headed worms; stately crawl-fishes, standing on their tails, bearing aloft umbrellas; and grotesque fishes with gaping mouths and staring eyes.

"The Professor came in shortly after and was amused as any at our experiments. He looked at the fishes. 'Hæmulons, every one of them,' he said; 'Mr. — drew them.'

"True; and to this day, if I attempt a fish, I can draw nothing but Hæmulons. The fourth day a second fish of the same group was placed beside the first, and I was bidden to point out the resemblances and differences between the two; another and another followed, until the entire family lay before me, and a whole legion of jars covered the table and surrounding shelves; the odor had become a pleasant perfume; and even now, the sight of an old, six-inch, worm-eaten cork brings fragrant memories!

"The whole group of Hæmulons was thus brought in review; and, whether engaged upon the dissection of the internal or-

gans, the preparation and examination of the bony framework, or the description of the various parts, Agassiz's training in the method of observing facts and their orderly arrangement, was ever accompanied by the urgent exhortation not to be content with them. 'Facts are stupid things,' he would say, 'until brought into connection with some general law.'

"At the end of eight months it was almost with reluctance that I left these friends and turned to insects; but what I had gained by this outside experience has been of greater value than years of later investigation in my favorite groups."

In Prof. Agassiz's opening lecture to the Anderson School at Penikese some notable sayings occur, a few of which are quoted in further illustration of his ideas. "It is a great mistake to suppose that *any one* can teach the elements of a science. This is indeed the most difficult part of instruction, and it requires the most mature teachers."

"Not by a superficial familiarity with many things, but by a *thorough knowledge of a few things*, does any one grow in mental strength and vigor. De Candolle told me that he could teach all he knew with a dozen plants. Unquestionably he could have done it better with so few than with many, certainly for beginners. If a teacher does not require many specimens, so they be well selected, neither should he seek for them far and wide. *Let the pupil find in his daily walks the illustrations and repeated evidence of what he has heard in the school room.* I think there should be a little museum in every school room, some dozen specimens of radiates, a few hundred shells, a hundred insects with some crustacea and worms, a few fishes, birds and mammalia, enough to characterize every class in the animal kingdom. Pupils should be encouraged to find their own specimens, and taught to handle them. This training is of greater value and wider application than it may seem. Delicacy of manipulation, such as the higher kinds of investigation demand requires the whole organization to be brought into harmony with the mental action. The whole nervous system must be in subordination to the intellectual purpose. Even the pulsation of the arteries must not disturb the steadiness of attitude and gaze of the investigator."

"The study of Nature is a mental struggle for the mastery of the external world. If we do not consider it in this light we shall hardly succeed in the highest aims of the naturalist. It is truly a struggle of man for an intellectual assimilation of the thought of God."

HIS UNSELFISHNESS.

Another eminent trait in the character of Agassiz was his unselfish devotion to his life-work; the development and dissemination of scientific knowledge. Many anecdotes have been told in illustration of this trait. Every one has read of his reply to a proposition to direct his scientific efforts in a scheme for personal emolument: "*I can not afford to waste my time in making money.*" A sentiment perfectly natural to him, but which struck every other mind as something so unique as to be reckoned sublime.

When asked how he contrived to preserve his scientific independence while living in a community which was generally hostile to all opinion which clashed with its theological and political beliefs and passions, he replied: "Why the reason is plain—I never was a quarter of a dollar ahead in the world, and I never expect to be. When a man of science wants money for himself, he may be compelled to subordinate science to public opinion; when he wants money simply for the advancement of science, he gets it somehow, because it is known that not a cent sticks in his own pocket."

At one time when his museum was in need of money, and he had applied to the legislature of Massachusetts for an appropriation, two intelligent legislators, evidently farmers, who were considering the propriety of voting the sum required, were overheard: "I don't know much," said one, "about the value of this museum as a means of education, but of one thing I am

certain, that if we give Agassiz the money he wants, *he* will not make a dollar by it; that's in his favor." The appropriation was made—though probably no other man could have been similarly successful.

HIS RELIGIOUS NATURE.

Perhaps the most appreciative analysis of Agassiz's work and character that has ever been written, appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1879. It was written by E. P. Whipple, his intimate friend for over thirty years. In this most admirable article will be found a just estimate of Agassiz's religious views. The author says: "No justice can be done to Agassiz which does not recognize the deep religiousness of his nature." Agassiz is represented as using the following words: "I will frankly tell you that my experience in prolonged scientific investigation convinces me that a belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of ungeneralized facts beyond the present vanishing points of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the region of the unknown. For myself I may say that I now never make the preparations for penetrating into some small province of nature hitherto undiscovered without breathing a prayer to the Being who hides his secrets from me only to allure me graciously on to the unfolding of them. I sometimes hear preachers speak of the sad condition of men who live without God in the world, but a scientist who lives without God in the world seems to me worse off than ordinary men."

The same author says: "Of one thing I am sure, he had a deep conviction, as strong as that of Augustine, or Bernard, or Luther, or Edwards, or Wesley, or Channing, that there were means of communication between the Divine and the human mind."

HISTORY OF THE GLACIAL THEORY, AS TOLD BY AGASSIZ.

As a geologist the name of Agassiz will always be associated with what is known in scientific parlance as "The Glacial Theory of Drift." This was first advanced by him, and by him was it triumphantly sustained. The history of the growth and development of this important thought in his mind, is worthy of attention—both because of its intrinsic interest and importance and because it is an exhibition of the methods of research, scientific insight and powers of generalization characteristic of Agassiz.

It is given here substantially as he gave it at the Anderson School at Penikese. This theory proposes to account for the huge boulders that are so profusely scattered over the surface of the continent north of the 40th parallel of latitude—and for all the gravel beds that are found in the same localities, by assuming that during a comparatively recent geological period the continents were covered with ice many thousand feet in thickness, moving from the poles toward the equator—as glaciers move down the Alps and other mountain regions, and doing the same kind of work on a larger scale. This daring conception was received at first by scientific men almost with contempt and derision—but is now generally accepted.

Glaciers are accumulations of ice, descending by gravity combined with other forces and conditions, down mountain slopes, along valleys, from snow-covered elevations. They are streams or rivers of ice varying in depth from a few hundred to thousands of feet. They are fed by the snows and frozen mist of regions above the limits of perpetual snow. They stretch far below the limit of perpetual snow, because their masses are too thick to be melted by the heat of the summer.

Some of them reach down to the very orchards and the grain fields and the blooming gardens of the valley; remaining all summer long within a few hundred feet of the homes and cultivated fields of the inhabitants. They bear upon their bosom vast streams of stones and rocks that have fallen from the mountain slopes or have been torn from their places by the movement of the glaciers. These they carry to their termination and deposit in the valleys. These accumulations of stones,

often many square miles in extent and hundreds of feet in thickness, are called moraines. Glaciers are not confined to mountain lands. Their domain is rather in the polar regions, where vast masses of ice accumulate and move forward by the same laws and in obedience to the same forces that govern the formation and movement of mountain glaciers. They produce similar effects, only upon a far grander scale.

The summer of 1836 Agassiz passed at the foot of the Alps with his old friend Charpentier, who was familiar with the geology of Switzerland and had devoted a great deal of his time to the study of the glaciers. Charpentier had been told by the shepherds of the Alps that the glaciers had brought down the rocks that were scattered through the valleys. The scientists had previously believed them to have been transported by water. Venetz, a Swiss civil engineer, told him that the peasants were right, and the scientists wrong. "Upon this hint we acted," said Agassiz, "and together we went to ascertain the facts." Many of the leading geologists of the time believed with Werner, of Freiburg, Saxony, that the loose unstratified material upon the surface of the earth should be referred to the Noachian deluge as a sufficient explanation. From this belief these phenomena were called Diluvium, or drift. Others, with Hutton and Playfair, of Edinburgh, maintained that all rocks were derived in one way or another by the agency of heat. That great master, Leopold von Buch, soon showed that both were right, in part. "Von Buch," said Agassiz, "was a wonderful man—one of the great original investigators—a man of indomitable perseverance. He traveled all over Europe on foot, to study its geology. I have known him to go from Berlin to Stockholm for the sake of comparing a single fossil with one there—or to start to St. Petersburg with only an extra pair of socks in his pocket." Yet he was a German nobleman, and was welcome at the Emperor's court—though an exceedingly modest and humble man. Geology owes its present form to Leopold von Buch, and to no one else. He was a pupil of Werner, but had discarded Werner's errors. In his travels in Scandinavia he laid the foundation of geology as now known and understood. He had noticed the loose boulders all over the sides of the mountains, and in the valleys of Switzerland, to the Jura. He explained them by assuming that formerly there were large lakes high up in the Alps, that had broken their barriers and rushed down the mountains, carrying every thing with them and sweeping the materials over an extensive territory. This opinion was received as final, and the matter rested. Agassiz upon investigation, began to doubt, and soon satisfied himself that the boulders were in positions in which they could not have been placed by water. Charpentier and Venetz, from the hint of the Alpine shepherds, had concluded that all the phenomena were produced by the Alpine glaciers. Agassiz agreed with them only so far as the range of Switzerland was concerned. But there were boulders outside of Switzerland, beyond its valleys and mountains, that were of such materials as were not found in the Alps. Germany was covered with them clear up to the shores of the Baltic. Agassiz had observed them in France, and was told that boulders of the same kind were abundant in Scandinavia. "Then," said Agassiz, "*it dawned upon me that there might once have been glaciers in countries where they are not now found, and they might have extended much farther than any we know of now.*"

Surely this was a moment of inspiration—the first glimpse of the light which has since become clear and perfect day. So Agassiz conceived the idea of studying the glaciers, and went to work. In prosecuting his investigations he passed nine successive summer vacations upon the surface of the glaciers of the Alps, devoting his entire time to this one object. During one season he slept seventy-one consecutive nights upon the ice, under the stars. He said, "I studied glaciers to see how they were made; to see how they worked; what they did, and what effects they produced upon the countries where found. I was soon familiar with the condition of the surfaces under a

glacier. I saw that they are smoothed, polished, grooved, scratched—as though a gigantic file had moved across them. I compared their effects with those produced by the action of water on rocks, in rivers, on the sea shore, in all sorts of places and conditions, and I found that wherever water was at work the surface of rocks was acted upon in a manner entirely different from that of ice. Ice acts like a plane; water wears into ruts. Pebbles by the motion of water are smoothed and rounded, but never polished. The effects are produced by pounding and not by rubbing. But when ice moves over a solid surface the moving mass between would be rolled, rubbed and polished. Scratches will be made, rectilinear in direction, if the mass moves continuously in one direction. The pebbles are found not only polished, but also themselves scratched. In this way I learned to discriminate between loose pebbles formed by water and those formed by ice. I next noticed that erratic boulders were found to be always associated with scratched materials, and lay over the surface, scratched. The materials were not stratified, as were river deposits, but piled pell mell together. Satisfied with the correctness of my observations in southern Europe, I asked myself whether any other country, England, for example, in which there was no suspicion of glaciers ever having existed, would exhibit the same phenomena. In 1840 I went to England with this idea in view.

"It was said, 'Agassiz has gone to England on a glacier hunt,' and I was laughed at all over Europe. There were at that time many harsh discussions going on between scientific men and others, and much heart-burning among the scientists themselves. But all geologists were satisfied, and agreed that the drift materials were all produced by the agency of water. Leopold von Buch, the veteran, was the leader in this opinion. So by my assertion that the drift had never been touched by water, I had offended the great master, and I was only a boy, and had only my convictions. *But I knew from my own investigations that I was right*, and I fought my way, not by argument or prevailing influence, but by evidence. In 1838, two years before my trip to England, I requested Dr. Buckland, of Oxford, to come over and see me in Switzerland, and allow me to show him the evidence of my convictions. Buckland was Professor of Geology in Oxford University, author of the Bridgewater treatise on geology, and afterward Dean of Westminster. He accepted my invitation and became satisfied that the holders of the old opinions had not seen all the facts—that the water theory, in short, was erroneous. I found in him the first friend ready to investigate and explore. So when I went to England in 1840 I readily induced him to accompany me in my journey. In company with him I traveled over most of that country and Scotland. The morning on which we approached the castle of the Duke of Argyle is one I never shall forget, for as we looked from the top of the coach upon the valley in which the castle lay, reminding me so strongly of some of the familiar landscapes of Switzerland, I said to Dr. Buckland: 'Here we shall find our first indications of glaciers;' *and we actually had to ride over glacial moraines to reach the castle.* We traveled over nearly the whole of Great Britain, and I made a geological map of the island to which, I think, not much has since been added. Everywhere I found abundant evidence of glaciers, everywhere scratched surfaces, covered with scratched boulders. Moraines piled up, and elevations swept. *Then I did not hesitate to go beyond my facts, and generalize;* and my generalization was this: As all mountain centers, all high lands, constitute centers around which erratic boulders are scattered, and as in that country, these mountain centers are now all below the snow-line—that is, the line of perpetual snow—there must have been a colder climate, *and glaciers must have existed upon mountains now below the line of perpetual snow.* But this is true not only of England, but also of other countries. All boulders come from their own mountain centers,

and similar phenomena are found in many parts of Europe, and on the other continents. There are also still more telling facts. There are spaces, now impassable, intervening between the drift boulders and their origin, that must have been bridged over by ice. There are boulders in Great Britain that must have come from Scandinavia across the North Sea. Those which are spread over northern Germany also came from Scandinavia, as is proven by the fossils they contain, and must therefore have crossed the Baltic Sea. These and similar facts lead to a broader generalization. *There was a time when the whole globe was very much colder than now, when a great geological winter spread over the whole earth.* This period I called the glacial period. It was anterior to our present state of things, but subsequent to a period much warmer than now." That the age immediately preceding, which geology calls the Tertiary, was much warmer, is proven by the fact that the remains of tropical animals are scattered all over the American continent. Elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, camels, and many other tropical animals roamed over the northern parts of the continent. They are all gone, and over their remains, and covering the continent everywhere from Baffin's Bay to Cape Horn, are the erratic boulders and the drift. An examination of the drift phenomena of North America led Agassiz to the conclusion that during this succeeding geological winter our continent was covered by a sheet of ice many thousands of feet—not less than a mile—in thickness.

Such is a brief account of the history of the inception and growth of this now well known theory. From 1837 to 1840 no geologist was bold enough to admit its truth; now no one is bold enough to deny it, except in unimportant particulars. It has stood the test of years of violent controversy. It stands now among the established facts of science. "In some recent geological writings," says Dr. Thomas Hill, "it is assumed as a doctrine accepted from time immemorial, yet we all know that forty-five years ago Agassiz was the only man who had ever peered into the silent desert of that new thought." Sir Roderick Murchison, the great English geologist, once said of the glacial theory: "I have been for twenty years opposing Agassiz's views, and now I find that I have been for twenty years opposing the truth." The establishment of this theory has a significance not thought of originally by its propounder. In one of his lectures on Brazil he thus states the case: "If this doctrine be true, you see at once how this intense cold must have modified the surface of the globe, to the extent of excluding life from its surface—of interrupting the normal course of the vital phenomena, and preparing the surface of the earth for the new creation which now exists upon it. I attach great importance in a philosophical point of view to the study of this ice period; because, if demonstrated that such was once the condition of our earth, it will follow that the doctrine of transmutation of species, and of the descent of animals that live now, from those of past days, is cut at the root by this winter, which put an end to all living beings on the surface of the globe."

ARCHBISHOP USHER, when crossing the Channel from Ireland to England, was wrecked on some part of the coast of Wales. After having reached the shore, he made the best of his way to the house of a clergyman, who resided not far from the spot on which he was cast. Without communicating his exalted station, the archbishop introduced himself as a brother clergyman in distress, and stated the particulars of his misfortune. The Cambrian divine, suspecting his unknown visitor to be an impostor, gave him no very courteous reception, and said: "I dare say, you can't tell me how many commandments there are?" "There are eleven," replied the archbishop, very meekly. "Repeat the eleventh," rejoined the other, "and I will relieve your distress." "Then *you* will put the commandment in practice," answered the primate: "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another."

TRAINED NURSES.

By LULIE W. WINCHESTER.

It is my purpose in this paper to explain the duties of a nurse, and above all to endeavor to influence those of my sisters who are asking the old question, "What can I do?" to enter this field of usefulness, and make honored and helpful places for themselves in the ranks of this profession. It seems to me that the mission of the physician and nurse is more closely allied than any other, to that of our Savior, who went about doing good, who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, who walked throughout Judea, Samaria and Galilee, laying his hand on the poor, sick and oppressed, with its life and health-giving touch.

The Bellevue Hospital Training School in New York City is the pioneer, being the first one established in the United States. It was commenced as an experiment in 1873 with six nurses, and has succeeded so well as to now accommodate sixty, who have the charge of fourteen wards. It is the largest, and in many respects the best, offering a greater variety of disease, and therefore giving the nurses more knowledge and experience in the treatment of the various ills to which humanity is subjected. Soon after the establishment of this school a similar one was started in St. Catharines, Canada, by the late well-known Dr. Mack. He sent to England for three trained nurses who took charge of the school at the General and Marine Hospital. It was very small at first, but now accommodates fifteen or twenty nurses. For a long time it was the only school in Canada, but within the last few years one has been established in Toronto. The course of training at the St. Catharines school is somewhat longer than in others, viz.: Three months on probation, and a term of three years, with a monthly salary and house and street uniform provided.

The school at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston is widely known for its excellence, as also the Buffalo General Hospital School. In San Francisco there is but one small school at the Women's and Children's Hospital on Thirteenth Street. Indeed, it is the only one on the coast, and finds employment but for six or eight nurses. It seems strange that such an enterprising city as San Francisco should not take more decided steps toward the establishment of a larger school, with more variety in nursing. But it is a work that will grow and spread as the necessity for skillful nursing becomes more apparent. In all these schools the term is about the same, a month on probation, and a two years' course, with a monthly salary and house uniform, which is usually a seersucker dress, long full white apron, and dainty white muslin or linen cap.

The training consists of lectures by the medical staff and superintendent, on anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and the general principles of nursing, the observation and recording of symptoms, the diet of the sick, and the best methods of managing helpless patients. Instruction is given in the wards on the dressing of wounds, the application of blisters, fomentations, poultices, cups and leeches; the use of catheters and administration of enemata, methods of applying friction, bandaging, making beds, changing and drawing sheets, moving patients and preventing bed-sores, and the application of trusses and uterine appliances.

At the end of the term examinations are held, and the successful ones receive their diplomas. Some choose to follow the vocation of private nurses, others seek a position as head nurse in some institution, while others are by their superior intelligence and education to become in their turn superintendents of other training schools.

The qualifications necessary for a young woman to procure entrance on probation are a sound constitution, no defects in either hearing or sight, a common school education, and a good moral character. Certificates of the above must be presented—that of health from a physician.

Exceptions are sometimes made in the matter of sight and hearing, as for instance, one nurse in the institution I was connected with, was totally deaf in one ear; the other was perfectly well, however, and she was a very successful nurse. There were several who were obliged to wear glasses, but did not seem at all unfitted for their duties. But generally the rules are strict, as must needs be, in order to keep up the good name and reputation of a school.

Other qualifications are also indispensable in order to become a good nurse, although they are not always specified in the demands. Gentleness in manner, voice, touch and foot-step is important. What is more annoying than a sharp, impatient voice, heavy step and touch? The poor patient's nerves are all set on edge by such an attendant. I remember one poor woman in my ward, wasted almost to a skeleton with consumption, who asked me once while bathing her, what another nurse's occupation had been before entering the hospital. She said the nurse was kind-hearted enough, but oh! so loud and hard and heavy about everything. I replied that I believed she had worked on a farm in the old country. "I thought so," said the patient, "it seems as if she were more used to handling animals than human beings; she bathes me like she was rubbing down a horse or scrubbing the kitchen table." And that is true of many. There is nothing more soothing than a light, delicate, but firm touch in handling invalids.

Another thing to be cultivated is an even temper. Remember that an invalid is hardly to be considered a responsible person, no more so than a child, so bear all his whims and caprices with cheerfulness and equanimity. A bright, cheerful, sunny nurse or doctor is often better than medicine. I do not mean constant joking and laughing, but a prevailing atmosphere of sunshine.

They are blessed indeed who are born with a bright, hopeful nature. But it can be cultivated—I know from experience—by dwelling in constant communion with Him who is the Light of the world.

Another thing that Miss Nightingale lays great stress upon is the habit of observation. A nurse should be quick to notice all changes in the temperature, respiration and appetite of the patient, together with numerous other changes and variations which can not here be mentioned. A quick, observing nurse, is an invaluable aid to a physician. This faculty is natural in a great many persons, and it may be cultivated.

In attending private cases the nurse must take great heed to her ways, not to be too forward or talkative, and above all to guard sacredly all family matters which may come under her observation.

The motto of the ancient Spartans at their public dinners, "No word spoken here, goes out there" (the door), might well be adopted by her. Of all things, a gossiping nurse is most odious, and she soon loses her reputation.

Here is the routine for one day at the hospital I was employed in: The nurses rise at six, dress, and put their rooms in order, and hurry down to breakfast, which is served at half-past six. At seven they are in their wards, to relieve the night nurses. The first thing is to serve breakfast; after that is cleared away comes the bathing of helpless patients, and making the beds; then the long ward is swept twice from top to bottom, and every thing picked up, dusted, and put straight. Wounds are then dressed and medicines given out, and all is ready for the doctor's visit at ten. After that comes the milk or beef-tea lunch for those who require it, and general waiting on and attending to the various wants of the patients (which are always numerous, whether real or fancied). Dinner is served in the ward at half-past twelve, and half an hour later for the nurses. After dinner more medicines are given out, and the time is filled with the general attendance, for of course some patients need a great deal more care than others; fomentations and poultices must be applied, the bed of a restless

patient re-made, a broken limb bathed and re-banded, etc. Supper comes at half-past five, and after that the night work begins, making the beds smooth and comfortable for the poor, tired bodies, giving out medicines, and putting the wards straight for the house physician's visit. The head nurse goes from bed to bed with him, giving a report of each patient, that suitable directions may be given the night nurse. At eight o'clock the nurses go off duty, tired perhaps, but happy in the consciousness that they have done their best. Every nurse has an hour off during the day, for rest or exercise in the open air, with an afternoon once a week.

And now let me appeal to the female portion of the tens of thousands of readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, at least to those of them who want a vocation. Will you not take up this work? You will find a rich reward in so doing, not only financially (though it is a paying business), but the gladness and content you will feel in doing your share toward relieving the suffering and distress in this world will amply repay you for the hard and disagreeable part of your labor—for it has its disagreeable side, I admit. No one has greater opportunities for doing good than the loyal, consecrated Christian nurse. Just think of the many cups of cold water that can be given, the sweet word of Scripture that can be whispered in the ear of some sufferer, to prove a soft and comforting pillow for his weary head. Think of the bread of life it will be your privilege to break and distribute to the helpless and needy. Think of the dying who can be pointed upward, and led to place their trust in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. If you have a talent for music, it can be used to advantage in the hospital ward. There is no limit to the opportunities you will find opening before you. We can not all be Florence Nightingales or Sister Doras, but we can be our best selves.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

"Woodstock" closed with the return of Charles the Second from long exile, and his hearty reception *en route* from the cliffs of Dover to London. "Peveril of the Peak" opens with a mixed assembly of Presbyterians and Cavaliers convened at Martindale Castle in honor of "The Blessed Restoration of His most Sacred Majesty."

As might be premised, the gathering is not entirely harmonious. By wise foresight they are constrained to enter the castle by different gates, and to take their repast in different rooms. In this prologue to the story the reader notes the art with which Scott illustrates history. "By different routes, and forming each a sort of a procession, as if the adherents of each party were desirous of exhibiting its strength and numbers, the two several factions approached the castle; and so distinct did they appear in dress, aspect and manners, that it seemed as if the revelers of a bridal party, and the sad attendants upon a funeral solemnity, were moving toward the same point from different quarters. The Puritan party consisted chiefly of the middling gentry, with others whom industry or successful speculations in commerce or in mining had raised into eminence—the persons who feel most umbrage from the overshadowing aristocracy, and are usually the most vehement in defense of what they hold to be their rights. Their dress was in general studiously simple and unostentatious, or only remarkable by the contradictory affectation of extreme simplicity or carelessness. The dark color of their cloaks, varying from absolute black to what was called sad-colored, their steeple-crowned hats, with their broad shadowy brims, their long swords, suspended by a simple strap around the loins, without shoulder-belt, sword-knot, plate, buckles, or any of the other decorations with which the Cavaliers loved to adorn their trusty rapiers—the shortness of their hair, which made their ears ap-

pear of disproportioned size—above all the stern and gloomy gravity of their looks, announced their belonging to that class of enthusiasts, who, resolute and undismayed, had cast down the former fabric of government, and who now regarded with somewhat more than suspicion that which had been so unexpectedly substituted in its stead."

The paragraph in which Scott portrays the Cavalier is none the less graphic: "If the Puritan was affectedly plain in his dress, and ridiculously precise in his manners, the Cavalier often carried his love of ornament into tawdry finery, and his contempt of hypocrisy into licentious profligacy. Gay, gallant fellows, young and old, thronged together toward the ancient castle. Feathers waved, lace glittered, spears jingled, steeds caroled; and here and there a petronel or pistol was fired off by some one, who found his own natural talents for making a noise inadequate to the dignity of the occasion. Boys halloo'd and whooped, 'Down with the Rump,' and 'Fie upon Oliver!' The revelry of the Cavaliers may be easily conceived, since it had the usual accompaniments of singing, jesting, quaffing of healths, and playing of tunes, which have in almost every age and quarter of the world been the accompaniments of festive cheer. The enjoyments of the Puritans were of a different and less noisy character. They neither sung, jested, heard music, nor drank healths; and yet they seemed none the less, in their own phrase, to enjoy the creature-comforts which the frailty of humanity rendered grateful to their outward man."

It seems almost marvelous that Scott, who loved rank and ancestral dignity, could lay aside his prejudices and speak so eloquently and fairly of the Puritan. His history of Napoleon is generally regarded unfair and distorted; and it could hardly have been otherwise following so closely upon the great triumph of Wellington; but we, as Americans and descendants of those who gave up home and comfort to establish a free government, have reason to feel grateful that the greatest novelist, or, if that is objected to by any of our readers, the greatest historical novelist that Britain has produced, was born and reared with an unprejudiced mind.

It may seem strange to the reader of history to find the Cavalier and the strict Presbyterian, so different in principle, now hand in hand in policy; but the reader must remember that the party which brought Charles to the block consisted of two factors, styled by the haughty Countess of Derby with indignant sarcasm: "Varieties of the same monster, for the Presbyterians hallooed while the others hunted, and bound the victims whom the Independents massacred." Misery according to Shakspeare makes a person acquainted with strange bedfellows; and the politics of those days made England acquainted with strange coalitions. One choice only remained to that distracted nation—Charles the Second or the rule of the army; and to the common sense of discordant factions a solid government seemed preferable to anarchy. To the sensible Presbyterian the divine right of kings was better than the less divine right of petty leaders. The Independents, so powerful under Cromwell, were weak under the government of his son Richard. The people demanded a free Parliament, and a free Parliament meant the restoration of the Stuarts. As Macaulay tersely puts it: "A united army had long kept down a divided nation; but the nation was now united and the army was divided."

Scott, also, in passing, refers to the ejection of the Presbyterian clergy, which took place on St. Bartholomew's day, when two thousand Presbyterian pastors were displaced and silenced throughout England; even in church matters the rule held good—that the spoils belonged to the victors: the great Baxter, Reynolds and Calamy refused bishoprics, and many ministers declined deaneries, preferring starvation and a clear conscience to the wealth and flattery of a corrupt court.

Five years pass by and we are transported with Julian Peveril, son of the old knight, from the peaks of northern Derby-

shire, which form the water-shed of central England, to the picturesque island of Man, the origin of whose name is still a mystery, whose ruins carry the visitor back beyond the legends of King Arthur and the dominion of the Romans to the dim twilight days of the Druids. To this strong sea-girded fortress the brave Countess of Derby fled after the execution of her husband at Bolton le Moor, and she has left in history a character for courage and hardihood allied to cruelty, in the execution of Edward Christian, who in her absence had yielded up the island to the Parliament forces. It is here that the young Peveril dreams away his boyhood, sharing his studies and recreations with the son of the Countess.

In this story of diverse characters, the two pillars, which might be said to uphold the arch, under which the long procession of the narrative passes, are the elder Peveril and his wealthy neighbor Bridgenorth. Alice Bridgenorth was reared under the same roof with young Peveril; and strange to say, in the difference arising between the elder Peveril and Bridgenorth, she also is transported to the home of relatives in a romantic glen of the island of Man. But the course of true love was not destined even in this little island to run entirely smooth; for the old spirit of Bridgenorth is awakened to restore England to the greatness of the days of Cromwell. He endeavors to arouse the same zeal in young Peveril; he had just returned from the south of France, and had many stories to tell of the French Huguenots, who already began to sustain those vexations, which a few years afterward were summed up by the revocation of the edict of Nantz. He had been in Hungary, and spoke from personal knowledge of the leaders of the great Protestant insurrection. He talked also of Savoy, where those of the reformed religion still suffered a cruel persecution. He had even visited America, more especially he said: "The country of New England, into which our land has shaken from her lap, as a drunkard flings from him his treasures, so much that is precious in the eyes of God and of his children. There thousands of our best and most godly men—such whose righteousness might come between the Almighty and his wrath, and prevent the ruin of cities—are content to be the inhabitants of the desert, rather encountering the unenlightened savages, than stooping to extinguish, under the oppression practiced in Britain, the light that is within their own minds. There I remained for a time, during the wars which the colonies maintained with Philip, a great Indian chief, or sachem as they were called, who seemed a messenger sent from Satan to buffet them. His cruelty was great—his dissimulation profound; and the skill and promptitude with which he maintained a destructive and desultory warfare inflicted many dreadful calamities on the settlement. I was by chance at a small village in the woods, more than thirty miles from Boston, and in its situation exceedingly lonely, and surrounded with thickets. It was on a Sabbath morning, when we had assembled to take sweet counsel together in the Lord's house. Our temple was but constructed of wooden logs; but when shall the chant of trained hirelings, or the sounding of tin and brass tubes amid the aisles of a minster, arise so sweetly to heaven, as did the psalm in which we united at once our voices and our hearts! An excellent worthy, long the companion of my pilgrimage, had just begun to wrestle in prayer, when a woman, with disordered looks and disheveled hair, entered our chapel in a distracted manner, screaming incessantly, 'The Indians! the Indians!' In that land no man dares separate himself from his means of defense, and whether in the city or in the field, in the ploughed land or the forest, men keep beside them their weapons, as did the Jews at the re-building of the temple. So we sallied forth with our guns and our pikes, and heard the whoop of these incarnate devils already in possession of a part of the town. It was pitiful to hear the screams of women and children amid the report of guns and the whistling of bullets, mixed with the ferocious yells of these savages. Several houses in the upper part of the village were

soon on fire. The smoke which the wind drove against us gave great advantage to the enemy, who fought, as it were invisible, and under cover, whilst we fell fast by their unerring fire. In this state of confusion, and while we were about to adopt the desperate project of evacuating the village, and placing the women and children in the center, of attempting a retreat to the nearest settlement, it pleased heaven to send us unexpected assistance. A tall man of a reverend appearance, whom no one of us had ever seen before, suddenly was in the midst of us. His garments were of the skin of the elk, and he wore sword and carried gun; I never saw anything more august than his features, overshadowed by locks of gray hair, which mingled with a long beard of the same color. 'Men and brethren,' he said in a voice like that which turns back the flight, 'why sink your hearts? and why are you thus disquieted? Follow me, and you shall see this day that there is a captain in Israel!' He uttered a few brief but distinct orders, in the tone of one who was accustomed to command; and such was the influence of his appearance, his mien, his language, and his presence of mind, that he was implicitly obeyed by men who had never seen him until that moment. We were hastily divided into two bodies; one of which maintained the defense of the village with more courage than ever; while, under cover of the smoke, the stranger sallied forth from the town, at the head of the other division of New England men, and fetching a circuit, attacked the red warriors in the rear. The heathens fled in confusion, abandoning the half-won village, and leaving behind them such a number of the warriors, that the tribe hath never recovered its loss. Never shall I forget the figure of our venerable leader, when our men, and women and children of the village, rescued from the tomahawk and scalping knife, stood crowded around him. 'Not unto me be the glory,' he said, 'I am but an implement, frail as yourselves, in the hand of Him who is strong to deliver.' I was nearest to him as he spoke; we exchanged glances; it seemed to me that I recognized a noble friend whom I had long since deemed in glory; but he gave me no time to speak, had speech been prudent. Sinking on his knees, and signing us to obey him, he poured forth a strong and energetic thanksgiving for the turning back of the battle, which, pronounced with a voice loud and clear as a war trumpet, thrilled through the joints and marrows of the hearers. I have heard many an act of devotion in my life; but such a prayer as this, uttered amid the dead and the dying, with a rich tone of mingled triumph and adoration, was beyond them all—it was like the song of the inspired prophetess who dwelt beneath the palm-tree between Ramah and Bethel. He was silent; and for a brief space we remained with our faces bent to the earth—no man daring to lift his head. At length we looked up, but our deliverer was no longer amongst us, nor was he ever again seen in the land which he had rescued."

This beautiful story, true to fact, and so dramatically told, comes upon the reader with a pleasant surprise, and I have quoted it at length not only for its intrinsic beauty, but also as it commemorates a fact in the early history of our country. That venerable man was Richard Whalley, one of the great soldiers of England under Cromwell, and one of the judges who condemned Charles to the block. After the restoration he fled to Massachusetts, and was secreted in the house of the Rev. Mr. Russel at Hadley. It will be remembered that three of the regicides fled to this country—Dixwell, Goffe and Whalley. Dixwell is buried in New Haven in the rear of Center church. Goffe and Whalley are buried in Hadley. It is claimed by some that it was Goffe instead of Whalley who came to the rescue of the village. Scott in his notes assigns the honor to Whalley.

Returning to our story we find that affairs of great moment on the part of the Countess call the young Peveril to London. He finds his father and mother arrested for supposed complicity in a Romish plot. We see the city in great excitement,

heated and inflamed by the villain Oates—an episode which Scott weaves gracefully and naturally into the warp and woof of his story. He draws a picture of Colonel Blood, who made the well-known attempt on the crown-jewels, a bold, resolute man, who strange to say, after many acts of violence, lived to enjoy a pension from the king. We see the gay Rochester, still remembered for his celebrated epigrammatic epitaph on Charles the Second, composed at the king's request, but too pungent, and too true to be relished.

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

We see the Duchess of Portsmouth, and many another lady of rank, who had more regard for ancient titles than for ancestral virtues; we see George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, a man of princely fortune and excellent talents, tossed about in a whirlpool of frivolous pleasures, whose character the great Dryden embalmed in vigorous lines:

"A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions—always in the wrong—
Was everything by starts, but nothing long;
Who in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

Through the imprisonment of Julian Peveril we are made acquainted with the Tower and Newgate—a sad picture, but somewhat relieved by Scott's humor in the portrait that he gives us of the well-known doughty dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson; we see London given over to monopolies, to stock-jobbing, and South Sea speculations; we attend a conventicle held in a secret hall of the city, and trace a conspiracy designed to place the Duke of Buckingham upon the throne; until our story, one of the longest and most carefully prepared of the Waverley series, concludes with a court scene in Whitehall, where the faithful love of Edith Bridgenorth and Julian Peveril is announced to the satisfaction at least of two individuals.

"Old Mortality," our next volume, deals directly with the Covenanters of Scotland. It will be remembered that Charles the Second, on a former expedition into Scotland, before his restoration, had deliberately sworn to support the Solemn League and Covenant. The Presbyterian Church, alive to its own interests, sent an agent to General Monk, who had declared for a free Parliament, and was on his way to London, holding as it were in his hand the destiny of Britain. The agent sent by the Scottish Church was James Sharpe, a man well educated, logical in mind and commanding in character; but, false to his trust, he bartered his principles for power, and received as the price of his infamy the title and office of Lord Bishop of Saint Andrews, and Primate of Scotland. "The great stain" says Scott, in his *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, "will always remain, that Sharpe deserted and probably betrayed a cause which his brethren entrusted to him. When he returned to Scotland, he pressed the acceptance of the See of Saint Andrews upon Mr. Robert Douglas, affecting himself no ambition for the prelacy. The stern Presbyterian saw into his secret soul, and, when he had given his own positive rejection, demanded of Sharpe what he would do if the offer was made to him? He hesitated. 'I perceive' said Douglas, 'you are clear—you will engage—you will be Primate of Scotland; take it then,' he added, laying his hand on his shoulder, 'and take the curse of God along with it.' The subject would spit a painter." Subsequent history shows that the curse was fulfilled.

In the general joy attendant upon the restoration of Charles, the Parliament thought that the people would submit to almost any indignity or inconvenience. By a single sweeping resolution they annulled and rescinded every statute and ordinance

which had been made by those holding supreme authority in Scotland since the commencement of the civil wars; the whole Presbyterian Church government was destroyed, and the Episcopal institutions, to which the nation had shown itself averse, were rashly and precipitately established. Thousands of ministers, who, for conscience sake, could not sign the Act of Conformity, were driven from their pulpits. Mere boys and dissolute young men were hastily summoned from schools and colleges to administer spiritual comfort to an indignant people. The solemn league and covenant, which had been solemnly sworn to by nobility, clergy and people, with weeping eyes and uplifted hands, ay, sworn to by the King himself, was burned at the cross of Edinburgh by an edict of Parliament. The Episcopal court severely punished all who left their own parish church to attend private meetings known as conventicles. A persecution like that of the early Christians at Rome was brought home to the descendants of Knox and of Calvin. As the earlier Christians were compelled to hold their meetings in caves and catacombs, so a persecuted people, in the bright dawn of the Reformation, were compelled to fly to the hills and heaths for a refuge, to lift up their banner in solitary and mountain places in order to foil

"A tyrant's and a bigot's laws."

Such was the state of the country at the opening of our story in May, 1679. The west of Scotland is aroused. Archbishop Sharpe is murdered in his carriage, by a party of men, of whom Balfour of Burley is the leader. The battle of Loudon Hill is won by the Covenanters, who increase daily in power until a force of six thousand men are assembled at Bothwell Bridge. Engaged in discussing church polemics, they entirely neglect the discipline necessary for success. Without leaders or guidance they are routed by the Duke of Monmouth. Four hundred men are killed. Twelve hundred prisoners are marched to Edinburgh, and imprisoned "like cattle in a fold" in the Greyfriar's churchyard. Several ministers are tortured and executed, and many prisoners sent as slaves to the plantations. Henry Morton, one of their leaders, as seen in the story, is exiled. Edith Bellenden, one of the royal party, remains true to him. He returns, after long years of absence and military honor, and readers of fiction can readily guess how the story terminates without reading the postscript by the author.

Such is the rude draft of this great romance, which Coleridge pronounces the grandest of Scott's novels. It is, in fact, a novel that can not be well analyzed. We could speak of Lady Margaret Bellenden, who never forgot that Charles the Second took breakfast with her on his way to meet Cromwell at the field of Worcester; we could speak of the good natured Major, brave, noble, and generous; of Cuddie and his mother; ay, of Guse Gibbie, unfortunate in all fitting regimentals; of the miserly uncle of Henry Morton; of the cannie waiting-maid of Edith, who felt safe in the triumph of either side, as she had a lover in both armies. The reader will laugh and weep at these characters as he meets them in the pages of "Old Mortality." But it is for us to refer merely to the historical features about which these characters are grouped; to note the ruggedness of Scotch character, destined to triumph at last, and bring victory out of defeat; a character which, perhaps, "shows most to advantage in adversity, when it seems akin to the native sycamore of their hills, which scorns to be biased in its mode of growth, even by the influence of the prevailing wind, but, shooting its branches with equal boldness in every direction, shows no weather side to the storm, and may be broken, but can never be bended."

In considering the motives, the ambition, the enthusiasm, or fanaticism of these men, we might stir up controversy. We know it was their lofty purpose to convert all England to the Presbyterian faith; and, whenever they were lifted to power, they were quite as arbitrary as the Episcopacy. It was true of both parties that they suffered persecution without learning

mercy. Each side felt that, in pushing its own creed, it was doing the Lord's work; but in this we all delight to-day, that both sides produced brave men, tenacious of their own rights, who struggled on until in our own generation the opposing forces have been adjusted, and out of chaos and confusion the different systems of faith or theology move serenely and calmly in their own spheres around one central and enduring light—the Creator and Father of all.

The Covenanters were indeed the connecting link between the two great revolutions, which beheaded Charles the First and exiled James the Second; and, whatever our prejudices, or "whatever may be thought of the extravagance or narrow-minded bigotry of many of their tenets, it is impossible to deny the praise of devoted courage to a few hundred peasants, who, without leaders, without money, without any fixed plan of action, and almost without arms, borne out only by their innate zeal, and a detestation of the oppression of their rulers, ventured to declare open war against an established government, supported by a regular army and the whole force of three kingdoms."

It is sometimes claimed that Scott is over partial to Claverhouse—that he paints the man as a hero. If so he has poorly succeeded, for I have yet to meet a reader of "Old Mortality" who is fascinated with the portraiture of that cruel man. Scott makes him what history declares him to be, a cool and calculating soldier, bitter and unrelenting, a man without faith, and with no ambition save worldly glory. It rather seems to me on the contrary, that Scott for the time lays aside his own traditional sentiments as he reports the burning words of these Covenant preachers, as they paint the desolation of the Church, describing her "like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainsless desert." His poetic nature seems moved by brave men repairing "to worship the God of nature amid the fortresses of nature's own construction."

There are two dramatic scenes in the volume, which can not be overlooked or forgotten: Burley in the cave, with his clasped Bible in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other. "His figure, dimly ruddied by the light of the red charcoal seems that of a fiend in the lurid atmosphere of Pandemonium striving with an imaginary demon." The other scene reveals Henry Morton, overpowered, disarmed, bound hand and foot, facing a clock which, at the hour of twelve, was to strike his doom. "Among pale-eyed and ferocious zealots, whose hardened brows were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference, but with triumph upon his execution—without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look of either sympathy or encouragement—awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, as it were by straw-breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death drop by drop. His executioners, as he gazed around him, seemed to alter their forms and features, like specters in a feverish dream their figures became larger, and their faces more disturbed; the walls seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as it each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ." The maniac preacher, in an attitude of frenzy, springs upon a chair to push forward the fatal index; the party make ready their weapons for immediate execution, when a noise like the rushing of a brook over the pebbles, or the sighing of wind among the branches stays the executioners; it was the galloping of horse, the door is burst open, and Henry Morton is saved.

MEN seem neither to understand their riches nor their strength—of the former they believe much more than they should; of the latter much less. Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labor truly to get his living, and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust.—*Bacon*.

A PRIVATE CHARITY OF PARIS.

Translated from the French for THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Among the many interesting charitable institutions of Paris there is none more noteworthy than the private asylum for the blind conducted by the Sisters of St. Paul. This work was begun in 1850, by a woman of great piety, energy and sense, Anne Bergunion. Two blind girls were confided to her care. She proved to be remarkably adapted to training the peculiar characters which the nature of this affliction almost invariably causes. Gradually there grew up a large institution under her supervision. A writer in a late number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* has given an exhaustive account of the work. The details are most interesting and suggestive. After describing the home of the Sisters and their work, he says: "They have reserved the least comfortable part of the building for themselves, and have given over to the blind the large rooms where the circulation is free, and there is opportunity for exercise. Passing from the convent into the asylum for the blind, I entered the workshop. Twenty workingwomen, whose ages ranged from twenty-five to fifty, started up at the sound of strange footsteps. The sight was pitiful; the faces and eyes seemed expressionless. There was nothing to warm up their terrible pallor, and in their attitude there was a restless attention, as if they were troubled by a presence which they could not define nor understand.

There is great difference between the different forms of blindness. There are eyes that have been paralyzed, which appear living, but yet are dead. They show neither joy nor sorrow, but remain fixed. A blind person does not move the eye when questioned, but by an unconscious gesture turns the ear to the speaker. Others are projecting, and seem almost bursting from their watery eyelids; they look like those marbles of whitish glass with which the children play; others again are almost invisible, showing only an inflamed line between the nearly closed eyelids. With some the lids are immovable; others continually flutter, like the wings of a frightened bird.

I saw no coquettishness in the arrangement of the hair, in the pose of the head or the body. Shut up in darkness, they are ignorant of the resources of feminine graces; hearing and touch teach them nothing of them. Their tidiness is extreme, however. If well taught, a blind person can not endure on his garments a particle of dust or drop of water; it wounds his sensitive touch.

The most of the inmates were born blind, or at least became blind so young that they have no remembrance of the light. For them the sun is bright, not because it shines, but because it is warm. There are some among them who have been made completely blind by an accident or a criminal action. Here is one whose eyes seem to have been torn out, and eyelids to have closed over the void. When she was quite a little girl, she owned a tame finch; at night it slept in its cage, but all day it was at the side of its young mistress, now on her head, again on her shoulders; it drank from the same glass with her and took the food from her lips. One day the eyes of the child attracted it; it picked at them and destroyed the sight. There is another who had a pet chicken. She had been accustomed to taking it in her little arms, rocking it, cuddling it, adoring it; they played together until suddenly, one day, the chicken, dashing itself against the face of the child, tore out both its eyes.

I have noticed among the inmates a woman whose eyes are white; a faint shade marks the outline of the iris. She seems to be about fifty years old; her complexion is sallow, and above her prominent forehead the brown hair is traced by silver; her mouth has a sad, almost bitter expression; her form is thin, and her bony fingers move very swiftly as she knits. When twenty-three years old she was sought in marriage by a

young man for whom she did not care. He insisted, she refused. One evening he came to see her with a gun on his shoulder, and demanded: "Will you marry me? Yes, or no?" "No," she replied. He drew his weapon and fired. The entire charge hit the upper part of her face. When they had picked her up and wiped away the blood, they saw that she was blind, and hopelessly so. Before the court the fellow did not lie. "It is her own fault. I will marry her all the same, if she is willing." The poor girl did not think it best to give her hand, when asked in this way. She found the Sisters of St. Paul, and has been with them for twenty-five years.

It seemed very silent to me in the work-room. I am sorry for it. Conversation is as necessary to the blind as light for those who see; to them silence is night, noise is light. This is so true that in the Institution for Blind Young People, the black cell, the cell in which unruly members are confined as a punishment, is one where no sound is heard. I believe that conversation should always be allowed. The blind find an inspiration in it which gives zest to their work.

Music is their great passion, and some excel in it; the ear is most sensitive; at a sound in the least out of tune their foreheads will contract painfully. A woman sang for me here. She was about thirty-five years old, with pale face and fine features. She sang a fandango intended to be gay, but which was very mournful, coming from her discolored lips. Her voice was true but weak and worn. The poor girl is a worn-out artist. She had been dragged from city to city; had "done" the watering places and springs, had given concerts, and never touched the proceeds. When she had ruined her voice the manager had abandoned her. The poor child, hungry and cold, sought the St. Paul Asylum. She has a shelter here while she lives. She knits, sings, and, perhaps, sighs for the time when she heard the crowd clap after she had sung her piece.

A blind Sister, with one who has her sight, looks after the workshop. There is but one kind of work here—knitting; it seems to have become mechanical; they knit without thinking, as one breathes without knowing it. Four of the young girls sang a quartette for us, but they knit all the time without ceasing; the blind Sister beat time with her head, but continued to knit; the women in the shop turned toward the singers, listened, and knit. The blind Sisters teach this work. It takes about six weeks to make a skillful knitter, and initiate her into all the mysteries. They earn very little money in this way, however. The wool and patterns are furnished by the contractor, and for the knitting of a pair of child's socks they will pay but a few cents. It takes a skillful knitter at least four hours to do the work, and then the work must be finished off by some one who sees, the buttons put on, the buttonholes made, and the ornaments attached. In spite of the great industry of the workers the shop earns in this way only about 1,300 francs per year. The great curse which burdens the blind, above all blind women, is that they can not earn a livelihood. It is safe to say that were it not for the Sisters of St. Paul all the persons whom I saw there would have died of hunger. There has been an effort made to find a trade for blind women by which they could at least earn their bread; it has not succeeded. The affliction is so heavy that it seems to paralyze their energies. One trade which seems peculiarly suitable for them, which is learned quickly and requires only a little attention, is that of making lines for fishing, and the like; the tools needed are not costly, and the trade is easy. Many of the blind practice it, and some are very skillful; yet, by the busiest day's work, they can not earn more than fifteen cents. It is ridiculous to think of furnishing food, clothing and lodgings, on this sum. There has been a great deal of ingenuity spent in trying to teach them trades which require great skill; tact, however, can never take the place of sight. This fact has been forgotten by those who have tried to profit by the services of the blind, rather than put the means of earning their daily bread into their hands. An attempt was made to teach them to turn articles, but the re-

sults were curious rather than useful. The trade which they are taught should be as easy as possible; the method should be simple, the tools few and easily handled. Knitting is the model work for them.

Passing from the work-room we enter the children's department. There are three classes, corresponding to the ages of the pupils: the intermediate, primary, and the school for the very young. Every one is blind, and as in the workroom, they knit, or rather learn to knit in the intervals between their lessons and play. I find that the same methods for teaching reading and writing are used as are common in institutions for the blind. The instruments for writing are the point, the tablet, and the guide invented by Louis Brille. This system satisfies the intellectual needs of the blind, but does not permit them to enter into communication with persons who have not studied the system. In this system each letter of the alphabet, each figure, each punctuation mark forms in relief a certain number of points. By pressing the ends of the fingers over the projecting points of these letters a blind person will read as rapidly as a person who sees will read the printed volume. Often I have seen the blind follow the lines of one of these books with his left hand, while with his right he reproduced it on M. Brille's apparatus. A blind man named Foucant invented a very ingenious instrument composed of ten blunt points fastened in an iron triangle, and furnished with a spring. The instrument is mounted on a guide whose ten ends move in the groove of a frame. The apparatus moves on the guide from left to right, as in writing, and the guide moves up and down to mark the lines. The base of six points are placed in juxtaposition, and rest on a sheet of lead, the black surface of which is applied to a sheet of white paper; by striking the head of the point there is obtained a black point. By this means Roman letters are formed, each letter being composed of several points; in one word I counted fifty-eight. By this instrument some of the blind write very rapidly, and it is very valuable to them, as it gives them an opportunity to correspond with those who see; but this writing, clear as it is, has one great drawback; the blind can not read it. The impression produced by the stroke of the point is too feeble to be perceptible to the most delicate touch. After this invention, there still remained the problem of giving the blind a method of writing which could be read by them and by those who see. I believe that the problem has been solved. Count Jay de Beaufort has invented a very simple system. Abandoning the methods of Brille and Foucant, the Roman letters and the English writing, he has adopted a kind of heavy sloping style of writing which resembles the round hand, and is written wrong side to, like engravers' and lithographers' work. A little time and attention enables the pupil to master this style. A sheet of paper, which is at the same time solid and soft, is placed on a frame containing a tablet which is marked with deep, straight and longitudinal furrows. By these furrows a straight line is obtained, and the distance between them determines the height of the letters. A light cloth covers the tablet. When the paper is placed on the frame and over the cloth, a letter made on it will of course be raised. That is, the layer of cloth underneath the paper causes each mark to indent the paper without breaking it. With a point or style the letters are traced on the paper. When the page is detached and turned over, the raised letters appear, recognizable to the eyes, and to the touch of the finger. The blind greatly appreciate this system, which is superior to all that have been invented for them, for it is the only one which puts into their hands a sure means of communication with those who see. Count Jay de Beaufort kindly gives lessons at the Institution for Blind Young People, and among the Sisters of St. Paul has trained several teachers, who in their turn are instructing their pupils.

The pupils that I saw in the children's classes are not yet large enough to be set at Beaufort's system. The studies taught there resemble those in all primary schools: Reading,

writing, numbers, history and geography. They omit sewing, which is too difficult, and embroidery, which is impossible. Very often they have lessons in composition to teach them to unravel their thoughts and express them with precision, a thing which is difficult for those who see, but which must be very painful for the blind. I wished at one time to assure myself of the degree of advancement in the intermediate class, where the girls were from fourteen to sixteen years old, and I asked the three most advanced pupils to write an essay on a given subject—a walk into the country. Of course the subject was interesting only as it was being written on by the blind, and I hoped to find some expressions which would denote the peculiar feelings which they experienced. But, no; their instruction had come from those who could see, and they employed the language of their teachers, not even modifying it to fit their infirmity. The three essays were very little different in form. They all described a trip which they had taken to the suburbs of Paris. "It was a beautiful morning of spring time." "It was a beautiful morning in the month of May," was the general tone; but I shrugged my shoulders in impatience when I read: "What a delightful prospect met our view." It made me think of a composition prepared by a deaf mute in which he spoke of "The symphony of the song of the birds, and the musical murmur of crystalline springs." In their desire to appropriate feelings which they can not understand, these poor people try to reproduce a language which to them can mean nothing.

There is much that is strange about the dreams of the blind. I was struck with this while talking with some young people in the Institute for the Blind. They told me complacently of what they "saw" in their dreams. I was puzzled to know whether the dream of a blind person was like that of one who could see. I have found that the blind who have had their sight up to the age of reason, for a long time preserve the dreams of the time when they could see, as if the stored-up images reproduced themselves in the night. Little by little these images grow feeble, become dull, confused, and end by disappearing after fifteen or twenty years of blindness. As for those who are born blind, their dreams are in black. I convinced myself of this at Saint Paul, where I often talked with three blind Sisters, who were very intelligent. They explained to me that the phenomena of their dreams were borrowed from the sense of touch and hearing, and never from sight.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

DUTIES OF WOMEN AS MISTRESSES OF HOUSEHOLDS.

By FRANCES POWER COBBE.

I have no sympathy at all with those ladies who are seeking to promote coöperative housekeeping—in other words, to abolish the institution of the home. There may be, indeed, specially gifted women—artists, musicians, literary women—whom I could imagine finding it an interruption to their pursuits to make charge of a house. But, strange to say, though I have had a pretty large acquaintance with many of the most eminent of such women, I have almost invariably found them particularly proud of their housekeeping, and clever at the performance of all household duties, not excepting the ordering of "judicious" dinners. Not to make personal remarks on living friends, I will remind you that the greatest woman mathematician of any age, Mary Somerville, was renowned for her good housekeeping, and, I can add from my own knowledge, was an excellent judge of a well-dressed *déjeuner*; while Madame de Staël, driven by Napoleon from her home, went about Europe, as it was said, "preceded by her reputation and followed by her cook."

Rather, I suspect, it is not higher genius, but feeble inability to cope with the problems of domestic government, which generally inspires the women who wish to abdicate their little household thrones. Some sympathy may be given to them, but I should be exceedingly sorry to see many women catching up the cry and following their leading to the dismal *disfranchisement* of the home—the practical homelessness of American boarding-houses or Continental *pensions*. I think for a woman to fail to make and keep a happy home is to be a "failure" in a truer sense than to have failed to catch a husband.

The making of a true home is really our peculiar and inalienable right—a right which no man can take from us; for a man can no more make a home than a drone can make a hive. He can build a castle or a palace; but—poor creature!—be he wise as Solomon and rich as Cræsus, he can not turn it into a home. No masculine mortal can do that. It is a woman, and only a woman—a woman all by herself, if she likes, and without any man to help her—who can turn a house into a home. Woe to the wretched man who disputes her monopoly, and thinks, because he can arrange a club, he can make a home! Nemesis overtakes him in his old bachelorhood, when a home becomes the supreme ideal of his desires; and we see him—him who scorned the home-making of a lady—obliged to put up with the oppression of his cook or the cruelty of his nurse!

In the first place, if home be our kingdom, it must be our joy and privilege to convert that domain, as quickly and as perfectly as we may, into a little province of the Kingdom of God; for remember that we may look on all our duties in this cheering and beautiful light—first, to set up God's Kingdom in our own hearts, making them pure and true and loving, and then to make our homes little provinces of the same kingdom, and, lastly, to try to extend that kingdom through the world—the empire of Justice, Truth and Love. We are entirely responsible for our own souls, and very greatly responsible for those of all the dwellers in our homes; and, in a lesser way, we are answerable for each widening circle beyond us. How shall we set about making our homes provinces of the Divine Kingdom?

1. Nobody must be morally the worse for living under our roof, if we can possibly help it. It is the *minimum* of our duties to make sure that temptations to misconduct or intemperance are not left in any one's way, or bad feelings suffered to grow up, or habits of moroseness or domineering formed, or quarrels kept hot, as if they were toasts before the kitchen fire. As much as possible, on the contrary, everybody must be

helped to be better—not made better by act of the drawing-room, remember—that is impossible—but *helped* to be better. The way to do this, I apprehend, is neither very much to scold, or exhort, or insist on people going to church whether they like it or not, or reading family prayers (excellent though that practice may be), but rather to spread through the house such an atmosphere of frank confidence and kindness with servants, and of love and trust with children and relations, that bad feelings and doings will really have no place, no temptation, and, if they intrude, will soon die out.

One such point out of many I may cite as specially concerning us women. Is it not absurd for a lady who spends hundreds of pounds and thousands of hours on her toilet, and takes evident pleasure in attracting admiration in fashionable raiment not always perfectly decent, to turn and lecture poor Mary Ann, her housemaid, on sobriety in attire, and set forth to her the peril and folly of flowers in her bonnet? The mistress who dresses modestly and sensibly may reasonably hope in time that her servants will dress modestly and sensibly likewise; but certainly they will not do so while she exhibits to their foolish young eyes the example of extravagance and folly.

2. Next to the *virtue* of those who live in our homes, their *happiness* should occupy us. In the first place, no creature under our roof should ever be miserable, if we can prevent it. In how many otherwise happy homes is there not one such miserable being? Sometimes, it is the sufferers' own fault; their minds are warped and despairful, and our utmost efforts perhaps can only cheer them a little. But much oftener there is to be found in a large household some poor creature who has fallen, through no fault, into the miserable position of the family *butt*—the object of ill-natured and unfeeling jests and rude speeches, the last person to be given any pleasure, and the first person to be made to suffer any privation or ill-temper. Sometimes, it is a poor governess or tutor; sometimes, an old aunt or poor relation; now and then, but rarely in these days, a stupid servant; most often of all, a child, who is, perhaps, a step-child or nephew or niece of the mistress of the house, or, alas! her own child, only deformed in some way, or deficient in intellect. Then, the hapless, frightened creature, afraid of punishment, looks with furtive glances at the frowning faces about it, tries to escape by some little transparent deception, and only incurs the heavier penalty of falsehood and the name of a liar; and so the evil goes on growing day by day. It is astonishing and horrible to witness how the deep-seated, frightful human passion, which I have elsewhere named *heteropathy*, develops itself in such circumstances—the sight of suffering and down-trodden misery exciting not pity, but the reverse—a sort of cruel *aversion* in the bystanders, till the whole household sometimes joins in hating the poor, helpless, and isolated victim.

My friends, if you ever see anything approaching to this in your homes, for God's sake, set your faces like a flint against it! If you dislike and mistrust the poor victim yourself, as you probably will do at first, never mind! Take my word for it, the first thing to be done in the Kingdom of God is to do *justice* to all—to secure that no creature, however mean or even loathsome, should be treated with injustice. If you are, as I am supposing, mistress of the house, stop this persecution with a high hand; and if you have been in any way to blame in it, if it be *your* dislike which you see thus reflected in the faces of your dependants, repent your great fault, and make amends to your victim. If you are not mistress, only a guest perhaps, or a humble friend, even then you can and ought to do much; you can look grave and pained whenever the butt is laughed at and jeered; and you can deliberately fix your eyes on him or her with sympathy, and treat him with respect. Even these little tokens of condemnation of what is going on will have (you may be sure) a startling effect on those whose custom it has become to treat the poor soul with contempt;

and they will probably be angry with you for exhibiting them. You will never have borne resentment for a better cause.

Nor is it only human beings who are thus made too often household victims. You must all know houses where some unlucky animal—a cat or dog—beginning by being the object of somebody's senseless antipathy, becomes the general *souffre-douleur* of masters and servants. The dog or cat (especially if it happens to be cherished by the human victim) is spoken to so roughly, driven out of every room, and perhaps punished for all sorts of offences it has never committed, that the animal assumes a downcast, sneaking aspect, which inevitably produces fresh and fresh *heteropathy*. You attempt, perhaps, to give it a little pat of sympathy, and the poor frightened beast snaps at you, expecting a blow, or runs off to hide under a sofa. Mistresses of homes, don't let there be a dog or a cat or a donkey or any other creature, in or about your homes, which shrinks when a man or woman approaches it. And here I may add that, without thus specially victimizing the animals through dislike, a household frequently makes the life of some poor brute one long martyrdom through neglect. The responsibility for this neglect lies primarily with the mistress of the house. She must not only direct her servants, but see that her directions be carried out, in the way of affording water and food and needful exercise. A pretty "Kingdom of Heaven" some houses would be, if the poor brutes could speak—houses, possibly, with prayers going on twice a day, and grace said carefully before long, luxurious meals, and all the time the children's birds and rabbits left untended in foul cages, without fresh food; mice thrown out of the traps on the fire, aged or diseased cats or superfluous puppies given to boys to destroy in any way their cruel invention may suggest, fowls for the consumption of the house carelessly and barbarously killed; and, worst of all, the poor house-dog, perhaps some loving-hearted little Skye or noble old mastiff or retriever, condemned for life to the penalties which we should think too severe for the worst of malefactors; chained up by the neck through all the long, bright summer days, under a burning sun, with its water-trough unfilled for days, or through the winter's frost in some dark, sunless corner, freezing with cold and in agonies of rheumatism for want of straw or the chance of warming itself at a fire or by a run in the snow. And all this as a reward for the poor brute's fidelity! When this kind of thing goes on for a certain time, of course the dog becomes horribly diseased. His longing to bound over the fresh grass, expressed so affectingly by his leaps and bounds when we approach his miserable dungeon, is not merely a longing for his natural pleasure, but for that which is indispensable to his health—namely, exercise and the power to eat grass; and, if refused, he very soon falls into disease; his beautiful coat becomes mangy and red; he is irritable, and becomes revolting to everybody, and the nurse cries to the children, who were his only friends and visitors, "Don't go near that dog!"

I say it deliberately, the mistress of a house in whose yard a dog is thus kept like a *forçat*—only worse treated than any murderer is treated in Italy—is guilty of a *very great sin*; and till she has taken care that the dog has his daily exercise and water, and that the cat and the fowls and every other sentient creature under her roof is well and kindly treated, she may as well, for shame's sake, give up thinking she is fulfilling her duties by reading prayers and subscribing to missions.

I assume that the master of the house, where there is one, will, as usual, look after the stable department. Where there is no master, or he does not interfere, the mistress is surely responsible for humane treatment of the horses, if she keep any. Further, I think every lady is bound to insist that any horse which draws her shall be free from the misery of a bearing-rein. She ought not to allow her vanity and ambition to be fashionable to induce her to connive at her coachman's laziness and cruelty.

When the mistress of a house has done all she can to pre-

vent the suffering, mental or physical, of any creature, human or infra-human, under her roof, there remains still a delightful field for her ability in actually *giving pleasure*. We all know that life is made up chiefly of little pleasures and little pains, and how many of the former are in the power of the mistress of a house to provide, it is almost impossible to calculate. But let any clever woman simply take it to heart to make everybody about her as *happy as she can*, and the result I believe will always be wonderful. Let her see that, so far as possible, they have the rooms they like best, the little articles of furniture and ornament they prefer. Let her order meals with a careful forethought for their tastes and for the necessities of their health, seeing that every one has what he desires, and making him feel, however humble in position, that his tastes have been remembered. Let her not disdain to pay such attention to the position of the chairs and sofas of the family dwelling-rooms as that every individual may be comfortably placed, and feel that he or she has not been left out in the cold. And, after all these cares, let her try not so much to make her rooms splendid and æsthetically admirable as to make them thoroughly habitable and comfortable for those who are to occupy them; regarding their comfort rather than her own æsthetic gratification. A drawing-room bright and clean, sweet with flowers in summer or with dried rose leaves in winter, with tables at which the inmates may occupy themselves, and easy chairs wherever they are wanted, and plenty of soft light and warmth, or else of coolness adapted to the weather—this sort of room belongs more properly to a woman who seeks to make her house a province of the Kingdom of *Heaven* than one which might be exhibited at South Kensington as having belonged to the Kingdom of *Queen Anne*!

Then, for the moral atmosphere of the house, which depends so immensely on the tone of the mistress, I will venture to make one recommendation. Let it be as gay as ever she can make it. There are numbers of excellent women—the salt of the earth—who seem absolutely oppressed with their consciences, as if they were congested livers. They are in a constant state of anxiety and care; and perhaps, with the addition of feeble health, find it difficult to get through their duties except in a certain lachrymose and dolorous fashion. Houses where these women reign seem always under a cloud, with rain impending. Now, I conceive that good and even high animal spirits are among the most blessed of possessions—actual wings to bear us up over the dusty or muddy roads of life; and I think that to keep up the spirits of a household is not only indefinitely to add to its happiness, but also to make all duties comparatively light and easy. Thus, however naturally depressed a mistress may be, I think she ought to struggle to be cheerful, and to take pains never to quench the blessed spirits of her children or guests. All of us who live long in great cities get into a sort of subdued-cheerfulness tone. We are neither very sad nor very glad.

One word in concluding these remarks on woman's duties as a *Hausfrau*. If we can not perform these well, if we are not orderly enough, clear-headed enough, powerful enough, in short, to fulfil this immemorial function of our sex well and thoroughly, it is somewhat foolish of us to press to be allowed to share in the great housekeeping of the State. My beloved and honored friend, Theodore Parker, argued for the admission of women to the full rights of citizenship and share in government, on the express grounds that few women keep house so badly or with such wastefulness as Chancellors of the Exchequer keep the State, and womanly genius for organization applied to the affairs of the nation would be extremely economical and beneficial. But, if we can not keep our houses and manage our servants, this argument, I am afraid, will be turned the other way; and we shall be told that, *not* having used our one talent, it is quite out of question to give us ten. Having shown ourselves incapable in little things, nobody in their senses will trust us with great ones.

MILITARY PRISONERS AND PRISONS.

By OLIVER W. LONGAN,
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Lest the term "military prisoner" should mislead some reader whose recollection of the events of the late civil war, or of the stories concerning the treatment of prisoners brings to mind the captured soldier and his hardships and sufferings, it should be stated that a "prisoner of war" and a "military prisoner" sustain entirely different relations to the authority they serve. The former is a prisoner because of capture and detention by an enemy. The latter is a prisoner undergoing discipline or punishment because of some misdemeanor or crime committed against military law or regulations. In the greatest number of cases the offense is simply an *absence without leave*, now called *desertion*, which is the act of one who wilfully absents himself from his proper command with the intention not to return to it again. A military prisoner may be called a convict, and he may be a criminal, but either name is inappropriate in its ordinary sense. It is true the prisoner has been convicted of an offense against a law, but if a single example may be used to illustrate the majority, his offense has not been prompted by a vicious disposition or an evil nature. His guilt is not such as necessarily indicates degraded impulses or base endowments, hence it is manifest that a well defined line of separation may easily be drawn between the military prisoner and the one who may properly be called a criminal or a convict. The reason is also manifest why the institution where he is to be detained for punishment should be one especially set apart for his class.

It has been stated that the majority of military prisoners have been guilty of the one crime of desertion. The fact is the number will reach eighty-five or ninety out of every hundred. It is proper in this connection to refer to some of the causes or supposed causes for the commission of so serious a crime which, if it could be entirely prevented, would reduce the number of "military prisoners" to an exceedingly small percentage of those who now suffer penalty for a crime committed without criminal intent.

The number of men who applied during the last year for enlistment in the military service of United States was nearly thirty thousand. Of the number applying only about one-third were found qualified. The other two-thirds were rejected on account of disqualifications either legal, moral, social, mental, or physical. About one-twelfth of those rejected were boys under the age of twenty-one years. About the same proportion were foreigners who had not sufficient knowledge of the English language to enable them to learn their duties. Now, if the standard for acceptance be ever so high it can not reach absolute perfection, for there are disabilities or disqualifications which it is impossible to discover, particularly under the effort which is apt to be made by the applicant to conceal his defects, until time and conduct develop them. Manifest defects there are in all who are rejected, yet some, in the natural order of things must come very near the standard, some again, who reach the standard and are accepted, have so little margin upon which they succeed that they are separated a very little from those who are rejected.

The motives are various which induce men in time of peace to relinquish the privileges enjoyed as civilians, to give up their freedom of movement and their right of choice in all things which aid in making up the sum of their liberties, and to voluntarily enter into an agreement obligating themselves for a term of years to render any service that may be ordered by proper authority and accept such remuneration and privileges as may be given them by the same authority, and they are perhaps impossible to enumerate, but it is known that many seek the service for a livelihood, others out of a desire for adventure, others to escape some threatened penalty or impending

difficulty likely to result from the commission of some crime or misdemeanor. Very few enter the first time with any intention of making a profession so poorly paid their own, and none, it may be, have a good idea of what they are to encounter. They are met at the outset with lessons which teach them subordination to a commander rather than to a duty. They find that food and clothing are measured to them by a rule which makes no discrimination between them, and the one with great expectations is under no better care than the one of smallest desires. They receive treatment at the hands of petty officers which they choose to believe is cause for resentment. They incur sharp rebuke for some error or delinquency and seeking redress in their own way, as for an injury, they learn that "what in the captain is but a choleric word, in the soldier is flat blasphemy."

Recollections of home, and repentance for the hasty act which separated them from it, and many other reasons, both real and imaginary, make them feel that they must escape from contact with the source of so many woes, and without designing to commit any crime they become "deserters." It must be admitted that the responsibility rests upon the individual as the cause is primarily in him, and his surrounding circumstances are only secondary, but there is no act called "crime" around which so many mitigating circumstances may be found. We must view the matter as a disease, the conditions for which are favorable in a service into which men are hurried without any instruction in its duties. The *skeleton* army, of which so much is required, demands the rapid replenishing of new flesh to take the place of the old that has yielded to the disease itself. The important question to follow is, what is the remedy and how is it applied? A preventive has been sought with care and diligence, but none has been found. A remedy then is the only recourse, and this must be applied in the shape of discipline or punishment for the offender. If he is of an inquiring turn of mind he may learn first of all that there is an exact measure of value attached to him as a deserter, and that for his capture and delivery to the military authorities the sum of thirty dollars will be paid in full liquidation of the service.

A few words concerning the instrumentalities through which the "military prisoner" receives his punishment will not be out of place. There are three—more correctly four—kinds of tribunals before which a soldier may be brought to answer for his misdeeds, and to receive judgment and sentence. The first to be mentioned is the "field officer's court," which can be appointed only in time of war. This court is one officer, either a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, or major of a regiment, who is detailed by order of a superior officer of the same regiment, or the commander of a brigade, division or corps. The officer so detailed is counsel, jury and judge, and may try the case of any soldier of his own regiment for an offense not capital, and impose sentence. The next in order are the "regimental" and the "garrison" court-martial, differing so little except in the source of appointment, that they need no separate description. They are composed of three officers, and may try and sentence any cases not capital. The authority of these courts with respect to the sentences they may impose is so limited that ordinarily only petty offenses are brought before them, but because of the form of punishment usually imposed the results are anything but beneficial, and it is a question whether it would not be better to wink at the offense than to sensibly degrade the offender and aid him in developing a disposition to repeat breaches of discipline until stronger hands are laid upon him. The last to be mentioned is the "general court-martial," the appointment of which may be made by the general commanding the army, by the general commanding a military department, or in certain cases by the President of the United States.

The system of the military courts which have been mentioned is no doubt as carefully arranged as can be and contemplates as full recognition of the individual rights of the sol-

dier as can be obtained before a civil court under civil law for a civilian. The selection of the officers to compose the courts is a matter of discretion in the authority appointing them, governed only by the exigencies of the service, but after their appointment they are under no restrictions with reference to the extent of the sentences which they shall impose in the cases of soldiers whom they find guilty of desertion, except that in time of peace the death penalty can not be inflicted, and in nearly all other cases the law declares that the punishment shall be such "as a court-martial may direct." The result of this has been and still is a variation in the degrees of punishment for the same offense which defies any calculation outside the theory of chances. None can foresee or measure the considerations or influences which shall give to any case, the circumstances of which can not be just like those of an other case, its quality or quantity of punishment. Probably the disposition to administer severe discipline with the expectation that a pruning by the reviewing authority and a mitigation by the executive authority will most likely follow, is the most common cause of inequality in punishments. The remedy for the evil in the law which fixes no limit must be sought in other legislation, but the possibility of a remedy in a special prison system, and a separate prison for military prisoners drew attention to the duty of providing an institution where inequalities might be removed.

June 30, 1871, a board of officers was appointed of the Secretary of War to investigate the subject of army prisons. The report of this board was transmitted to Congress by the honorable Secretary of War January 16, 1872, with a draft of a bill for consideration. The closing sentence of the letter of transmittal reads as follows: "It is of the utmost importance to the efficiency of our army that a thorough and practical system of punishment and military discipline be established, and experience has proven that the one now in use is wholly inadequate to meet the end desired." After due consideration the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives made a favorable report to the House May 7, 1872, in which, after mentioning certain facts concerning 384 military prisoners then distributed in the penitentiaries of eleven states, and the guard-houses of thirty-two military posts, these words occur: "Many of these prisoners have been guilty of crimes against military law, and not involving any moral turpitude. They are cast into prison with the basest characters and punished with 'those stained by every crime known to the law.' Your committee feel convinced that this can not be done without injury to the prisoner whose offense may have been affected with but slight moral obliquity. To prevent this unnecessary contamination we think a separate prison should be provided." This was followed within a year by the passage of an act which was approved by the President and became a law March 3, 1873, "to provide for the establishment of a military prison, and for its government."

The law required that the prison should be established on Rock Island, Illinois, an island in the Mississippi of about 1,000 acres, and about 180 miles west of Chicago. It is now entirely devoted to the purposes of an extensive government arsenal. It also required the appointment of a board of commissioners, to consist of three officers of the army and two persons from civil life,* who were to adopt a plan for a prison building and to frame regulations for the prison. Its provisions required frequent inspections—twice each year by the Secretary of War and the board of commissioners, and four times a year by one of the inspectors of the army (monthly inspections are also made by the principal medical officer in the Department of the Missouri), all of which were intended to be, and are, so many safeguards against any neglect or failure in the proper and humane treatment of the prisoners. The law also provided for mitigations of sentence for good conduct and

industry, for the care of the health and physical wants of prisoners. It gave the privilege of using newspapers and books, and of writing letters to friends, and directed that they be furnished decent clothing on discharge from the prison. The location was afterward changed from Rock Island, Illinois, to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. This change was authorized by an act of Congress approved May 21, 1874, which placed the prison where it is now situated, on the west bank of the Missouri river, about thirty miles north of Kansas City, Mo., and three miles from the city of Leavenworth, Kansas.

To trace the history of the prison through the first decade of its existence would be more tedious than interesting. Its progress has been similar to that of all other new institutions of this country which are destined to become permanent. The obstacles in the way of its establishment have not been trifling, and amongst those whose duties brought them to take part in its affairs, not all have been favorable to the system undertaken, particularly with reference to the idea of utilizing the labor of the prisoners for the benefit of the army. Prudence and zeal on the part of the commissioners of the prison and the commandant have overcome all difficulties, and if there are to-day any remaining objections of the kind indicated, they are not proclaimed.

The officers of the prison are a commandant, an executive, an adjutant, a commissary, a chaplain, and a surgeon. The guard comprises two officers and one hundred men. Within an enclosure of about five acres, surrounded by a stone wall averaging in height about 18 feet, surmounted at intervals of from two hundred to three hundred feet with brick watch towers, are located the offices, the hospital, the chapel, the library, the dormitories, the workshops and the store-houses of the prison. The buildings, except the hospital, are of stone or brick, and upon all of the new buildings, as well as the wall, the work has been done by prisoners.

The great features of the institution are quiet and decorum under a kind but absolutely firm administration. Its chief object is the reformation of its inmates, to which end the efforts of the authorities are constantly directed.

The labor of the prisoners is devoted to the manufacture of wagons, harness, shoes, boots, clothing, chairs, brooms and brushes, solely for army supplies and prison uses; to the manufacture of doors and windows and their frames, and to the cultivation of a large farm to obtain produce for the prison; also to the incidental work connected with the prison in its buildings and repairs and sanitary condition. During the eight working hours of each day except Sundays and holidays the hum of machinery and the arrival of material and departure of manufactured articles give the place the appearance of a large manufactory, and a tour through the busy workshops may be made with scarcely a sight of anything in dress or appearance to tell of the character of the place as a penal institution. The greater number of prisoners being under sentence for terms of two years (the sentences are equalized as far as possible by executive orders, after the arrival of the men at the prison), the system under which they are brought gives them knowledge in some mechanical pursuit, trains them in habits of cleanliness, regularity, and sobriety, and subjects them to wholesome discipline which, in that length of time, must work a "correction of life and manners" as far as any human rule can govern the matter. A Christian minister fills the office of chaplain and devotes his entire time to the secular and religious instruction of the prisoners. A library of 1,300 volumes is open to the use of the prisoners, from which they obtain books for reading in leisure hours. As an indication of their tastes the kind of books read may be divided by the hundred into—light literature 56, magazines 25, biography 6, history 4, miscellany 4, travels and science each 3, religious 2.

Since the establishment of the prison more than thirty-two hundred men have been received, and the average number constantly present is five hundred. An abatement of five days

*The places of the civilian commissioners were discontinued by act of June 30, 1873.

for each month of good conduct is allowed, and only thirty-seven have failed to obtain their liberty prior to the expiration of their full terms. Only twenty-two deaths have occurred, showing that even under the disadvantages always present in prisons, and with the class of men found there, it is possible to reduce the ill effects of prison life upon the physical system to almost nothing. Punishment for bad conduct in the prison is in harmony with the purposes of the prison, and in most cases the abatement above mentioned forms a credit account against which the prisoners are careful not to permit debits to be entered. On discharge from prison each prisoner receives a suit of clothing and five dollars, and, if his conduct has been good, a certificate which may enable him again to enter the service as a soldier, if he so desires.

It is not an idle boast to say that the military prison system embodies more than the good features of other systems, and in holding reformation above punishment, providing food, clothing, treatment and surroundings with as little of the stamp of prison upon them as possible, placing the control in the hands of officers thoroughly acquainted with the service from which the prisoners come and the influences which bring them under discipline, shutting out all the evils of the contract system under which prisoners are hired out as beasts of burden to toil for money which they do not receive, and finally offering them the confidence placed only in men intrusted with honorable public service, the military authorities have found the method which shall inflict a penalty sufficient for the offense and yet develop that sense in the prisoner which will, as another self, acknowledge for him that at the end of his term he has not paid that penalty in full and is not at liberty to incur another. He will also feel that he has received something from society and good government which demands from him as a willing subject and copartner with all other good citizens of the commonwealth a more careful restraint, which must be self-imposed until a correct observance of all special obligations and a true attitude in all social relations shall become a matter of natural desire.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION.

"Addison Day"—Thursday, May 1.

"Special Sunday"—May 11.

All communications descriptive of local circles and their work should be sent directly to Dr. T. L. Flood, editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, Meadville, Pa. The organization, name, post-office address, and names of officers of local circles should be reported to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.

The item in this column for April, concerning the badge of the C. L. S. C. furnished by Mr. Henry Hart, has been misunderstood. A regular official badge of the C. L. S. C. has never yet been adopted, nor is it likely that such badge will be chosen for some time to come. The badge prepared by Mr. Henry Hart has been highly approved by many members, and is widely used. I very much like it, and am glad to know that our members like to wear it. Mr. Hart, being an enthusiastic member of the C. L. S. C., has advertised the badge widely, and generously proposed to give the C. L. S. C. a percentage on the sales. There could have been no selfishness in Mr. Hart's motive in this proposal, and, in declining to receive such percentage, I did not reflect upon him in the slightest degree. He is an amiable, trustworthy, generous-hearted and honorable member of the C. L. S. C., and it will be a long time before another badge will be proposed as a substitute for his. Send to Mr. Henry Hart, Atlanta, Ga., for a C. L. S. C. badge.

New students of the C. L. S. C. beginning with 1884-'85 will devote the most of the year to Greek History and Literature. The "Brief History of Greece," the "Preparatory Greek Course

in English," the "College Greek Course in English," and Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN concerning Greek Mythology and Ancient Greek Life, will make the first year of the new class a "Greek Year." Members of the classes of '85, '86, and '87, having read the Greek History and the Preparatory Greek Course in English, will be required to read only the College Greek Course in English and the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

In addition to the Readings in Greek History and Literature, we shall have Readings in Physical Science, in Chemistry, in Zoölogy, etc. Several admirable features will enter into the new year's course.

Let me exhort members of the class of '84 to be ready for the "Opening of the Gate," August 19, at Chautauqua, or for the "Recognition Services" at Framingham, Lakeside, Island Park, Monona Lake, Monteaule, and elsewhere.

President Seelye, of Amherst College, is to deliver the annual address on the occasion of the "Recognition" of the class of '84 at Framingham, Mass.

Counselor Wm. Cleaver Wilkinson will probably deliver the address on Commencement Day at Chautauqua, August 19.

Members of the class of 1884 are not required to read the "Hall in the Grove," the "Outline Study of Man," and "Hints for Home Reading," but will receive a seal for the reading of the "Hall in the Grove," "Hints for Home Reading," and "Home-College Series" of tracts, price five cents each, as follows: No. 1, Thomas Carlyle; No. 2, William Wordsworth; No. 4, Henry W. Longfellow; No. 8, Washington Irving; No. 13, George Herbert; No. 17, Joseph Addison; No. 18, Edmund Spenser; No. 21, William Hickling Prescott; No. 23, William Shakspeare; No. 26, John Milton. These can be obtained of Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, N. Y. City, or of Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati, O., or Chicago, Ill.

If, since joining the Circle, one has had to study certain books in order to prepare for a teacher's certificate, and then takes up one of the special courses in which some of these books are required, will it be necessary to re-read them? Answer: No.

Where are we to put the White and White Crystal Seals after we get the blank spaces on the base of the pyramid on the diploma filled up? There are only seven spaces at the bottom, and where, after these are filled, will we put the two extra ones we receive each year? Answer: On the spaces of the pyramid. White Seals as well as special may go on the pyramid.

Will a special course in mathematics be added to the list? Answer: There will be such a course before long.

Members of Pacific Branch of the class of 1884 are not required to read Bushnell's "Character of Christ," as announced in the superintendent's address sent out last autumn.

The paragraph quoted from Green, in "Pictures from English History," pp. 289-290, should appear under the heading "Edward I.," page 237, instead of as pertaining to "Edward III."

"MY religion is very simple," said Napoleon to Monge. "I look at this universe so vast, so complex, so magnificent, and I say to myself that it can not be the work of chance, but the work, however intended, of an unknown omnipotent being, as superior to man as the universe is superior to the finest machines of human invention. Search the philosophers and you will not find a stronger or more decisive argument. But this truth is too succinct for man. He wishes to know respecting himself and respecting his future destiny a crowd of secrets which the universe does not disclose."

THE CHAUTAUQUA UNIVERSITY.

The Chautauqua University is a provision for the higher education of persons who, not being able to leave their homes for college, are willing to give much time and labor to the prosecution of college studies at home, by correspondence under the direction of superior professors.

The curriculum is as comprehensive as that of any college in England or America. The memoranda and final written examination are sufficient to test the pupil's work, attainment, and power.

Pupils may take up one or more departments, spending what time they please upon each, passing the examinations whenever they are ready.

As each course is finished to the satisfaction of the professor a certificate to that effect will be given, and when a required number of certificates is in the possession of the student, he will be entitled to a diploma and a degree.

The University has nothing to do with the C. L. S. C., which is but as an outer court to the temple itself.

The following departments have already been organized:

DEPARTMENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

German—Dr. J. H. Worman.

French—Prof. A. Lalande.

Spanish—Dr. J. H. Worman.

English.

Anglo-Saxon—Prof. W. D. MacClintock.

DEPARTMENT OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES.

Greek—Henry Lummis, A. M.

New Testament Greek—A. A. Wright, A. M.

Latin—E. S. Shumway, A. M.

Hebrew—W. R. Harper, Ph. D.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS.

Mathematics—D. H. Moore, A. B.

It will be the aim of the Mathematical Department to aid students in pursuing thoroughly the regular college mathematical course, and thereby in getting the peculiar mental drill derived from the study of pure mathematics and in acquiring a facility in its practical application. Requirements for entrance:

Higher Arithmetic.—Including the Metric system.

Algebra.—The equivalent of Loomis' Algebra, chapters i-xx, or in other treatises everything with the exception of Logarithms and the Theory of Equations.

Geometry.—The equivalent of Chauvenet's Geometry, Books i-iii, or other works up to the discussion of the areas of figures, with exercises illustrative of the principles of the text; such as are appended to Chauvenet, Todhunter's Euclid, Davies' Legendre, etc. A readiness in the proof of such theorems, and in the accurate solution of such problems with rule and dividers is necessary.

THE COURSE IN MATHEMATICS.

I.

Algebra.—Logarithms, Theory of Equations.

Geometry.—Plane Geometry finished.

II.

Geometry.—Solid and Spherical.

Trigonometry.—Plane, Analytical and Spherical.

III.

Trigonometry.—Applications to Mensuration, Surveying and Navigation.

Analytical Geometry.

Although it is humiliating to confess, yet I do confess that cleanliness and order are not matters of instinct; they are matters of education, and like most things—mathematics and classics—you must cultivate a taste for them.—Lord Beaconsfield.

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. READINGS.

MAY, 1884.

The Required Readings for May are: "Pictures from English History" to chapter xxi, page 139; Chautauqua Text-Books No. 4, English History, and No. 23, English Literature; and the Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

First Week (ending May 8).—1. "Pictures from English History," from page 9 to "Dunstan," page 41.

2. Readings in Roman History in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for May 4 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Second Week (ending May 16).—1. "Pictures from English History," from page 41 to "The Assassination of Archbishop Becket," page 75.

2. Readings in Commercial Law in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for May 11 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Third Week (ending May 23).—1. "Pictures from English History," from page 75 to "Bannockburn," page 107.

2. Readings in Art in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for May 18 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Fourth Week (ending May 30).—1. "Pictures from English History," from page 107 to "The Battle of Agincourt," page 139.

2. Readings in United States History and American Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings for May 25 in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

The budget of Local Circle letters which strew our table so thickly each month brings us from the scattered and lonely members many a bit of pathos, of failing courage or of hard experience that makes us long for a few moments of personal greeting in which to wish them good cheer and good courage. There are numberless lonely readers who feel as an Illinois friend who writes us: "I have no outside encouragement. And when I come home from the school room I am too tired and sleepy to read anything except a newspaper or story. In the morning I have my school work to do, and the children's lessons to look over, so that I have become almost discouraged, and have about decided to give up the course." There is many a one who can say with one of our friends: "I have never seen a Chautauquan except myself," or who is like one of our Texas school teachers: "Hard worked and lonely, with no one with whom to exchange views, and no stimulus from a local circle."

Much discouragement results from poverty. There are many brave, willing men and women whose hard struggle to support themselves and those dependent upon them make it very difficult for them to obtain even the books for the C. L. S. C. One friend writes us from Texas: "Our great drawback is lack of funds with which to purchase books. To cite my own case as an example: I support my aged parents, my young sister (who is studying at the State Normal School this year), and myself, all on a salary of fifty dollars per month. Of course my first duty is to keep myself supplied with educational literature, being a teacher. And when the end of each month comes there is little of my salary left with which to purchase C. L. S. C. books. I am determined, however, to finish the course *some time*—if not in 1886, then in 1896."

It often happens that the time of a reader is so constantly occupied by work that it is only by tireless energy that the reading can be done. In a cheery Ohio letter we have found a specimen of determination in the face of such difficulties, which makes us friends at once with the writer. "I have heartily enjoyed the studies, and am only sorry that I have not been more successful in my efforts to get others interested. I have no intention of severing my connection with the Circle, but shall read on until every vacant space on my diploma has its appropriate seal. Like many others, I pursue my studies under difficulties. Having no one to look to for support I am obliged

by my own labor, not only to maintain myself, but assist in taking care of my widowed mother. All day, and during the busy season until late in the evening, I am confined to my place at the cashier's desk in a large retail dry goods store. No chance to read, and not much to think of anything except my work. I go home at night too weary in body and brain to do anything but rest up for next day's work. Then again, during dull seasons there are times when I can have a book or paper at the store, and occasionally read a few pages, consequently my progress is rather irregular."

The cheerless, dreary distance that separates some of our friends from all the conveniences which railroads, telegraph and telephone offer, brings its peculiar trials. From the Great North Woods of Michigan a letter tells how THE CHAUTAUQUAN finds its way to the writer by being carried from a post-office by a "tote" team for twenty-four miles; how it often comes wet, torn and crumpled by the carelessness of a careless teamster, but it always gets there, and is received eagerly. It is the only magazine which goes into those parts, and is looked upon by the ignorant woodsmen as something almost beyond their conception, as a majority of them can not read or write, and many can not spell their own names. The writer adds: "In a few weeks I shall leave the forest, as lumbering has commenced to wane for this year, but when I shall think of my life in the wilderness among bears, deer and wolves, I shall be reminded of the C. L. S. C. as the oasis in the path of my living in the woods."

A similar case is that of a lady who writes from Norway House, Winnipeg, Manitoba: "You know in our isolated home we are almost shut out from the outside world, and have but little communication with it. We receive and send letters between three or four times during the year. Our last packet came in in September, and now we hope in a few days to receive our winter packet." And from Rosser, Manitoba, a letter comes from the prairie home of a brother and sister who are reading alone because, as they say: "It is impossible for us to form a local circle here, as we are comparatively alone. We are not at all discouraged, though without lectures or inspiration of any kind, excepting such as we receive from the perusal of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. But sometimes we feel a little isolated, as regards our connection with the C. L. S. C., away out here in the Northwest, and would like to draw a little nearer the Circle."

It may seem to some that true intellectual culture is not within the reach of persons so hampered by circumstances. There is a true and strong paragraph in Hamerton's "Intellectual Life" which may be a help to the discouraged: "Intellectual life is really within the reach of every one who earnestly desires it. * * The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts, and this preference may be the habit of a mind which has not any very considerable amount of information. * * Intellectual living is not so much an accomplishment as a state or condition of the mind in which it seeks earnestly for the highest and purest truth. It is the continual exercise of a firmly noble choice between the larger truth and the lesser, between that which is perfectly just and that which falls a little short of justice." Such life is within the reach of us all, and that it is within our reach, whatever be our discouragements, it is the aim of our Circle to prove.

The day of February in the C. L. S. C. calendar was, of course, Longfellow's Day. It is long over now, but if we read our letters aright, the mirth and pleasure of the time will gladly be recalled. There are so many reports that we can only glance at them, though the ring of each one is so genuine an expression of a royal good time that we would like to give them *in toto*. Rutland, Vt., has three Chautauqua literary circles in successful operation, the eldest having already completed a two years' course. At the invitation of Alpha chapter, the three

circles met for the observance of the poet Longfellow's birthday. The entertainment was a great success. The Hockawanna, Conn., circle gave a pleasant entertainment to their friends on the occasion; this circle is very prosperous, their excellent "order of exercises" for their weekly meetings has one item which each circle should adopt—the "social" which follows the literary work. At Havana, N. Y., the circle is not, they say, as strong numerically as some of their neighbors, but in enthusiasm it is a giant. The Longfellow Memorial Day was observed by the circle with exercises whose sentiments, they write us, "Varied from the most classical passage of the '*Moriturus Salutamus*' to 'Mr. Finney had a turnip, and it grew, and it grew,'" etc. A pretty device of the supper with which they closed their evening is new to us: Within each napkin was found a souvenir card, adorned with sentiments from Longfellow, which were read aloud, amid much mirth as well as pleasure. Excellent programs have been forwarded us of the exercises held by the circles of Granville, N. Y., Angelica, N. Y., and Henrietta, N. Y. The local paper of Phillipburg, N. J., contains an interesting account of the memorial evening there, and speaks some kindly words about the influence the reading is exerting. The "Frances E. Willard Circle," of Philadelphia, enjoyed, as they write, an evening which was a thorough success. Dainty cards, bearing their well arranged program, and an invitation to be present, reached us. If they were samples of the management of the "Memorial," it must have been a fine success. The Elizabeth, Pa., local circle was honored with a full account of their Longfellow evening in a local paper. This class numbers over a score of deeply interested members; of it the paper sent us says: "This society's aims and advantages are not properly appreciated in the community, or it would be besieged with applications for membership." In Charleston West Va., a delightful two hours were spent over music, essays and recitations. One of the pleasantest features was an article by Lyman Whiting, D.D., now of Cambridge, Mass., formerly an honored member of their circle, giving an account of a visit just made to Longfellow's home, and accompanied by an autograph of the poet, and a leaf from his favorite olive tree. Our thanks are due to the Alpha circle of Atlanta, Ga. and the Philomathean, of Sabina, O., for programs of their evenings with the poet, and our hearty congratulations to the members of the circle at Belding, Mich., who are so elated, as no doubt they have reason to be, over the success of their first public entertainment. A very interesting feature of the memorial at Plymouth, Indiana, was the music. The song, "The Light of Stars," and the translation "Beware," were set to music by one of the members, Mr. G. O. Work, a blind gentleman, a graduate of the asylum for the blind, at Indianapolis. The circle at Roscoe, Ill., gave a public entertainment in honor of the day, which was largely attended. This circle has made admirable progress this year, increasing from twelve to twenty-six. Among their number is a lady nearly eighty-nine years old, who does all the reading, and enjoys it.

At Waupun, Wis., the C. L. S. C. is now in its fifth year. The interest is increasing, the circle numbering fourteen members, all ladies, four of whom have graduated in the Chautauqua course, but still continue to meet with the circle, encouraging it by their presence and interest in the Chautauqua work. They held a social and literary entertainment on February 26, which was very enjoyable.

Where there are two or more circles in a town, of course the best and most social way is to unite. At La Crosse, Wis., the Alpha and Athene had a union meeting of this kind on Longfellow's Day, and at Des Moines, Iowa, the six Chautauqua circles of the city, with their friends, spent the afternoon of the 27th together, and carried out a fine program. This city has a population of 35,000. It has two German clubs, a large and flourishing French club, several Shakspeare clubs and many musical societies. With all these it has six Chautauqua classes,

the Alpha, the branch Alpha, the Sycamore Street, the Rebecca, the Methodist Episcopal, the North Hill; all organized in October, 1882; the Vincent, organized October, 1883. Is there anywhere an equal to this?

Burlington, Iowa, prepared a special program for the evening of their Longfellow memorial, and write us that it was the most enjoyable occasion of the winter. The prosperous class of twenty-two at Wyandotte, Kansas, and the one at Hiawatha, also remembered the day. This latter circle divides itself into two divisions for ordinary occasions, each having its president; for all special services they join their forces. The first and only Longfellow debate that we met with in examining the reports was in the program which we received of the union meeting of the Omaha and Council Bluffs circles. It was no doubt the spice so needful in any literary program, and, perhaps, took the place of "Mr. Finney and his turnip." The subject was: "Resolved, That the Excelsior Youth was a Crank." The last item comes from the Pacific coast, from the *Daily Democrat*, of Santa Rosa, Cal.: "The Chautauqua Literary and Social Club has had an existence in this city for over three years, and now numbers over twenty members, who determined to observe Longfellow's anniversary in a becoming manner. About one hundred invitations were issued, and we guess all were accepted. The hall never presented a prettier appearance than on that night, and we believe that no audience was ever better pleased or more agreeably entertained than those who were fortunate enough to receive invitations to be present on that occasion."

Two villages on the shores of the beautiful Casco Bay, Me., have united for work, and send us cheering words of their prosperity. They have followed the invaluable plan of supplementing certain branches in the course by additional readings; adopting United States History as their "special," they have devoted three months to "Barnes' History of the United States," a text book used in their public schools. In connection with this study they have had readings each evening from "Bryant's Popular History of the United States," on the most interesting topics. We have seen this idea carried out most successfully in a little circle of fifteen in Meadville, Pa., the home of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The class decided to spend their time on Art, following as an outline the art readings in the course, Lübke, the Britannica, and the new series of English "Handbooks of Art" have become their right-hand men, while books of travels, stray waifs of description in novels, old newspaper pictures, Soule's photographs, anything and everything obtainable are used to strengthen their impression and help them to get clear ideas of temples, statues and pictures. Of course all the readings have been done, but nothing has been taken up in the circle except art. This "Casco Bay Circle" has a method of "keeping up the interest," which has never failed to be attractive since the time of our great-grandfathers' spelling schools. They divided their circle into two sides. The same sides are kept each evening, and at the end of the year the defeated side, the one that has failed to answer the most questions, is to furnish a treat to the victorious one. The secretary adds: "We find that this plan adds very much to the interest of the circle, and that the lessons are more carefully prepared. By request of the president, no text book is taken to any regular meeting of the circle. The teacher being the only one that has a text book, the attention of the class is secured, and more benefit is derived from the meetings in every way."

From Vermont two circles report, one from Burlington, with a membership of fifteen, and another from Cambridge.

From Windsor, Ct., they write us: "We have a circle here numbering about fifteen, and composed of the best talent our town can boast of." And from Deep River, of the same state, the "Ivy Branch" of the C. L. S. C. is reported, "loyal and hopeful, with growing enthusiasm, attachments and interest."

One of the most thorough and practical methods of extending

the influence of the C. L. S. C. is to bring it before the young people of high schools, who are just forming reading habits, and are particularly in need of being directed to the best books. The Pallas Circle, of Wareham, Mass., have hit upon a splendid idea. Upon Longfellow's Day they sent the following invitation to their exercises: "Compliments of the Pallas Circle, C. L. S. C., for Wednesday evening, February 27, to meet the graduating class of the Wareham High School." Such an invitation would commend itself at once to the young people, and undoubtedly increase the circle.

Two new circles, each of eighteen members, have reported from Massachusetts this month; one from Jamaica Plains, and another from Haverhill. Also from Providence, R. I., the Whittier Circle has come to join the ranks. The wonderful growth of the class of '87 in New England, is no doubt largely due to the energetic work of the organization which was made at Framingham last summer. The president of this New England branch of class '87 informs us that he has ready for mailing a circular of suggestions, according to a vote taken at Framingham last summer. Any New England member of class '87 who has not received a copy of the same, may apply to Rev. George Benedict, Hanson, Plymouth Co., Mass.

From New York City we hear of a circle with a membership of fourteen young ladies, which has been in existence since October, 1882. It is known as the "Alden" local circle, and has as an emblem "the Pansy."

The C. L. S. C. Alumni, of Pittsburgh, Pa., by its constitution, provides for three entertainments each year, viz.: A banquet for its members, a lecture, and a public meeting, the speakers being members of the Alumni. The first year's course was a success in every particular, notably the lecture by Bishop Henry W. Warren, D. D., which was delivered to a very large and highly appreciative audience. Of this year the secretary writes: "So far we have been grandly successful, in spite of wind and storm. Such was the miserable weather of January that we were filled with fears for the success of Dr. Vincent's lecture on the 4th of February. As the day drew near, the weather became worse and worse. Pittsburgh, you know, has the reputation of getting up the most miserable weather on the continent, but this winter she has quite outdone her former self. The fourth could not have been more unpromising for an audience, the rivers being at flood height, and still raining and pouring. What was our surprise when we drove to the church to find an audience of five hundred or more, waiting for the distinguished lecturer. Such a surprise was magical in its effect upon the Doctor, for he lectured as he never lectured before—at least so thought his delighted audience. His theme was 'Among the Heights.' The lecture was not only a success, but a triumph, placing the lecturer in the front ranks of the giant minds now upon the platform of the lecture field. Neither rain or howling storm can keep a Pittsburgh audience at home, when Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., is the lecturer."

On Sabbath, February 10, Dr. Vincent was in Washington, where the Chautauqua Vesper Services were held at his suggestion. They write us that as usual "he made many converts."

One of the members of the Wheeling, W. Va., circle enthusiastically writes: "Our circle here has never been so large as it is this winter. We were so pleased with the work of last winter that we kept up our meetings all summer, studying American Literature. In this way we gained many new members."

Perhaps there is nowhere a circle more to be congratulated on its leader than the one at Akron, O. That the members heartily appreciate this, too, we can plainly tell from the report which we have lately received. The writer asks: "Have you heard with what success our circle in Akron is being conducted? Were we to tell you the name of our president, that would suffice any Chautauquan mind why we succeed. The president of

Chautauqua, Lewis Miller, is our president. What do we do at our meetings? There is no routine, but everything for variety and interest. One evening Dr. Vincent was with us and gave his grand lecture, 'Parlor Talk.' Mrs. Clement Smith, on 'Literature and Reformation,' occupied one evening. Two evenings were spent with stereopticon views (furnished by our president), the descriptions being given, and points of interest pointed out, and historical accounts given by a citizen who has traveled in Europe extensively. One evening was devoted entirely to Italy's capital, St. Peter's Church being described. Then one of our resident architects talked to us on 'Architecture,' with illustrations. Several evenings were given to literature. Our president is soon to give us a paper on 'Politics Economy.'

In a letter from an Illinois lady we find a most enthusiastic notice of the circle at McLeansboro, Ill. She says: "There may be larger and more intelligent circles, but I am sure none more enthusiastic."

In the City of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, there is a housekeepers' circle, which has been named the "Alpha," as three or four other classes have been organized in the city. It is composed entirely of busy housekeepers, who of all people, perhaps, find it the hardest work to control their time, but they write that for the sake of the inspiration and encouragement which they find their studies give to their daily duties, they are willing to make any sacrifice of pleasure or convenience.

Strawberry Point, Iowa, has a circle of six members, which reports a growing appreciation of the course, and at Humboldt, Iowa, there is a circle which, though small, can claim a distinction which is certainly very rare: among its members are a little boy of ten years, and his grandmother, aged eighty.

Jefferson, Texas, formed a C. L. S. C. class in 1880. An active membership of twenty is now in existence there, and the work is zealously done.

It is impossible for us to insert all the reports which have reached us at this writing, but in order of date they will be used. We sometimes receive letters complaining that reports have been sent but not used. Every report sent to THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be used, but, of course, the first coming must be first served.

The following circles were noticed in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for 1882-3, but not reported to the Plainfield office. No names being given, we have no means of reaching these circles, and will be very glad if any one will send the names of the officers for 1882-3 or 1883-4 to the office of the C. L. S. C., Plainfield, New Jersey: Clancey, Montana Territory; Flint, Michigan; Friendship, New York; Gloucester, Mass.; Ketchum, Idaho Territory; Little Prairie Road, Mich.; Muskegon, Mich.; Magnolia, Mass.; McKeesport, Pa.; Manston, Wis.; New Alexandria, Pa.; North Leeds, Wis.; Picton, Ont., Canada; Pana, Ill.; Portland, Conn.; Phillipsburg, Pa.; Portland, Oregon; Rockbottom, Mass.; Stroudsburg, Pa.; South Marshfield, Mass.; Springville, N. Y.; West Haverhill, Mass.; Westfield, Mass.

The following have been reported to THE CHAUTAUQUAN this year, 1883-4, but not to the Plainfield office: Baltimore, Md., "Eutaw Circle;"* Brazil, Ind., "Philomathean;" Elkhorn, Wis., "Mutual Improvement Society;"* Gillmor, Pa.; Greenville, S. C.; Imlay City, Mich.; La Crosse, Wis.; Milwaukee, Wis., "Bay View;"* Metropolis, Ill.; Memphis, Tenn., "The Southern Circle;"* Mattoon, Ill.; New Bedford, Mass., "Philomaths;"* Picton, Ont., Canada; Osceola, Iowa, two circles; Ravenna, Ohio, "Royal;"* St. Charles, Iowa; Troy, N. Y., "Beman Park Circle;"* Vallejo, Cal.; West Brattleboro, Vermont, "Pansy;"* West Haverhill, Mass.; West Brattleboro, Vermont, "Vincent Circle;"* Wareham, Mass., "The Pallas Circle."

Circles from the places marked () have been reported, but not under the names given above, and as in some cases there are several circles in the same town we do not know to which the names belong.

THE C. L. S. C. IN CANADA.

We were much pleased to receive a full account of the C. L. S. C. work in Canada, from Mr. Lewis C. Peake, the secretary of the famous Toronto Central Circle. We feel quite sure that everyone will be glad to find full reports from Canada in this number. In no former year has so much interest been displayed in the work of the Circle north of the lakes as in the present, although so little has appeared in the columns of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. The Canadian edition of the *Popular Education Circular* was distributed lavishly in every province of the Dominion, and in Newfoundland and Bermuda, resulting in the enrollment of about five hundred members into the class of 1887. We have good reason also to know that there has been a corresponding development of interest on the part of members of the earlier classes. Without doubt the year 1883-4 may be regarded as one of healthy progress. This will, I think, be more apparent if the work done at a few points should be considered separately.

At Toronto the Circle has acquired a firm footing. It has come to stay. The missionary work of last year has borne fruit in the formation of four new circles, three of them by distinct request, and as a result of meetings then held.

The campaign for this season opened in September, when the writer delivered an address to the members of the Y. M. C. A., following it up by forming a circle there and then, composed of young men of the association. This circle has met regularly twice a month during the winter, and is doing its part in developing the literary side of the character of the members. Another circle has been formed at the West End Branch Y. M. C. A., which has displayed a large amount of zeal in the study. The other two circles were formed—one by Mr. J. L. Hughes, and the other without any outside help. There are two other circles, the Metropolitan, which retains its character of the banner circle, of whose members I hope to see a goodly number in the graduating class at Chautauqua next August, and the Erskine Church Circle, which has lately lost its beautiful home by fire. The Central Circle meetings have been regularly held each month under the presidency of Mr. E. Gurney, Jr., to whose efforts much of the success in Toronto is due, and both attendance and interest are on the increase, the numbers generally ranging from 150 to 200 members and friends.

The October meeting was a popular one, with addresses upon the general work by the Revs. G. M. Milligan, B.A., and B. D. Thomas, D.D., with the president. In November and December Mr. W. Houston, M.A., Librarian of the Provincial Legislature, treated the subject of Greek History in a most familiar and attractive manner. In our January meeting we had the rare treat of a lecture by Prof. Ramsey Wright, of Toronto University, on "Moulds and their allies," a branch of vegetable biology which he illustrated by a series of fine diagrams. In February the circle was favored with one of the most useful and practical lectures of the entire series on "The growth of the New Testament," by the Rev. G. Cochran, D.D., in which he traced the successive stages by which the books of the New Testament gradually grew into their present harmonious whole. Our March meeting was addressed by Mr. J. L. Hughes, public school inspector, upon the topic, "Physical Manhood," on which subject the lecturer is exceptionally well qualified to discourse at any time. In addition to these special lectures, a Round-Table conference is held each evening, when subjects of practical importance are discussed and reports received from the several local circles. We find no difficulty now in securing the assistance of the very best men, specialists in their several departments. The age of suspicion has passed, and now the best people of all classes recognize the invaluable work of the Circle, and are ready to help it forward. Picton has one of the model circles, containing about thirty members, comprising some of the most intelligent and

best educated persons in the town. The circle has grown gradually since 1880, and has been already represented at Chautauqua two seasons. One of the members, Miss Bristol, is the Canadian secretary of the Class of 1887.

Dundas.—This circle is the result of a visit to Chautauqua last year by Rev. R. W. Woodworth, the president, and is composed entirely of members of the Class of 1887, of whom I have bright hopes.

London.—A large circle has been formed here in connection with the Y. M. C. A., with a membership of about forty of both sexes, nearly all of whom are members of the class of 1887. Thorold had the honor of furnishing two members of the graduating class of 1882. Until this year, however, no circle organization was effected, and even at the organization few fully grasped the real advantage to the town of this method of encouraging study. This ignorance is being gradually overcome with the expected results. Careful observation, with hints from THE CHAUTAUQUAN, are enabling the members to excite interest among those who yet remain outside. Milton and Longfellow days were successfully celebrated. This circle numbers thirty-five members, regular and local. The president expects that most of the cadets will next October be enrolled as full members. At the Provincial Sunday-school Convention, held last October in Cobourg, Mr. Hughes and the writer took the opportunity to bring the plan of the C. L. S. C. before the delegates, and many became interested in it, some of whom have since become members; among those was Dr. C. V. Emory, of Galt, who upon his return home, immediately set to work and organized a circle, which numbers sixteen full members, and gives promise that the number will soon be doubled. Brantford has a goodly number of members of the several classes. A circle of eleven members of the class of 1887 has been formed in connection with the Congregational Church, the pastor of which is president. The circle meets fortnightly at the residences of the members.

Montreal.—Here, at last, the C. L. S. C. has taken root, and a live circle of fifty members has been formed, chiefly through the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Potts, who is its president. The course is much admired, and as the working of the circle is being better understood, and its objects grasped, many, at first only slightly interested, are becoming enthusiastic admirers of the scheme. In no place has the Circle obtained a more representative membership than here.

Halifax, N. S.—A very promising circle has been formed in connection with the Grafton Street Methodist Church. Mr. C. H. Longard (1884), the president, says: "We are starting under very favorable auspices, and I feel sure it will prove to be a great success, both educational and social." Fredericton, N. B.—Two circles meet here. Fredericton Circle No. 1, comprising sixteen members, meets weekly at the homes of the members, all of whom are very much interested in the work. Another circle composed wholly of new members has been formed, and arrangements are being made for monthly union meetings.

Carbonear, Newfoundland.—Down here by the sea we have one member who remained for two years the solitary representative of the C. L. S. C. A circle has however been formed this year, consisting of eight full members, with a few local ones, and we confidently expect the circle to extend to other parts of the island, indeed the extension has already commenced.

Other circles are in successful operation in Orillia, Wyoming, Brampton, St. Thomas, Paisley, Lindray, Peterboro, Kemptville, Bedford, Lacolle, St. John, N. B., Charlottetown, and many other points, of which neither my time nor your space will permit me now to write. The few reports given above may be taken as representing the whole. Our Canadian people are not usually hasty in adopting new ideas, but when they have found a good thing they know how to appreciate it.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON PICTURES FROM
ENGLISH HISTORY—FROM COMMENCEMENT OF BOOK TO
PAGE 145.

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. When and under whom was the first invasion of Great Britain made by the Romans? A. In 55 B. C., under Julius Cæsar.

2. Q. How long afterward was Great Britain finally abandoned by the Romans? A. About five hundred years afterward.

3. Q. Before this period what people from the east of the Mediterranean had traded with the islanders? A. The Phœnicians.

4. Q. What was the character of the islanders when first known to the Phœnicians and Romans? A. They were savages, going almost naked, or only dressed in the rough skins of beasts, and staining their bodies with colored earths and the juices of plants.

5. Q. Into how many tribes were the ancient Britons divided? A. Into thirty or forty tribes, each commanded by its own king, and were constantly fighting with one another.

6. Q. What was the strange and terrible religion of the Britons called? A. The religion of the Druids.

7. Q. What sacrifice is it certain that the Druidical ceremonies included? A. The sacrifice of human beings.

8. Q. What did the Druids build? A. Great temples and altars open to the sky, fragments of some of which are yet remaining.

9. Q. Which is the most extraordinary of these erections? A. Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, in Wiltshire.

10. Q. What are the names of six prominent Romans that came to Britain during the Roman occupancy? A. Aulus Plautus, Suetonius, Agricola, Hadrian, Severus and Caracalla.

11. Q. What are the names of three leaders of the Britons who opposed the efforts of the Romans in their efforts to subdue the islanders? A. Cassivellaunus, Caractacus, and Boadicea.

12. Q. By whom was a wall built across the north of Britain, and for what purpose? A. First by the Emperor Hadrian, of earth, and afterward rebuilt of stone by the Emperor Severus, to protect Britain from the Picts and Scots.

13. Q. After the departure of the Romans, from whom did the Britons ask help to repel the invasions of the Picts and Scots? A. The Angles and Saxons from North Germany.

14. Q. After defeating the Picts and Scots what conquest did the Angles and Saxons then attempt? A. That of Britain itself.

15. Q. What two brother chieftains were leaders of the early invasions of the Saxons? A. Hengist and Horsa.

16. Q. What name is especially famous among those who resisted the Saxons? A. That of King Arthur.

17. Q. What was the religion of the Saxon conquerors of Britain? A. Paganism.

18. Q. About the year 600 A. D. who were sent by Pope Gregory to England as missionaries? A. St. Augustine and forty monks.

19. Q. What Pagan king became a convert to the Christian faith, through the labors of these missionaries? A. Ethelbert, the king of Kent.

20. Q. On the Christmas after the baptism of the king, how many of the people, is it related, followed his example? A. Ten thousand.

21. Q. Who first united the seven Saxon kingdoms called the Heptarchy into one kingdom called England? A. Egbert of Essex, in 827.

22. Q. How long did the Saxon line, beginning with Egbert, govern England? A. For 190 years.

23. Q. Who was the most eminent among the kings of this line? A. Alfred the Great.

24. Q. What enemy of England did King Alfred finally subdue? A. The Danes.

25. Q. How did King Alfred attempt to improve the condition of the people? A. By wise laws, schools, and books, which he either translated, or caused to be translated, from Greek and Latin.

26. Q. During the reign of Athelstane, grandson of Alfred the Great, what abbot obtained prominence, and was really the ruler of England during the continuance of the greater part of the Saxon line? A. Dunstan.

27. Q. What line of kings succeeded the Saxon? A. The Danish line.

28. Q. How long did the Danish line hold control? A. Twenty-four years.

29. Q. What three kings reigned during the continuance of the Danish line? A. Canute, and his two sons, Harold Harefoot and Hardicanute.

30. Q. After the death of Hardicanute, for how long a time was the Saxon line restored? A. Twenty-five years.

31. Q. What conquest of England was made in 1066? A. The Norman conquest, by William the Conqueror.

32. Q. By what great battle was the contest between the Normans and the Saxons for the possession of England decided? A. The battle of Hastings, October 14, 1066.

33. Q. What does Lord Macaulay say in regard to this Norman conquest? A. The subjugation of a nation by a nation has seldom, even in Asia, been more complete.

34. Q. How did William divide the land of conquered England? A. In fiefs among his barons, and gave all chief places in church and government to foreigners.

35. Q. Who succeeded William the Conqueror to the throne of England? A. His second son, William Rufus.

36. Q. What was the most remarkable event during his reign? A. The first Crusade.

37. Q. What zealous missionary went through Italy and France preaching the Crusade? A. Peter the Hermit.

38. Q. What action did Pope Urban II. take in regard to the Crusade? A. From a lofty scaffold in the market place of Clermont he preached the Crusade to assembled thousands.

39. Q. Under what leaders, and to what number, did the first body of Crusaders set out for the Holy Land? A. One hundred thousand under the leadership of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless.

40. Q. What became of the remnant of this number that reached the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus? A. They were finally routed and cut to pieces by the Turks.

41. Q. Under what commander did the regular army of the Crusaders at length approach Asia? A. Godfrey of Bouillon, Hugh of Vermandois, Robert of Normandy, Robert of Flanders, Stephen of Chartres, Raymond of Toulouse, Bohemond, and Tancred.

42. Q. How long was it after Pope Urban had preached the Crusade at Clermont that Jerusalem fell, the Holy Sepulcher was free? A. More than three years.

43. Q. What does Charles Knight say was the tendency of the Crusades? A. To elevate the character of European life, and to prepare the way for the ultimate triumph of mental freedom and equal government.

44. Q. Who ascended the throne as successor of William Rufus in the year 1100? A. His brother, Henry I.

45. Q. To whom did Henry will the crown? A. His daughter, Matilda.

46. Q. Upon the death of Henry who attempted to seize upon the throne? A. Stephen, a grandson of William the Conqueror.

47. Q. To what did this lead? A. To civil wars between the adherents of Matilda and Stephen.

48. Q. After ten years of civil warfare what was the result

of the contest? A. Matilda fled to the continent and Stephen was acknowledged king.

49. Q. With the death of Stephen what line ceased to hold the crown? A. The Norman line.

50. Q. Who was the successor of Stephen? A. Henry II., the son of Matilda.

51. Q. Of what line was he the first sovereign? A. The Plantagenet line.

52. Q. How long did the Plantagenet line continue to hold the crown? A. Two hundred and forty-five years.

53. Q. Whom did Henry make Archbishop of Canterbury? A. Thomas à Becket.

54. Q. Concerning what did the king and Archbishop Becket have a prolonged contention? A. Concerning church and state authority.

55. Q. How was this contention ended? A. By the assassination of Becket at the altar of his own cathedral.

56. Q. What did Henry do to divert public attention from himself as instigator of the assassination of Becket? A. He underwent penance and was scourged at the tomb of Becket.

57. Q. Who was the successor of Henry II.? A. Richard I., called Richard Cœur de Lion.

58. Q. Soon after his accession to the throne in what enterprise did Richard take part? A. The Crusades.

59. Q. With what other prominent leaders was Richard accompanied on the third Crusade? A. Philip of France, and the Duke of Austria.

60. Q. What mediæval institution was at its height during the reign of Richard? A. Chivalry.

61. Q. Who succeeded Richard to the throne? A. His brother John.

62. Q. What two men were at this time prominent in their efforts to establish the fact that a king should rule in England by law instead of by force, or rule not at all? A. Stephen Langton, the Archbishop, and William, Earl of Pembroke.

63. Q. What great document regarded as the foundation of English liberty did the barons force John to sign? A. Magna Charta.

64. Q. When and where was Magna Charta signed? A. At Runnymede in 1215.

65. Q. What was the result of John's contentions with the Pope? A. His kingdom was laid under an interdict, and John himself was excommunicated.

66. Q. What invasion of England was attempted during the reign of John? A. A French invasion, at the instance of the Pope, to dethrone John the king.

67. Q. What put an end to the French invasion? A. The sudden death of John.

68. Q. Who succeeded him on the throne? A. His son, Henry III.

69. Q. Who was the great leader of the barons during the reign of Henry III.? A. Earl Simon de Montfort.

70. Q. What was the result of an encounter between the king's forces and the barons at Lewes? A. The barons were victorious, and the king, and his son Prince Edward, were taken prisoners.

71. Q. For what was the parliament summoned by Earl Simon noted? A. As being the first one in which the citizens had part as well as the nobles and bishops.

72. Q. In what battle were the forces of Montfort signally defeated and the Earl slain? A. The battle of Evesham.

73. Q. Who succeeded Henry III. to the crown? A. His son, Edward I.

74. Q. What part was conquered and annexed to England during his reign? A. Wales.

75. Q. What title was given to the oldest son of king Edward which has since been retained by the oldest son of the reigning sovereign? A. The Prince of Wales.

76. Q. In the midst of what attempted conquest did king Edward die? A. The attempted conquest of Scotland.

77. Q. Who succeeded Edward I. to the throne? A. His son, Edward II.

78. Q. Who was the leader of the Scots? A. Robert Bruce.

79. Q. How did the attempt of Edward II. to complete the conquest of Scotland result? A. He was overwhelmingly defeated at the battle of Bannockburn, and abandoned the enterprise.

80. Q. By what right did Edward III., the successor of Edward II., make claim to the French crown? A. The right of his mother, a sister to the deceased king of France, there being no surviving male descendant in the direct line.

81. Q. Of what was this the beginning? A. The Hundred Years' War between England and France.

82. Q. In what battle did Edward gain a decisive victory over the French? A. The battle of Cressy.

83. Q. What son of the king greatly distinguished himself in this battle? A. His oldest son, a youth of sixteen, known as the Black Prince.

84. Q. With what did King Edward follow up this victory? A. The siege and capture of Calais.

85. Q. In what other battle did the French suffer a memorable defeat at the hands of the English during the reign of Edward III.? A. The battle of Poitiers.

86. Q. Who were taken prisoners by the Black Prince at this battle? A. The French king John and his son.

87. Q. Who succeeded Edward III. on the throne? A. His grandson, Richard II.

88. Q. What rising of the people took place in the early part of his reign? A. The peasant revolt.

89. Q. Who was the leader of the peasants in this revolt? A. Wat Tyler.

90. Q. How was the revolt ended? A. By the death of Tyler and the promise of the king to grant what the peasants asked.

91. Q. By whom was Richard dethroned? A. By his uncle Henry of Lancaster, or Henry IV.

92. Q. What line ended with the dethronement of Richard II.? A. The Plantagenet line.

93. Q. What House began to reign with the accession of Henry IV.? A. The House of Lancaster.

94. Q. How long did the House of Lancaster continue to hold the throne, and what sovereigns reigned during the time? A. It continued sixty-two years, embracing the reigns of the three Henries, IV., V. and VI.

95. Q. During the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V. the members of what religious sect were persecuted with great vindictiveness? A. The Lollards, several being burned at the stake.

96. Q. What prominent supporter of the Lollards was made a victim of this persecution? A. Sir John Oldcastle, called Lord Cobham.

97. Q. What invasion did Henry V. renew? A. The invasion of France.

98. Q. What noted battle was fought in France during this invasion? A. The battle of Agincourt.

99. Q. What was the result of this battle? A. The complete defeat of the French.

100. Q. What were the important features of the treaty of Troyes that followed? A. The French king acknowledged Henry as heir in succession to the French crown, and gave him his daughter in marriage.

GOOD health is a great pre-requisite of successful or happy living. To live worthily or happily, to accomplish much for one's self or others, when suffering from pain and disease, is attended with difficulty. Dr. Johnson used to say that "Every man is a rascal when he is sick." And very much of the peevishness, irritability, capriciousness and impatience seen in men and women has its root in bodily illness. The very morals suffer from disease of the body.—*Mary A. Livermore.*

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL COURSE.

Season of 1884.

LESSON IX.—BIBLE SECTION.

The House of the Lord.

By Rev. J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., AND R. S. HOLMES, A.M.

The Temple on Mount Moriah was the result of long growth. 1. It began with the *Altar*, erected of loose stones wherever the patriarchs journeyed, and bearing its bloody sacrifice as a prefiguration of Christ. 2. Next came the *Tabernacle*, a movable tent, designed for a nomadic people, and symbolizing God's dwelling-place among his people. 3. When the Tabernacle was fixed at Shiloh, a more substantial structure, by degrees, took the place of the tent, surrounded by rooms in which the priests lived, and standing in an open court. 4. This, in the age of David and Solomon, furnished the ground plan for the Temple on Mount Moriah.

There were three temples. 1. *Solomon's Temple*, dedicated 1000 B. C., and destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, 587 B. C. 2. *Zerubbabel's Temple*, begun by the Jews on the return from captivity, B. C. 536, and completed in 20 years. 3. *Herod's Temple*, begun 30 B. C., as the second temple was in a ruinous condition, but not fully completed until 65 A. D., five years before its final destruction by Titus. The latter is the one to be briefly described in this lesson. It consisted of several courts and an interior building. The dimensions named below are not precise, as the length of the cubit and the thickness of the walls are uncertain.

I. *The Court of the Gentiles* was an open plaza, or quadrangle, not square, but of about 1000 feet on each side. It was surrounded by a high wall, and entered by six gates, of which three were on the west, toward the city, and one on each of the other sides. On the eastern side extended a double colonnade, Solomon's Porch, and on the south another, Herod's Porch. As this was not regarded a sacred place, it was considered no sacrilege to have a *market* upon its marble floor, especially for the sale of animals for sacrifice.

II. On the northwestern part of the Court was the *chel*, or sacred enclosure, a raised platform 8 feet high, surrounded by a fence, within which no Gentile could enter. Its outer dimensions were about 630 by 300 feet. It was entered by nine gates, four each on the north and south, and one on the east. Upon the platform of the *chel* rose an inner wall 40 feet high and 600 by 250 feet in dimensions.

III. The space enclosed by this lofty inner wall was divided into two sections, of which the eastern was a square of about 230 feet, called the *Court of the Women*, on account of a gallery for women around it. It had four gates, of which the one on the east was probably the Gate Beautiful. In its four corners were rooms, used for different purposes connected with the services; and upon its walls were boxes for the gifts of the worshippers, from which it was often called "the Treasury."

IV. *The Court of Israel* occupied the western part of the enclosure, and was about 320 by 230 feet in size. Another court stood inside of it, so that it was simply a narrow platform 16 feet wide, from which male worshippers could view the sacrifices. In the southeastern corner was the hall in which the Sanhedrim met, and where Stephen stood on trial. In the wall around this court were rooms used for storage, for baking bread, for treasuries, etc. This court was entered by seven gates, on the north and south each three, and one on the east.

V. *The Court of the Priests* was a raised platform inside the Court of Israel, and separated from it by a low rail. It was 275 by 200 feet in size. Upon it stood the altar, the laver, and the Temple building.

VI. *The Temple* itself was the only covered building on the mountain. It consisted of a lofty vestibule, having a front 120 feet high; a series of rooms three stories high for the priests

and within these the house of God, divided into two rooms, the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies, separated by a veil. The outer room was 30 by 60 feet in size, the inner 30 feet square and of the same height. In the Holy Place stood the table for the show-bread, the golden candlestick (properly a lamp-stand), and the golden altar of incense. In the Holy of Holies there was no ark in the New Testament period, but only a stone upon which the high-priest laid the censer when he entered the room, on but one day in the year, the great Day of Atonement.

Notice, that each department of the Temple stood at a different elevation. Thus the platform of the chel was 8 feet above the pavement of the Gentile's Court; the floor of the Women's Court was 3 feet higher; that of the Court of Israel was 10 feet higher still: the Court of the Priests 3 feet above that of Israel; and the floor of the house was 8 feet above the Court of the Priests. Thus there was a constant ascent to the one entering the Temple.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECTION.

LESSON IX.—THE TEACHING PROCESS.—ATTENTION.

Attention.—This is a Latin word of very decisive meaning; "a stretching of something toward something." A bow strained is a literal illustration. In common acceptance it is limited to mental conditions. The dictionaries define it as "a steady exertion of the mind." Without attention there can be no teaching. In Sunday-school teaching the *something stretched* must be the pupil's mind; the *objective something*, the truth to be taught.

There are two kinds of attention: (1) Voluntary, and (2) Involuntary. Voluntary attention is born of ignorance and of desire to know, and places confidence in the power of the person to whom it yields itself to satisfy that desire.

Illustration: My little child sees my hand upon the door-knob; sees the door open, and my egress. Next day, pursuing his desire, his hand seeks the knob, but the door does not open. He comes to me with his difficulty. I slowly turn the knob. He watches. He gives attention. It was born of ignorance; of desire to know; and of confidence in me. It was voluntary; and it will end when the necessity for it ends.

2. Involuntary attention. This is of two kinds—(1) *Compelled*; (2) *Won*. The galley slave under a master's eye illustrates the first. Another is furnished by a violin string, when strained. It is attent, it answers the thought in the soul of the musician who draws the bow upon it. But the bow was resined and the string strained by the artist's hand. He created the attention. It was involuntary; nay, more; it was compelled. Such attention ends when the compulsion ends. I do not want such from my pupils.

2. That which is won; and which involuntary at first soon becomes voluntary. This is the attention which results in teaching and learning.

The duration of attention, voluntary or involuntary, must always depend on certain conditions:

1. Conditions of Circumstance. (a) The place must be suitable; (b) the time must be opportune; (c) the ventilation good; (d) the temperature agreeable. These are necessary elements in the effort of holding attention. But though these things be all unfavorable, their disadvantages may be overcome, if there is no lack in the second class of conditions, namely:

2. Conditions of Personality. By this I mean my personality as teacher. These conditions are (a) that of attractive power that will draw the pupil toward me; (b) that of magnetism that will hold the pupil fast to me; (c) that of enthusiasm that will fire my pupil with zeal for work; (d) that of self-withdrawal; (e) that which transfers attention from myself to my subject. If I have these personal elements in my teaching, I shall get attention and hold it. If I have not, I must cultivate them.

3. Conditions of Knowledge. These are three. I must know *my subject*, *myself*, and *my pupil*. A knowledge of the subject, involves a knowledge of methods. And here is the critical test with a teacher.

Notice some of the methods essential: (a) The use of illustrations apt and interesting; (b) the use of questions full of surprises and wise devices; (c) the use of elliptical readings between teacher and pupil; (d) the use of concert recitations in low tones by pupils; (e) the use of inter-questions, each pupil asking a question in turn of his fellow-pupil, and each also of the teacher; (f) the use of pictures, maps, and objects.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

TWO KINDS OF LAWLESSNESS.

A mob in Cincinnati, involving the loss of many lives and much property in a three days' reign of terror, has added another to a long list of warnings that the criminal administration of this country needs a thorough-going reform. The popular indignation which expressed itself at Cincinnati has been growing slowly into steady strength for thirty years and more. About 1845, gangs of horse thieves in northern Illinois were broken up—the law having failed—by regulators composed of the best citizens, who summarily hanged the thieves. About ten years later this history was repeated in Cedar and Linn counties, Iowa. These are two incidents among many of like type. Most readers know the history of the vigilance committee in San Francisco. The criminal administration having utterly failed, the best citizens organized themselves outside of the law and by vigorous and summary punishment restored the supremacy of the law. The mobbing of the "Dukes jury" at Uniontown is a still fresh event. In New York City, a few years ago, a citizen was brutally murdered in a public place, and the murderer, when arrested, said: "Hanging is played out." The remark roused public feeling and refreshed the courage of the courts so that for some time hanging became the certain punishment of wilful murder. But in New York

City, it is the press which really administers criminal law—by compelling the courts to do their duty. In the Cincinnati case, the last of a series of miscarriages of justice was the convicting of manslaughter in a case where wilful and mean-minded murder had been proved. The judge commented harshly upon the verdict. A public meeting listened to appropriately animated addresses, and passed strong resolutions of condemnation of the jury in that case, and of the criminal administration of the city. The excitable elements of the audience broke up there to reorganize in an assault on the jail. They were joined by a baser element, and a reign of terror followed.

The criminal system of the entire country is defective. It is not a terror to evil-doers. It tortures the conscience and the self respect of honest men. It has rendered human life much more insecure than private property. It is on the average safer to kill a man after robbing him than to rob him only. The match that lighted the Cincinnati conflagration was a murder done for the sake of robbery, and punished as if it had been robbery.

Our evils in this branch of justice are several distinct fungus growths of demoralized customs. A murder trial seldom ends within a year of the discovery of the criminal; it often ends twice as long after the arrest of the murderer. In Eng-

land, three months suffices for the same work. There is no civilized country except our own where these long delays are tolerated. This is the safest country in the world for a murderer to carry on his profession. He is less likely to be arrested; he is not tried until the general public has forgotten his crime. When he comes to the dock, *if he has money*, or friends possessed of money, he can buy out the law by employing some member of a class of lawyers who make a profitable industry of defeating the aims of public justice. In the Cincinnati case, the judge said, courageously, that the murderer had been cleared of that crime because *his friends had six or seven thousand dollars to fee criminal lawyers with*. It is almost a rule that if the murderer has money, his cunning lawyers will delay trial, destroy testimony, and confuse the jury, or bribe the jury. If these fail, and there is money left, motions for new trials will be pressed upon judges, and perhaps secured by fictitious testimony. The motto of a murderer may well be: "While there is money there is hope." It is plain to all intelligent persons that the law's delay, under the influence of money, has become intolerable. We do hang the poor; we seldom hang the men who can command money. There ought to be a more summary procedure. There ought to be more pure discretion—unhindered by precedent—vested in judges. These interminable delays ought to be impossible without the connivance of the judges.

The power of money in criminal trials is a feature of the jury system as we manage it. In some states a man who knows what is going on in the world about him can not be admitted to serve on a jury. He has heard of the case and formed an opinion. Every intelligent man does that in a case of murder. This leaves jury duty to professional jurors, and to the least intelligent citizens. Worse still, on the plea of business duties intelligent men evade service on juries. In New York City, last year, a ring of "jury fixers" was discovered. They had hundreds, probably thousands, of customers—consisting of business men who paid from ten to fifty dollars a year to have "things fixed" so that they should not be called on jury service. The men who thus bought themselves off from a civil duty were so numerous that even the press evaded the duty of vigorously exposing the crime. The men who are left, in large cities, to serve on juries, are men whose judgments can be involved in confusion by an artful plea; often, too, their verdicts can be bought with money. The city demoralization is gradually extending to the country. *We must reform*. We are nearing the end of popular patience. People begin to demand that they shall not be murdered with impunity. Get better juries; or amend the constitution and abolish juries. Give judges more power over the criminal lawyers, and more real discretion in refusing delays that defeat the ends of justice. Give judges to understand that we want more speedy trials and more direct methods of trial. Ask for reform—imperatively, emphatically—and reform will come. The lawlessness of court proceedings keeps within the forms of law; but it has become an ally of that other lawlessness which murders men, women and children—and gives its ally comparative impunity.

THE REWARDS OF PUBLIC SERVICE.

There is a large amount of well-founded distrust of the tendencies of our public life. It is not a distrust of Republican principles, or of universal suffrage, or of popular influence on government. It centers in our public service, and relates exclusively to the political paths to office, the uncertain or inadequate rewards for service, and the speculative element in the tenure of office. Are we not on a road which leads to demoralization in the civil service? The civil service law applies only to a small part of the public field. Cabinet officers, heads of departments, custom house and internal revenue officers, and all judicial officers, are outside of that law, not to forget the entire body of law makers. If we ask ourselves what first-

class ability is worth, we find the railroads, banks and other corporations paying an average of twice (or more) as much as the government pays legislators, judges, cabinet officers, and heads of departments. If we compare what is needed by corporations with what is needed by the government, we shall be slow to admit that the public service can be satisfied with inferior ability. If we look at the cost of holding an office, we discover that a bank president may live where and in such style as he pleases, but a cabinet officer must live in Washington, and *ought* to spend more than we pay him in acquitting himself of social obligations.

The editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN recently attended a party in the house of Secretary Chandler, the cost of which could not have been less than a thousand dollars; and there was no ostentation; only the reasonable social demand was met. Of course Secretary Chandler can not give such parties out of his salary, and could not meet the social demand upon his official position, if he had not a private fortune. The incident points to the suspicion that we are rapidly advancing to a condition of things under which poor men can not hold high offices. Everywhere the public officers of the classes which we have named are under special social obligations which exceed in money-cost the amount of their salaries. There is a double tendency—on two parallel lines—to exclude honest poor men, and to take in an inferior class of men who are either rich or unscrupulous. There is no reasonable doubt that the United States Senate has seriously deteriorated through the tendencies just mentioned. Every one knows that so many members of the other House are habitually absent, that a political battle has to be advertised to collect the members of the majority for the time being. The men in this case may or may not be inferior, but they are certainly rendering an inferior service—doing their own work while in the pay of the people. The other work is a growing factor. Senators live by their practice in the Supreme Court or by their services to corporations in which they hold office; this private work too often coming into collision with public interests.

The subject is so large that we can barely hint at points. Here is a man climbing to public place through a political combination which taxes him at every step. He must have money, or borrow or steal money, to make the ascent. When he reaches the place, he is paid a salary so far below the demands of his office that if he is to meet his social obligations he must have an income beyond his salary, and this income he must earn as he can if he is not wealthy. And the real evil is still farther on: if he wishes to stay in public life he must pay tribute to political sponges; for the tenure of his office is so short that he must begin to provide for the next election as soon as the first is over. If he wishes to rise, he must pay, and keep on paying to the invisible army of political tax-collectors which lines, many ranks deep, every road that leads to an office. Rare and favored men escape these evils; but the majority of public men encounter them. To crown the edifice of bad policy, partisan rules are set up which limit time of service. Two terms, for example, is the limit for service in the lower House of Congress, in many districts. That is to say, your Congressman is advised at the outset that he must retire in four years. What motive has he for qualifying himself to be a good legislator? He naturally seeks an office under the government, and gives his brain power to that pursuit. But wherever he is—unless he hold a judicial office—he is menaced by the rule of rotation in office. We have been remarkably fortunate in the judicial service through the fact that, though the salaries are niggardly, the terms of service are long, and safe from partisan influences.

We might probably reflect on foreign comparisons. In Italy men receiving from \$300 to \$600 in bureaux serve for life, and have certain promotion. It is not a perfect method, but under it the government service is honorable to an extent which amazes an American. The honor is the largest item of the pay. We pay a less and less measure of honor. The path to our

service grows more filthy, and the man who has reached the goal is often soiled with the filth through which he has waded—often enough to discredit, insensibly but surely, the class which he has joined. We pay too little in money; we pay too little in honor; we cheat ourselves and demoralize our public servants by befouling the ladders on which they climb, and by making their ascent as uncertain, and their hold on any round of the ladder as precarious, as possible. A large moral lies in the contrast that a bank cashier is discriminatingly chosen for ability, has no election expenses, is secure in his office, owes no social duties to the bank, and may rise to the presidency of it. It is the same in other corporations. As employers, the corporations have more soul and more sense than the people of the United States.

DOCTOR NEWMAN'S NEW IDEA.

The disturbance of Christian peace which has for some months affected the Madison Avenue Congregational Church, New York, has impressed us as disclosing a new phase of inter-church life. To an onlooker the case—the very heart of the case—is a struggle of a pastor to maintain himself in full membership with two denominations, against a struggle of men in both denominations to shut him out of one or the other denomination. This is the novelty in this New York "church quarrel." For our part we are disposed to ask what general principle of morals, equity or discipline is violated by the Rev. Dr. John P. Newman's position? He claims to be the permanent pastor of a Congregational church while retaining his membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Why not? It surely is not an axiom that a man can not belong to two denominations. Dialectic theologians may invent a score of arguments, but they will find their best one in the fact that the practice has been to confine a Christian's membership to one branch of the church. But in the advance to Christian unity we have rapidly changed the practice at several points; and it is quite possible that Dr. Newman's "new departure" may be another march on the general line of our progress.

A few words respecting the Madison Avenue Church and its pastor will help our readers to understand the case. The church was founded a dozen or more years ago by Dr. Hepworth, who up to about that time had been a Unitarian clergyman. It was a very expensive enterprise, and Dr. Hepworth became satisfied, after a few years, that he could neither fill the church with an audience nor pay its debt. Dr. W. R. Davis, who had been a Methodist clergyman, and is now a Dutch Reformed pastor in Albany, N. Y., succeeded Dr. Hepworth, and, after a few years of experience like that of his predecessor, hunted up a successor in the person of Dr. Newman, and resigned. There were two distinct difficulties in both these pastorates. One was the large debt; the other was the failure to secure adequate audiences. The last difficulty suggests no fault in either of the pastors. Both were gifted and popular. But the church is surrounded by other churches, and only an extraordinary man can secure a large body of hearers in it. The church was not at fault for not paying its debt; the burden was beyond its strength. When it asked Dr. Newman to become its pastor, it asked him for two reasons: He had friends who could pay the debt, and he would bring these friends into the church and congregation; and it was well understood that he could fill the large house with hearers.

Rev. Dr. John P. Newman has a national reputation as a pulpit orator. He always has full houses where he stately preaches. Among his friends he numbers General Grant, whose pastor he was in Washington in the days of Grant's presidency. The ex-president is one of the men whom Dr. Newman took into the Madison Avenue congregation and made a trustee of the church property. Dr. Newman is one of the last of the classical pulpit orators. His style is stately, his presence majestic. Pure taste and high ideals characterize his thought. His noble person, his rich, smooth voice, and the

elevation of his thought conspire to make him admired and revered in the pulpit. His ardent friends have called him "the Chrysostom of his age." Not unnaturally, he has expected the highest places in Methodism. Neither Webster nor Clay became President of the United States—and John P. Newman did not become a bishop. Some difficulties arose respecting a place for him in New York three years ago, he having then finished his term as pastor of the Central Methodist Church. After a year of decorous waiting, he accepted the call to the Madison Avenue Church. There are controversies about sundry minor matters; but after painfully laboring through the documents, we find two clear facts: 1st. From the start Dr. Newman has clung to the idea of remaining a Methodist while becoming a Congregationalist; 2d, there is an abundant lack of proof that in this policy he has deceived any one or done any other act which is inconsistent with the character which he displays in the pulpit. A single sentence in his address before the council was out of place; but, even it, from his point of view, had great provocation. To the onlooking public, perhaps to Dr. Newman also, it was a surprise to see the editor of the *Christian Advocate* furnishing material for use against Dr. Newman. This new party to the controversy presents the Methodists as semi-officially engaged in the effort to crowd Dr. Newman from his attitude as holding positions in two denominations. The justification of the editor of the *Christian Advocate* can not rest on any special pleading; it must rest on the ground that Dr. Newman's claim is a bad one in church moralities. If this be true, then his Methodist antagonist has discharged a disagreeable duty and "meddled" for a dignified purpose.

The church quarrel did not originate in the new position of Dr. Newman, but the conflict having begun, this new position was made the point of attack by what is called the "Anti-Newman party." It was the weak place because Dr. Newman had taken a new departure. The quarrel came out of the incompatibility of temper and interest developed between the old and the new elements in the church and congregation. Some of the old men left; the new were then more numerous and powerful than the old. The latter saw themselves gradually retiring to back seats, while the new men filled the front seats. They precipitated a conflict to secure themselves against the consequences of Dr. Newman's abundant success. In the wisdom of this world, the new element put off paying the large debt; but they preferred to be certain that they would be left in peaceable possession after paying the debt.

The council has "advised" that Dr. Newman is in an untenable position—is not the permanent pastor. The advice is probably according to precedent. But it was not according to precedent that Dr. Hepworth left the Unitarians, and Dr. Davis the Methodists, to become pastor of that church. And for forty years there has been an increasing interflow between denominations. Half a score of ex-Methodists, including some of the ablest pastors in the city, are preaching in churches of other denominations. Ministers and members pass and re-pass between denominations. All this would have looked strange forty years ago. Perhaps Dr. Newman's new idea may not look strange forty years hence. The advice of the council has probably only changed the form of the conflict which does not depend on Dr. Newman, but on the antagonism of the old and new elements in the congregation. We should like to see Dr. Newman's theory thoroughly tested, and Congregationalism is liberal enough to afford the desired test. Methodism, as a whole, has no reason for jealousy of Dr. Newman's success in the Madison Avenue Church. His success and good fame reflect honor on all Methodist preachers. We may come to realize that if a man is "worthy of confidence and fellowship by virtue of his responsible connection with some other body of Christian churches"—words quoted by the late council—he may safely "be counted a minister of the Congregational," or any other "order."

SUPERFLUOUS KNOWLEDGE.

A writer in *Cornhill Magazine*, some years ago, facetiously suggested that, while societies for the acquisition of useful knowledge abounded, each, doubtless, in its way, proving of eminent service to mankind, another society, not so much as a direct opponent, but rather as a proper, and even necessary, corrective of its rivals, should be organized, the object of which should be to sift out and to suppress the vast and ever increasing accumulations of knowledge that are not only really worthless but which are an unmitigated nuisance, a useless burden, a confused and baffling heap.

The suggestion above referred to, made perhaps in jest, is one, we venture to suggest, which might well be made in earnest. Useless knowledge! Has it never occurred to the reader what areas, and even continents, not to say oceans of valueless, of absolutely superfluous knowledge there are in the world? Observe we are not now writing of literature, or books, merely; we say knowledge.

Useless knowledge! For everything that may, with any kind of propriety, be comprehended under this honored term, knowledge, we usually cherish a profound and reverent respect. The highest conception of scholarship, on the part of many, consists in being possessed of encyclopedic information concerning the details of almost every conceivable matter.

According to this idea learning consists in an intimate acquaintance, at once and quite indiscriminately, with all the results of the latest scientific research, the facts of universal history, the mysteries of theology and subtleties of metaphysics; with all the institutes of law and politics; with all the literature of poetry and art.

To one entertaining such an idea of scholarship as this how positively depressing must be the monstrous and obviously ever-accumulating mass of facts heaping up around him. He quite envies the great men of the olden time who, in consequence of the then comparatively narrow range of knowledge, found it not impracticable to maintain a creditable standing at once as statesmen, soldiers, poets, philosophers, and artists; while he, in his day, can serve, at best, only as an infinitesimal wheel in a machinery of boundless complication.

Even were it desirable to burden the mind with boundless mental acquisitions, one certainly has not long to live to discover the utter futility of even the most capacious memory ever being able to compass any such result—to learn that the human mind, whatever its capabilities, is yet finite; that it is, therefore, the part of wisdom to select some one department of study and devote one's energies mainly to the mastery of the same; and that, finally, one essential condition of usefulness depends on one's thus wisely restricting himself to a comparatively narrow and limited field of inquiry and of attainment.

In the meantime it should be distinctly understood that true scholarship does not, by any means, consist in thus knowing absolutely everything. The popular idea that learning consists in being a walking repository of all sorts of curious and of more or less ill-assorted erudition, is a most childish error. Scholarship may, perhaps, be properly defined as knowing *something* about almost everything; but more especially every

thing about *some one thing*. This is the true university idea. Some one has defined the university as being the school where *something* could be learned about everything, and *everything* about *some one thing*. In other words, true scholarship consists in having just so much learning as one can not only digest and master but effectively use in connection with his own special work, or mission in life; in having the keys, if you please, that shall unlock and open up to one at will all the varied stores of knowledge; and more especially in being the undisputed master of just so much and of just such knowledge as he can himself best utilize. Just as no mechanic cares to encumber himself with more tools, or the soldier with more weapons, than he can advantageously use, so no true scholar, in our judgment, will covet more knowledge than he can render properly, wisely, available for service. Why, indeed, may not too much of a good thing, as well as too little—*l'embarras de richesse* as well as the embarrassment of poverty—prove not a help but a burden, not a source of power but an occasion of weakness and a cause of stumbling?

Let no one, therefore, be tempted to envy the attainments of certain knowing ones in those walks of literature, or of science, to which he is for the most a stranger; and, because of his ignorance comparatively on certain special lines of study and intellectual inquiry, to depreciate himself as a scholar. Rather, on the other hand, while thankful that, in your own chosen sphere, you have been enabled to give a good account of yourself and to render some service, however humble, to your kind, you should also rejoice that others have been called to explore fields of thought and inquiry by your feet as yet untrod.

Who that, a few years ago, at the great Exposition at Philadelphia, walked through those acres of textile fabrics, miles of most ingenious machinery, and thousands of square yards of painting, but must have been profoundly impressed with the narrow limits of his own knowledge and attainments. And yet who, if really a sensible person, instead of feeling mortified and chagrined at all on this account, but was moved rather, at every step, silently to give thanks that here was presented another, and yet another branch of knowledge or industry concerning which it was his privilege to remain in profound and most contented ignorance? Why, indeed, should it be deemed specially important that, in order richly and intelligently to enjoy that marvellous display of the products of all nations, one should be altogether conversant with the Chinese puzzle, or versed in all the arts of sub-soiling, top-dressing, tile-draining, or stock-raising?

Let the dictionaries, therefore, and the encyclopædias, the archives and the libraries, for the most part, serve as the treasure-houses of the materials of knowledge—especially of all more strictly technical and curious lore, properly classified, indexed, assorted, accessible. Let it be the part of scholarship, if you please, exhaustively to explore certain departments of learning as specialties; but to be content, meantime, as a general thing, to know where, and how readily to find, and to be able wisely to appropriate, and effectually to employ, as occasion may require, this accumulated and duly sifted and organized learning of the ages.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The discovery of a manuscript copy of "The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles," a Christian compilation of the second century, has created a general expectation of new and better light by means of it, on early Christian history. The portions of this manuscript which have been published in this country are too brief to afford much satisfaction. The genuineness of the document is vouched for by Professor Harnack, of Giessen, one of the foremost patristic scholars. If there were not a general disposition to believe the manuscript to be genuine, we

might note some circumstances as suspicious. Professor Harnack has believed and taught that such a book probably existed in the early centuries. If we were suspicious we should wonder whether another Saphira has not undertaken, of his own avaricious motion, to find what a great patristic scholar believes to exist—and to make discovery certain by constructing the desired document himself. No breath of suspicion taints the atmosphere, and the finding of the manuscript is regarded as a strong proof of the rare-learning and sound judgment of

Professor Harnack. But until the whole document, in the original Greek, with a history of its discovery, has passed under the eyes of many scholars, it will be wise to keep our judgments in suspense respecting the genuineness and the importance of the document.

The new Congregational creed has been received with a good deal of favor. The aim of it is in the right direction; we leave others to decide whether or not it hits its mark. Theology consists of doctrines and explanations of doctrines. The aim of the authors of the new creed is to make a statement of doctrines, leaving explanations of doctrines to the field of liberty. It happens that the larger half of most creeds make doctrines out of explanations. For example, the deity of Jesus Christ is a doctrine; but along with it we hold a number of explanations of the doctrine. The atonement is a doctrine; but three-fourths of the texts of the creeds, on this subject, are explanatory theses. That Christ *died for us* according to the Scriptures is doctrine; but the various theories called "Governmental," "Substitutional," "Moral Influence," etc., are explanatory. That the Bible is God's book, revealing Him and His law is doctrine; but the separation of the printers' and proof-readers' mistakes—that is all the failure in the human making-up of the book—proceeds by way of explanatory theology. If tolerably clear lines can be drawn between doctrine and explanation—we are not sure such a line can be drawn—then evangelical Christendom can have a common creed at once. The doctrinal unity exists in fact; we are only waiting for some one to state the doctrines clearly, leaving us to differ concerning the explanations. The new Congregational creed may prove to be a rough first sketch of the creed of Christendom. There is no doubt that the great body of Christians, though ranked in distinct divisions, has a common faith. Some symbolic expression of that faith is to be expected—is probably near at hand.

A shocking piece of news is that several women were recently attacked, and two of them killed, by wolves. That is bad enough, surely; but a greater shock will be experienced by the general reader when we add that the scene of this tragic incident was in southern Italy! Our habitual associations of Italian things are music, sculpture, architecture, and other high humanities, all overarched by beautiful sunshine. Most of us hardly realize that there has been a wolf in Italy since the demise of the one which suckled the boys who founded Rome. But in fact wolves and other ferocious beasts still reign in the Italian mountains, along with the brigands. The latter are not as numerous as when Spartacus collected an army of them which defeated Roman armies within sight of Naples. But the brigand is, like the wolf, an unconquerable element in Italian life. A few months ago, an Italian nobleman was captured by brigands who exacted and obtained fifty thousand dollars for restoring him to the bosom of his family. Add brigands and wolves to your "pictures from Italy."

The regulation of railroad traffic has made more progress than the general public supposes. In Massachusetts, for instance, the Board of Railroad Commissioners say in their last report to the legislature that "No charge of unreasonable preference or discrimination by a lower charge for the longer haul has this year been brought before the board, except in two cases, where the evidence wholly failed to support the charges." The Massachusetts system of supervision was founded twelve years ago by C. F. Adams, and the results obtained by him and his successors in office show clearly that an intelligent and judicious supervision by state authority benefits both parties—the railroads and their customers. But—and this point is the reason of the success in Massachusetts—there has not been one ounce of demagogism in the action of the commissioners.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court that Congress may issue paper money at its discretion has been received

with lugubrious prophecies by a part of the press. It is probably good for us that the decision has been rendered now rather than a few years later—and it was certain to come. The good of it is, we know clearly what the powers and responsibilities of Congress are in regard to money. We can select our Congressmen with a plain and full understanding of their functions. The doubt which has hung over this subject for several years has had an unwholesome effect—"unsettled questions have no mercy on the peace of nations." The people of this country are conservative under well defined responsibilities. Perhaps the prophets of evil have too little faith in the popular sense and conscience.

There is no sympathy in this country with the Irish dynamiters; but we are all more or less astonished by the gravity with which English newspapers rail at this country for not preventing the exportation of dynamite. The *London Times* unconsciously puts its fingers on the proper place for the discovery of such dynamite when it calls attention to the fact that a ninety pound package of the murderous stuff got to London *through a British custom house*. The British custom house is the spot where the watching should be done. If the importation of goods was as closely supervised in England as it is in this country, no dynamite could reach London. We do not watch exportation closely because no export duties are allowed to be levied by the constitution. It is the inward movement, not the outward, for which we have official machinery of supervision. To invent and carry on machinery for watching exports is an expensive business in which we should not engage. It is entirely unnecessary. Let England watch at her own custom houses. If her officers admit dynamite in ninety pound cases, let her improve that branch of her civil service. The *Nation* very judiciously says: "If the English custom house can not stop the infernal machines, it is folly to ask any foreign police to do it."

Our suggestion that laws against intermarriage between races should be repealed (April number) has "shocked" one reader. Our friend does not get shocked at the right time and place. Intermarriage of white and colored persons is very rare, because nature and society exercise adequate restraint. The place for being shocked is in another part of the field. And yet it is an astounding fact that the peoples who are most easily shocked by the marriage of two persons of different races seem not to be shocked by the very large number of illegitimate children of dark skinned mothers. There is an exact parallel in the doctrine of the celibacy of the clergy, and the intense feeling which enforced it, in the days of Hildebrand. A recent writer says of that state of things: "The priest who kept a harem of concubines was simply guilty of a venial sin which did not vitiate his act as a priest; it was the act of marriage, with its more deliberate declaration of principle, which the church could not tolerate." In both cases, that old case of mock celibacy and the present case of illegitimate mingling of races, the *feeling* on the subject is very sincere, deep, aggressive, against *marriage* "with its more deliberate declaration of principle." But in each case the real evil evades the feeling and defeats its object with demoralizing effects.

They do some things better in France. The government has ordered observations to be made on strokes of lightning and their effects, by a bureau, using postmasters and others as observers. A report for the first half of 1883 shows that in January there was one lightning stroke which injured a man carrying an umbrella with metal ribs; in February there were no strokes; in March and April, four each month; in May twenty-eight; in June one hundred and thirteen. Seventy animals and seven men were killed, and about forty persons were injured. Lightning rods were treated with contempt, and the electric fluid especially attacked the bells and bell-towers of churches, and in one case blasted the gilt wooden figure of the

Christ on a church which had a lightning rod. The second half of the year would of course show a longer chapter of accidents. Why can not we have in this country just such a system of collecting the facts about lightning strokes?

An interesting set of experiments is reported by Mr. G. H. Darwin, son of the great author of Darwinism, on right-leggedness and left-leggedness. The subject is of more importance than it seems. Most readers will remember that Charles Reade, the novelist, contended in a recent work that right-handedness is a fruit of bad education, and that, if children were not meddled with by nurses and teachers, both sides of the body would be equally strong and skilful. Mr. Darwin blindfolded a group of boys, having first ascertained whether they were right or left handed, and set them to walking toward a mark, leading them straight for three or four paces. All but one swung round to right or left, tending to a circular path, and the right-handed boys turned to the left, and the left-handed boys to the right. The one exception was a boy about equally expert with both hands. He went tolerably straight. Mr. Darwin's opinion is that right-handed persons are left-legged, because every strong effort by the right hand is attended with a corresponding effort by the left leg. This does not, however, settle the question raised by Mr. Charles Reade; for left-leggedness is only an effect of right-handedness.

We shall have to study the machine politician a good deal before we dispense with his existence. In New York City, investigations show that the city offices, such as County Clerk, Register and Sheriff, afford from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year of revenue to the man holding either office, and that he buys the office, never paying less than \$50,000 for it to the bosses who control votes by arts that are as dark to respectable citizens as the mysteries of mediæval astrology. A man on a school board was caught selling teachers' appointments. He was put off the board and went to selling liquor. In due time he became an alderman. The halls could not agree upon a president of the Board of Aldermen. Then the Republican boss made "a deal" with the Tammany hall and turned over the Republican aldermen's votes to elect as president the smirched seller of teachers' places and bad whiskey. This man is mayor of New York when Mayor Edson is absent, and has recently acted as such. An intrigue of that sort is as well worth studying as the farewell letter of Washington. It opens the very heart of our political demoralization. The chief parties to this intrigue will both be at Chicago, one in June, the other in July, with the votes of their respective parties in New York City in their dirty hands. They are engaged in a commercial business the staple of which is ballots, and they amass fortunes by selling votes and offices.

Is there any other competitive industry which is exploited with so much skill as politics? We write these words in early April, within sixty days of the Republican convention, and we should hardly be able to affirm that any prominent candidate is an *avowed* candidate. Are there no candidates, then? Is the nomination of the party which has ruled the country twenty-three years going a begging at Chicago? By no means. You are in the presence of management as a fine art. It is certain that the work of "getting up an interest" is going on briskly, and it is not possible that the candidates are ignorant of it. The popular pulse is rising, and there are men who can tell why it is rising. Perhaps the Democratic art is of a finer quality. Mr. Tilden has educated bright men in the delicate branches of political art. That there is no prominent candidate except Mr. Tilden, who is not a possible candidate, means that all dangerous aspirants are kept back by the candidacy of "the Sage of Greystone;" but the object of this suppression of candidates is out of sight. The children of this world are very wise in this political generation.

Our readers all know that the Methodist Episcopal General

Conference meets May 1st in each Presidential election year. Not all of them have our opportunities of knowing what a wholesome effect the approaching session is having upon the seven or eight periodicals whose editors will be re-elected or relegated to pastoral cares by the conference. Ordinarily we can see small faults in these papers. Now we would as soon seek to find the proverbial "needle in a haystack" as to discover a blemish on the face of a Methodist periodical. A cynic at our elbow says: "What a pity the General Conference does not meet every year!" In sober earnest we must say that all these "official editors" have been outdoing their former selves during the last eight or ten months.

Temple Bar for March contains a criticism of "The New School of American Fiction"—that of James and Howells—which makes some excellent points. Mr. Howells claims the art of fiction has become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray. This reminds us of a story, as Lincoln used to say. Once a young preacher was warmly commended for his last sermon in the following terms: "It was a fine sermon, a very fine sermon, in fact it was so fine there was nothing of it." The attenuated art of Mr. Howells spins out into a fineness which vanishes in nothingness. *Temple Bar* thinks this "finer art" of our new school is a study of surface emotion and accidental types of mankind. The art is "a photograph where no artist's hand has grouped the figures, only posed them before his lens." Mr. Howells boasts that he finds "delight in the foolish, insipid face of real life." But the life that wears that kind of face affords no material for art—is not *really* real life. The accidental types which Mr. Howells paints so carefully please us just as a gossip's description of a bridal dress pleases her feminine neighbor—for a moment. Sometimes we have seen specimens—as for example, Bartley Hubbard—of the transient creatures and recognize the photograph. But after all such photography is the function of the newspaper. We all know that last year's newspaper is dull reading. The fiction produced by the "new school" will probably be just as dull in ten years. Dickens and Thackeray are much older than that and are still fascinating reading.

Is not the tone of the general newspaper press below that of the people who read newspapers? Are our people as slangy, coarse and low-toned as the average newspaper is? We do not believe that the people who *read* the papers are as vulgar-minded as the average reporter supposes them to be. We have read many defenses of the newspaper methods; but we never heard of a newspaper which died by becoming decent and wholesome. The reporter is trying to please a class which rarely reads anything, and is displeasing his habitual patrons. Let the latter take courage and tell him the simple truth and ask him to write English in future. A few talks of this nature will do the young man good.

The name of Adelaide Bell Morgan, Stapleton, N. Y., should have been among the list of C. L. S. C. graduates of the class of '83, published in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for February.

Mr. W. A. Duncan, the new secretary of the Chautauque Assembly, requests that all questions concerning Chautauque matters should be addressed to him at Syracuse, N. Y.

A late number of *Harper's Weekly* says of Mrs. P. L. Collins, the author of the interesting article on the Dead-Letter Office which appears in this number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*: "Mrs. Collins has for several years held an important and responsible position in the Dead-Letter Office. Her fine culture, varied attainments, and the skill and ability displayed in the performance of the difficult and intricate duties of the service have won for her high and well deserved repute. No one is better qualified than Mrs. Collins to give our readers an insight into the workings of this important branch of our postal service."

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR MAY.

PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

In reading "Pictures from English History" the "Chronology," (page 274) will be found indispensable. It gives a complete and concise summary of English history while the most prominent features of that history are fully displayed in the "Pictures."

P. 12.—"Druid." The origin of the word is obscure; the common derivation from the Greek word for *oak*, the best authorities consider fanciful, and give their preference to the derivation from the Celtic words for *God* and *speaking*. Many of their rites have been found to be similar to those of the Oriental religions, thus indicating that the religion was brought to Gaul at the time of an Asiatic invasion. Their centers in Gaul were along the Loire and in modern Brittany.

"Serpent's egg." The most remarkable of all the Druidical charms was the anguineum or snake's egg. It was said to be produced from the saliva and frothy sweat of a number of serpents writhing in an entangled mass, and to be tossed up into the air as soon as it was formed. The fortunate Druid who managed as it fell to catch it in his sagum, or cloak, rode off at full speed on a horse that had been waiting for him, pursued by the serpents till they were stopped by the intervention of a running stream. Pliny declares that he had seen one. "It is," he says, "about the size of a moderately large, round apple, and has a cartilaginous rind, studded with cavities like those on the arm of a polypus."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

P. 13.—"Stonehenge," stōn'hēnj. Hanging stones, the word means. About eight miles north of Salisbury (see map) there is a collection of about one hundred and forty large stones, ranging in weight from ten to seventy tons. Many of them are still in their original positions, showing that they were arranged in two ovals within two circles, and were surrounded by a bank of dirt fifteen feet high, and ten hundred and ten feet in circumference. Not all authorities agree that Stonehenge was a Druid temple, some asserting that it was an astronomical observatory, and others that it was a place for assemblies of the people.

"Kit's Coty House." A cromlech, as the primitive monuments of the Scandinavians and Celts were called. It is composed of three upright stones about eight feet square by two thick, which support an irregular stone roof eleven feet long by eight wide. The name is a contraction of Kitigern's coty house; *i. e.*, Kitigern's house made from *coils*, the Celtic word for huge, flat stones. Kitigern was a leader of the Britons slain in a battle against Hengist and Horsa.

P. 14.—"Cassivellaunus," cas'si-ve-lau'nus; "Chertsey," ches'se; "Hertfordshire," har'furd-shire.

P. 15.—"Aulus Plautius," au'lus plau'ti-us. He was a Roman consul when, in A. D. 48, he was sent to Britain, where he remained four years.

"Ostorius Scapula," os-to'ri us scap'ula. He went to Britain about A. D. 50. Soon after sending Caractacus to Rome, Scapula died in the province.

"Caractacus," ca-rac'ta cus.

P. 16.—"Suetonius," swe-to'ni-us. It was during the reign of the Emperor Nero that Suetonius fought in Britain. Previous to this campaign he had carried war against the Moors. After returning from Britain he was made consul. "Boadicea," bo-ad'i-ce'a.

P. 17.—"Agricola" (37-93). Agricola had been trained in military service in Britain under Suetonius. Subsequently he had been governor of Aquatania, and consul at Rome. As governor of Britain he was very successful until the jealousy of the emperor, Domitian, caused his return. Tacitus, the historian, was his son-in-law, and wrote his life.

"Hadrian" (76-138). Roman emperor. His trip to Britain was made about 119.

"Severus." Emperor of Rome from 193-211. It was 208 that he went to Britain where he carried on a campaign until his death at York.

"Carausius," ca-rau'si-us. Maximian had given Carausius the command of a fleet which was to protect the coast of Gaul. Dissatisfied with him, the emperor ordered his execution. Carausius discovering this crossed to Gaul and proclaimed himself Augustus. When the Roman emperors found it impossible to subdue him they made him a colleague. He ruled Britain until he was slain in 293.

P. 18.—"Honorius," ho-no'ri-us. Roman emperor from 395-423

P. 21.—"Hengist," hēn'gist. A Jutish prince who, with his brother Horsa, landed with a fleet on the Isle of Thanet about 449. At this time the Britons needed assistance against the incursions of the Picts and Scots, and hired Hengist and his troops. After repelling the barbarians the Saxons concluded to conquer Britain for themselves. After years of war Hengist succeeded in driving the Britons from Kent. He then established his court at Canterbury, where he reigned about thirty years.

"Cerdic." In 495 a band of Saxons, under Cerdic, attempted the conquest of southern Britain. In 519 the crown of the West Saxons was put on Cerdic's head, but the next year the battle of Mount Bradon checked the advance.

"Old Sarum." A city two miles north of Salisbury, or New Sarum. It was deserted for the new site in the fifteenth century.

"Marlborough," mawl'brūh. A town of Wiltshire.

"Cirencester," ci'ren-cēs-ter. A town about fifteen miles south-east of Gloucester.

"Caualin," cau'lin.

P. 22.—"Armorica," ar-mor'i-ca. A name formerly given to the northwestern part of Gaul from the Loire to the Seine. The influx of Britons caused the country to be called Brittany.

"Osismii," o-sis'mi-i. A people of Gaul in the neighborhood of the modern Quimper and Brest. See map in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for March.

"Vannes," vān; "Rennes," ren; "Mantes," mants. Towns of western France.

"Vortimer," vor'ti-mer. His father, Vor'ti-gern, was the chief of the British kings when Hengist came to Britain. Being unable to cope with the Saxon leader, Vortigern was deposed, and his son made commander. Hengist and Horsa were three times defeated under his leadership, Horsa being slain in the last battle. Hengist then returned to his country until Vortimer's death, when Vortigern was restored. On the return of Hengist the whole country was easily conquered.

P. 23.—"Ambrosius Aurelianus," am-bro'si-us au-re'li-a-nus.

"Arthur." As the legend runs Arthur was the son of Uter Pendragon. His high birth was concealed until he one day drew from the stone in which it was concealed a sword with the inscription: "Whoso pulleth this sword out of this stone is rightwise born king of England." Several years after he was crowned, he received the enchanted Round Table which had belonged to his father, and formed about it that circle of knights whose brilliant exploits form so large a part of English legendary history. Arthur was finally wounded in battle, and carried away by the fairies, who were to restore him to the Celts upon his recovery.

"Jeffrey of Monmouth." An old English chronicler of the first half of the twelfth century. He compiled a history of the Britons, professing to be a translation from an old Welsh manuscript. The historical value is doubted. It contains the legends of Arthur and his court, and Merlin's "Prophecies."

"Knights of the Round-Table." This Round-Table had been made by Merlin for Uter Pendragon. It was circular, it was said to prevent jealousy about precedent. The number of knights which Arthur had is variously estimated as twelve, forty, and one hundred and fifty. These knights went into all countries seeking adventures. Their chief exploits occurred in search of the Holy Cup brought to Britain by Joseph of Arimathea.

"Uter," u'ter. Pendragon (chief) was the follower of Ambrosius as leader of the Britons, and the father of King Arthur.

P. 24.—"Merlin." The Prince of Enchanters. The legends represent Merlin as the son of a demon. His supernatural powers recommended him to King Vortigern as a counselor, a position which he afterward filled to Ambrosius, Uter Pendragon and Arthur. Merlin finally fell a victim to a charm which he had taught his mistress, Vivien. See Tennyson's "Merlin and Vivien."

"Lancelot," lān-ce-lot. One of the chief knights of the Round-Table, called "the darling of the court." He is often spoken of as *Lancelot du Lac* (of the lake), as he was educated at the court of Vivien, known as the Lady of the Lake. Lancelot was celebrated for his

amours with Queen Guinevere, the wife of King Arthur, and the exploits which he undertook for her.

"Tristram." A knight of the Round-Table. A nephew of the king of Cornwall. He had gone to Ireland, where, being wounded, he was healed by the Princess Iseult. Returning he told his uncle of her beauty. The latter sent for Iseult and married her, though she loved Tristram. Years after his own marriage, Tristram was again wounded, and was told that only Iseult could heal him. She was sent for, but his wife from jealousy, persuaded him that she was not coming, and he died. Matthew Arnold has a poem on this story.

P. 25.—"Aurochs," au'rochs. A species of wild ox, contemporary with the mammoths, but now only found in Lithuania and the forests of the Caucasus.

P. 26.—"Sagas." The name given to the Scandinavian historical and mythological tales.

"Edda." A book containing Scandinavian poetry and mythology. There are two Eddas. The earliest is in thirty-nine poems containing mythology. The second is a collection of the myths of the gods, with instructions in the types and meters of the pagan poetry for the benefit of young poets. It is chiefly in prose.

P. 27.—"Tarpeian Rock," tar-pe'i'an. A part of the Capitoline hill. It is said that once while the Sabines were warring against the Romans, Tarpeia, the daughter of the governor of the citadel on the Capitoline offered to open the gates to the enemy if they would give her "what they wore on their arms," meaning their bracelets. They promised, but on entering crushed her with their shields. She was buried on the hill, and her name is still preserved in the name of the rock.

"Jupiter Sator." After the Sabines had gained possession of the city through the treachery of Tarpeia, a battle was fought, in which the Sabines were prevailing when Romulus vowed a temple to Jupiter, and the god gave him the victory.

P. 31.—"Eulogius," eu-lo'gi-us.

"Oswald." He became king of Northumbria about 635. The Welsh had shortly before this allied themselves under their king Cadwallon, or Cadwalla, with the king of Mercia, had defeated the Northumbrians and had slain their king. At the time of Oswald's succession the Welsh were still in the north, and he attacked them. The cross being set up as a standard Oswald held it till the hollow in which it was to stand was filled in by his soldiers. Throwing himself on his knees he called on his army to pray. Cadwallon was slain on "Heaven's field," as this battle ground was called, and Oswald for nine years held the chief power. He was finally slain by Penda.

"Maserfelth," ma'ser-felth.

"Penda." He became king of Mercia early in the seventh century. His life was spent in fighting for the old religion of the country. In 655 he met Oswin, or Oswi, the king of Northumbria, and was defeated in a battle, in which Green says "the cause of the older gods was lost forever."

"Offa." King of Mercia from 758 to 796. Charlemagne, his contemporary, called him "the most powerful of the Christian kings of the West."

P. 32.—"Iona," or Icolmkill. An island of the Hebrides, where Columba founded a monastery. Columba (521-597) was born in Ireland and trained in the monasteries. Trouble with a priest led to his being driven from the country. He went to Iona, where he founded a community which grew very rapidly and sent out many missionaries. Columba attained a great reputation, and built, it is said, 300 churches.

"Wilfred." (634?-709.) "The life of Wilfrith (or Wilfred), of York, was a mere series of flights to Rome and returns to England, of wonderful successes in pleading the right of Rome to the obedience of the Church of Northumbria, and of as wonderful defeats."—Green.

"Biscop." "Benedict Biscop worked toward the same end in a quieter fashion, coming backward and forward across the sea with books and relics and cunning masons and painters to rear a great church and monastery at Wearmouth, whose brethren owned allegiance to the Roman See."—Green.

"Cædmon," kéd'mon. The father of English song. He died in 680. According to traditions he was a swineherd to the monks of Whiteby. One night an angel appeared to him and commanded him to sing. Awakening, the words of a poem on creation came to him.

He was admitted to the monastery as a member, after this. Milton is said to have taken the idea of "Paradise Lost" from this poem.

"Adhelm," ad'helm.

"Jarrow." A town of Durham on the Tyne, where Biscop had founded a monastery, and where Bede was buried.

P. 33.—"Ethelwulf," eth'el-wóolf; "Osburga," os'bur-ga.

P. 38.—"Hastings." A Scandinavian viking born about 812. He joined a band of marauding Northmen, of whom he soon gained entire control. Leading his band against France he devastated the banks of the Loire, went thence to Spain where he pillaged Lisbon and burned Seville. Afterward he went to Tuscany, and by stratagem captured Rome. Having made another successful invasion of France, Hastings sailed to England, but was repulsed by King Alfred. Soon after he left his roving life to settle in Denmark, where his identity is lost.

P. 41.—"Dunstan," dún'stan; "Athelstane," eth'el-stán.

"Glastonbury," glas'ton-bury. A town of Somerset, near Bath.

P. 42.—"Crediton," cred'i-ton. A town of Devonshire.

P. 43.—"Elgiva," el-gi'va.

P. 44.—"Cambria." The ancient Latin name for Wales.

"Sterlingshire." A central county of Scotland. Bannockburn is within its limits.

"Argyle." A western county of Scotland, including several islands near the coast. Its hills are famous for their picturesque beauty. The columns and cave of Staffa are within its limits.

P. 46.—"Elfrida," el'fri-da. The second wife of Edgar. The story of the wooing of Elfrida tells that Edgar having heard of her great beauty, sent his minister and friend to ascertain if the reports were true. The minister was so captivated with her charms that he misrepresented her beauty to the king and married her himself. When Edgar discovered the deceit, he promptly killed his friend and married Elfrida.

P. 48.—"Canute," ka-nút'. The second king of Denmark of that name. He was the son of King Sweyn, of Denmark, and came over with him to England. Sweyn failed to establish his power, but left the succession to Canute, who, after obtaining forces from his native land, completed the conquest.

P. 51.—"St. John." (1801-1875.) An English author and traveler. He has written several volumes of histories, travels and philosophy.

"Beau Ideal." A model of beauty; ideal perfection.

P. 53.—"Sobriquet," sōb're-ka'. A nickname. The word is sometimes incorrectly spelt *soubriquet*.

"Falaise," fa-laisz. A town of Normandy, France.

"Palgrave." (1788-1861.) An English author.

P. 54.—"Thierry," tyar're'. Jacques Nicholas Augustin (1795-1856). A French historian. He established a reputation as one of the most original historians of his times by a history of the conquest of England by the Normans. Several other volumes, mainly French histories, were written by him.

P. 59.—"Pizarro," pe-zár'o. (1475?-1541.) A Spanish adventurer. Early in the sixteenth century he assisted in the settlement of Darien. Being anxious to explore the western coast of Peru for gold, he obtained supplies of men and arms several times from the governor of Darien, but the force was insufficient to accomplish his purpose. Pizarro at last went to Spain and obtained from Charles V. the right to conquest and discovery in Peru. The expedition was successful, but a quarrel with Almagro, his partner, led to a civil war, in which Pizarro was slain. His descendants bearing the title of Marquis of the Conquest are still to be found in Trujillo, Spain.

P. 61.—"Malmesbury," māmz'ber-i, William of. (1095?-1143.) He was the librarian of the monastery of Malmesbury, and the author of several valuable historical works.

"Guizot," ge'zo'. (1787-1874.) A French statesman and historian.

"Lisieux," le'ze-uh'. A city of Normandy, formerly the seat of a bishopric, but in 1801 the diocese was abolished.

"Peter the Hermit." (1050-1115.) He had tried several pursuits, but finally became a hermit. In 1093 he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The condition of things there led to his preaching the Crusades. He led the first band of Crusaders, and afterward was associated with Godfrey of Bouillon. After the capture of Jerusalem he returned to Europe where he founded an abbey in which he passed the rest of his life.

P. 65.—"Godfrey of Bouillon," boo'yon'. (1060?-1100.) In the

struggle of Henry IV., of Germany, with Pope Gregory VII., Godfrey had aided Henry, and was the first to scale the walls of Rome at its capture. This violation of the sacred city burdened his conscience, and he went on the First Crusade, of which he became the virtual leader. In 1099 Godfrey captured Jerusalem after a siege of thirty-eight days. He took the title of duke, though offered a crown. On his death his brother succeeded him, assuming the title of Baldwin I., King of Jerusalem.

"Count of Vermandois," *vēr'món'dwa'*. Brother of the French king, Philip I.

"Bohemond," *bó'he-mónd*. (1060?-1111.) The eldest son of Robert Guiscard. Being expelled from his father's throne he took a prominent part in the Crusades, and was made prince of Antioch. Returning to Europe he married the daughter of the king of France, and marched against Alexis, the emperor of Constantinople. He was unsuccessful, and concluded peace. His death occurred soon after.

"Tancred," *tánk'red*. (1078-1112.) A cousin of Bohemond. He acted a distinguished part in the war against the Turks, attaining distinction at the sieges of Nicaea and Antioch, and at the storming of Jerusalem. He assisted Bohemond, and after the latter returned to Europe, Tancred defended Antioch. After the defeat of Bohemond, Tancred defeated the Saracens and drove the Sultan from Syria.

P. 67.—"Brabanion." Soldiers from Brabant, one of the divisions of the Netherlands.

P. 68.—"Angevins," *ān'jā'vón'*. The inhabitants of Anjou.

P. 69.—"Ely." The fens of Ely were a portion of the section known now as the "Bedford Level," a district in eastern England, which was formerly a vast morass, but which in the seventeenth century was reclaimed by the Earl of Bedford.

"Baldwin de Rivier," *deh re'veer'*; "Lenoir," *le-nore'*.

P. 73.—"Hauberk," *hau'bērk*. A coat of mail used in the middle ages, being a jacket or tunic, with wide sleeves reaching a little below the elbow, and with short trousers terminating at the knee.—*Fairholt*.

"De la Chesnage," *deh lā chēs'nazh'*.

P. 76.—"Brito," *brit'ō*; "Fitzurse," *fits'urs*.

P. 86.—"Real," *re'al*. A Spanish and Mexican silver coin worth about 12½ cents.

"Lists." A place enclosed for combats.

"Pursuivants," *pūr'swe-vānt*. A follower or attendant.

P. 87.—"Brian de Bois Guilbert," *bre-ōn' deh bwā'gel'bēr'*. A brave but voluptuous commander of the Knights Templar in Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

"Front de Bœuf," *frōn deh būf*; "Richard de Malvoisin," *deh māl'vwā'sān'*; "Grantmesnil," *grānt'mās'nel'*; "Vipont," *ve'pōn'*.

"St. John of Jerusalem." A religious and military order which originated in the middle of the eleventh century. A chapel and hostellers had been built at Jerusalem near the Holy Sepulchre. The fraternity who cared for them showed such courage during the siege of Jerusalem that many knights and princes attached themselves to the hospitalers, and in 1113 the order was approved as "Brothers Hospitalers of St. John in Jerusalem." To monastic vows were added those of bearing arms in defense of Christianity. Many services were rendered to religion, but the order growing rich, degenerated. After the fall of Jerusalem it was established at Markab, and in 1291 removed to Cyprus. In 1530 the knights took Malta and retained it until its capture by Bonaparte in 1798. Since that time the order has existed only in name.

P. 88.—"La Reyne de la," etc. The queen of love and beauty.

P. 89.—"Caracoled." Wheeled about.

P. 92.—"Laissez Aller." Go.

P. 93.—"Beau-scant." The name of the Templars' banner, which was half white, half black, to intimate, it is said, that they were candid and fair toward Christians, but black and terrible toward infidels.

"Desdichado." Scott says of this knight: "His suit of armor was formed of steel richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying disinherited."

P. 96.—"Chamfron," *chām'fron*. An ancient piece of armor for the head of a horse.

P. 99.—"St. Edmundsbury" or Bury St. Edmunds. A borough in

Suffolkshire. It received its name from Edmund, the Saxon king and martyr.

P. 102.—"Ankerwyke," *an'ker-wike*.

P. 103.—"Lewes," *lu'is*.

"Mortimer." The Earl of March. During the reign of Edward II. he became virtual sovereign of England, by favor of Queen Isabella. Through his instrumentality the king was imprisoned, and in 1326 murdered. Mortimer tried to gain control of the young prince, but was seized and hung in 1330.

P. 104.—"Llewelyn," *le-wel'in*. Prince of Wales 1246. Was through life engaged in contests with the English, but finally submitted and resigned his territory 1277; revolted again and was killed by Mortimer 1282.

P. 105.—"Justiciar," *jus-tish'e ar*. Judge.

"Marcher." The border barons. The word *march* means border. It is used chiefly in the plural, and in the English history applied to the border territories between England and Scotland, and England and Wales.

P. 106.—"Glamorgan," *gla-mor'gan*. The most southerly of the counties of Wales.

P. 107.—"Hugh Dispenser." The son of Simon de Montfort.

P. 109.—"Mareschal," *mār'shal*. The word is now written *marshal*. A military officer of high rank.

P. 111.—"De Bohun," *deh bo'hun*; "Inchaffray," *in'chaf-fray*; "Ingelram de Umphraville," *in'gel-ram deh umph're-ville*.

P. 113.—"Ponthieu," *pōng'te-ūh*.

"Houseled," *houz'eld*. An obsolete word, meaning that they had received the eucharist.

P. 114.—"Salet," *sāl'et*. A light helmet used by foot soldiers.

P. 115.—"Froissart," *frois'ärt* (1337-1410). A French chronicler. He had been destined for the priesthood, but became interested in preparing a history of the wars of his time. He went to England to collect materials, where he held a state position until he had attained his object; then he visited Scotland and Italy before returning to a clerical position in France. His life as country priest did not suit him and he joined the duke of Brabant. Having traveled through several countries, collected a volume of poems and observed the life of nearly all the courts of western Europe, Froissart devoted the rest of his days to completing his great work, "The chronicles of the wonderful adventures, great enterprises and feats of arm which happened during my time in France, England, Brittany, Scotland, Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere."

"St. Denis." A bishop of France in the third century who by legendary writers is confounded with Dionysius the Areopagite. The latter was an Athenian philosopher, who became a convert to St. Paul, and traveled through many countries preaching Christ. Arriving at Paris he resolved to stay there as a preacher. After several years of service he was executed. "He became the patron of the French monarchy, his name the war cry of the French armies. The famous oriflamme—the standard of France—was the banner consecrated upon his tomb."

"Alençon," *ā-lēn'son*.

P. 118.—"La Brayes," *lā brwa*; "Reynault," *rā'nol'*.

P. 119.—"Entrepot," *ōng-tr-pō*. A free port where goods are received and deposited.

"Vienne," *ve-en'*.

P. 121.—"Gossip." This word was formerly used in the sense of comrade, friend.

"Jehan d'Airs," *ja'ān'dār*; "Jacques de Wisant," *zhāk deh ve'sōn'*.

P. 124.—"John Ball." "An English fanatical preacher in the reign of Richard II. executed at Coventry in 1381. He had been repeatedly excommunicated for preaching 'errors and schisms and scandals against the pope, the archbishops, bishops and clergy,' and when Wyckliffe began to preach he adopted some of the reformer's doctrines, and engrafted them on his own. He joined Wat Tyler's rebellion in 1381, and at Blackheath preached to a hundred thousand of the insurgents a violent democratic sermon on the text,

When Adam delved and Eve span

Who was then the gentleman?"

P. 128.—"Good Parliament." In the reign of Edward III., and so called from the severity with which it pursued the party of the duke of Lancaster.

P. 129.—“Peter’s Pence.” An annual tribute of one penny paid at the feast of St. Peter to the See of Rome. At one time it was collected from every family, but afterwards it was restricted to those who had the value of thirty pence in quick or live stock. This tax was collected in England from 740 till it was abolished by Henry VIII.

P. 137.—“Cinque Ports,” sink ports. The five English Channel ports of Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich. These ports lying opposite to France received peculiar privileges in the days of early English history, on condition of providing in time of war a certain number of ships at their own expense.

P. 138.—“Chandos.” (Sir John.) An English soldier of the fourteenth century, whose valor and virtue have been greatly praised by the historians of the time. At Crecy, Poitiers and Auray he won honors, was made constable of Aquitaine, and seneschal of Poitou. On his death the king of France exclaimed that he was the only warrior who could have made peace between him and the king of England.

“Du Guesclin,” *dū ga’klān’* (1314?-1380). Constable of France, and its most famous warrior during his life.

“Saint George.” The patron saint of England. Was at once the GREAT SAINT of the Greek Church and the patron of the chivalry of Europe. According to the legends he lived in the time of the emperor Diocletian. He performed many marvelous feats in defense of his religion, and suffered terrible persecution; when finally he was beheaded he was placed at the head of the martyrs. Mrs. Jameson says: “The particular veneration paid to him in England dates from the time of Richard I., who in the wars of Palestine placed himself and his army under the especial protection of St. George.”

“Derby,” earl of, afterward earl of Lancaster. A cousin of Edward III., who defended the English provinces in France against the French, winning a fine reputation as a warrior.

“Hawkwood.” Sir John. An English military adventurer of the fourteenth century. He fought for Gregory XI., and for the king of Naples, and won great renown for daring and skill.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN “THE CHAUTAUQUAN.”

READINGS FROM ROMAN HISTORY.

P. 437, c. 1.—“Horatii,” *ho-ra’ti-i*; “Curiatii,” *cu’ri-a’ti-i*.

P. 438, c. 1.—“Cineas.” See Notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, page 370. “Manius Curius,” *man’i-us cu’ri-us*; “Cornelius Rufinus,” *cor-ne’li-us ru-fi’nus*; “Fabricius,” *fa-bric’i-us*.

“Heraclea,” *her’a-cle’a*. A city in Lucania, near the Tarentine Gulf. It was here that the first battle between Pyrrhus and the Romans took place in which the latter were defeated.

“Appius Claudius,” *ap’pi-us clau’di-us*. He was censor in 312, when he built the Appian aqueduct and commenced the Appian Way. Appius was the earliest Roman writer whose name has come down to us.

P. 438, c. 2.—“Chaonians,” *chā-o’ni-ans*. Inhabitants of Chaonia, a division of Epirus.

“Molossians,” *mo-los’si-ans*. A people of Epirus.

“Lucanians,” *lu-ca’ni-ans*. Inhabitants of Lucania. A district of Lower Italy, corresponding to a part of the kingdom of Naples.

“Bruttians,” *brut’ti-ans*. The district south of Lucania, in the southern extremity of Italy was called Bruttium, from which the people were called Bruttians.

READINGS IN ART.

P. 442.—“Dürer,” *dü’rer*; “Schongauer,” *shōn’gow-er*. More generally known as Martin Schön (the beautiful Martin). Among the Italians he was called “Bel Martino,” and the French called him “Beau Martin”—so named from the beauty of his works. He lived in the fifteenth century—the greatest German artist of that period. His paintings are rare, he being more famous as an engraver than as a painter. A fine collection of his prints are in the British Museum.

“Wolgemit,” *wol’ge-moot*. (1434-1519.) A native of Wurtemberg, who devoted himself chiefly to the carving and manufacture of huge altar chests and other specimens of church furniture. Specimens of his painting are in the gallery at Munich, also at Zwickau, and at Nuremberg.

“Florins,” *flōr’ins*. A silver coin of Florence first used in the twelfth century. The name is given to various coins, in different countries; the value varying from twenty-three to fifty-four cents.

“Giovanni Bellini,” *jo-vā’nee bel-lee’nee*. (1426-1516.) Generally regarded as the founder of the Venetian school of painting. He decorated the walls of the Hall of the Council, painted many church pieces, and a few portraits.

“Zisselgasse,” *tsiss-el-gass’ā*; “Bruges,” *brūzh*.

P. 443, c. 1.—“Shahpour,” *sha’pōor*; “Perkheimer,” *pirk’hi-mer*; “Holbein,” *hōl’bin*.

“Kugler,” *koog’ler*. (1808-1858.) A German writer whose works on the history of art met with great success. He also wrote histories and published a volume of poems and several successful dramas.

“Bale,” *bāl*.

“Rathaus,” *rawt’haus*. Counsel house.

P. 443, c. 2.—“More.” (1480-1535.) An English statesman. He was finely educated at the university, and afterward studied law. At the bar he became very successful. Under Henry VIII. he was employed in many public affairs until he won that monarch’s dislike by refusing to consent to his divorce from the queen. This dislike led to a charge of treason being preferred against him, and he was condemned and executed.

“Chelsea,” *chel’sē*. Formerly a village about two miles from London, but now a suburb. The famous military hospital for invalid soldiers and the royal military asylum for the support and education of the children of soldiers are at Chelsea.

“In tempera.” “*Tempera* painting or *distemper*, as it is now called, is that in which the pigments are mixed with chalk or clay, and mixed with weak glue or size.”

“Easterlings.” The popular name of traders from the Baltic and Germany during the Middle Ages.

“Francesco Spforza,” *fran-chēs’ko sfort’sā*.

“Friedrich Overbeck,” *fred’ric o’ver-bek’*.

“Degli Angeli,” *de’glee ān’gel-ee*.

“Tasso.” (1144-1595.) An Italian poet. His “Jerusalem Delivered” was an epic poem on the delivery of the holy city by Godfrey of Bouillon.

P. 444, c. 1.—“Marchese Massimo,” *mar’chez mās-see’mo*; “Städel,” *stā’del*.

“Van Eyck,” *van-ik’*. These brothers, Hubrecht and Jan Van Eyck, lived in the latter part of the fourteenth and first part of the fifteenth centuries. They attained a great success, which was undoubtedly due to the discovery of a new process for mixing colors with oil. This discovery led to a new coloring known as “the purple of Van Eyck.”

“Matsys,” *māt’sis’*. (1460?-1529.) He is said to have been a blacksmith in early life, and to have been a self-taught artist. His pictures are highly colored and finished. One of his best is an altar piece in the cathedral at Antwerp.

“Siegen,” *se’gen*.

“Paola Veronese,” *paw’lo vā-ro nā-zā*. Commonly known as Cagliari (*kāl’jā-ree*) (1530?-1588.) A native of Verona. When quite young he painted the dome of the cathedral at Mantua, and soon after gained a prize at Venice from several eminent painters. His splendid coloring made his pictures very famous. One of the best known is the “Marriage of Cana,” in the Louvre. He also painted portraits of great merit.

“Vincenzo Gongaza,” *vin-sen’zo gon-gā’zā*.

“Giulio Romano,” *joo’le-o ro-mā’no* (1492-1546.) The most famous disciple of Raphael. “He was particularly successful as an original painter in battle pieces, and other warlike subjects, and was, above all, an inimitable designer.”

“Lichtenstein,” *lik’ten-stine*.

“Whitehall.” A famous royal palace of London of great historical

interest. The old palace was burnt in 1697, leaving only a banqueting hall, which was converted into a Chapel Royal by George I.

"Fourment," *four-ment*ʹ.

P. 444, c. 1.—"Decius." Emperor of Rome from 249 to 251.

"Ixion," *ix'ion*; "Antoon van Dyck," *an'toon van dike*ʹ.

P. 445, c. 1.—"Velasquez," *vā las'kes*. (1599-1660.) A painter of Seville. He studied with the best masters of the times and early attained a success which led to his being appointed court painter to Philip IV. In 1627 Velasquez visited Rome to study the masters there. On his return he was given a studio in the king's palace, and in 1656 he was given a lucrative position as superintendent of the king's lodgement. Of his painting it is said: "He drew nothing from the antique, and his visit to Italy produced no change in his style. He held up the mirror to his age alone; all his art was his own—original, national and idiosyncratic." Mengs gives the historical picture—"General Pescara receiving the keys of a Flemish citadel" as his masterpiece. The finest pictures of Velasquez remain at Madrid.

"Mater Dolorosa," *ma'ter dō-lo-rō'sā*. Sorrowing mother.

"Pittore Cavalieresco," *pit'tō-rā cā-vāl'ee-res'cō*. The Cavalier painter.

"Rembrandt Harmensz van Rijn," *rem'brānt har'mensz van rīn*; "Van Mander," *van man'der*. (1548-1606.) A Flemish painter of historical pieces and landscapes.

"Houbraken." A Dutch painter of portraits and historical pieces, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

"Hermann Gerritszoon," *her'mann ger-rits'zoon*; "Weddesteeg," *ved'des-teg*, "Antoine Breedstraet," *an'to-ny breed-strā't*; "Saskia van Ulenburch," *sas'ki-a van oo'len-burk*; "Leeuwarden," *lō-war'den*.

P. 445, c. 2.—"Guilders," *gild'er*. A Dutch coin worth about 38 cents.

"Walloon," *wal'loon*. A native of that part of Flanders between the Scheldt and the Lys.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 447, c. 1.—"El Bireh," *el bē'rā*; "Zebroud," *zé-broud*; "Aian el Haramiyeh," *ai'an el har'am-i'yeh*; "Nablous," *na'blous*.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

P. 448, c. 1.—"Youghiogheny," *yōh'ho-gā'nī*.

"Dinwiddy," *din-wid'die*. (1690-1770.) A Scotchman. Governor of Virginia from 1752 to 1758.

P. 448, c. 2.—"LeBeuf," *lāh'būf*; "Du Quesne," *dū-kain*.

P. 449, c. 1.—"Braddock." General Braddock was a Scotchman. He had earned his title in the wars in Flanders, and had been sent to America in February before his death, which it is believed was caused by one of his own men. Braddock gave the order that none of the

English should protect themselves in the battle of Monongahela behind the trees as the French and English did. One of the provincial soldiers disobeyed. Braddock saw it and struck him with his sword. The brother of the man seeing this, shot Braddock in the back.

"St. Croix," *krwā*.

P. 450, c. 1.—"Loudon," *lōw'don*. (1705-1782.) He had been appointed governor of Virginia, and commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, but he paid no attention to military affairs. Franklin said of him: "He is like little St. George on the sign boards, always on horseback, but never goes forward."

"Abercrombie," *āb'er-krūm-bī*. (1706-1781.) A Scotchman. He became a colonel in the British army in 1746, and came to America in 1756, where he held the chief command until the arrival of Loudon. After his defeat at Ticonderoga, Abercrombie returned to England and became a member of Parliament, where he advocated the obnoxious measures which led to the war of the Revolution.

"Ticonderoga," *ti-con'der-o'ga*.

"Lord Howe." (1724-1758.) He was a member of the British army who came to America in the spring of 1758. It is said that with him "the soul of the expedition seemed to expire." His body was taken from Ticonderoga to Albany and placed in a vault. When several years after, the remains were removed, his hair, which had been cut short as an example for his soldiers, had grown to long, flowing, and beautiful locks.

"Wolfe." (1726-1759.) He distinguished himself in the army when only twenty years old. His valor at Louisberg led to his being placed at the head of the expedition against Quebec, where he was killed.

"Gabus," *gab'a-rus*.

P. 450, c. 2.—"Prideaux," *prid'o*; "Montmorenci," *mōnt'mo-rēn'sī*.

"Johnson." (1715-1774.) An Irishman who came to America in 1738 to take care of property in the Mohawk Valley for an uncle. He became a great favorite with the Indians, and at the breaking out of the French and Indian war was made superintendent of Indian Affairs. His great influence kept the Six Nations from any favoring of the French. Johnson was adopted into the Mohawk tribe and made a sachem. For his invaluable services during the war he was knighted and given a grant of 100,000 acres of land north of the Mohawk River.

"Amherst." (1717-1797.) After his campaign in the north, Amherst was made governor of Virginia in 1763, was afterward created a baron, and from 1778 to 1795 was commander-in-chief.

"Montcalm." (1712-1759.) He had entered the French army when but 14 years old. In the war of the Austrian Secession, and afterward in Italy, he gained a high rank. In 1756 he was sent to Canada, where he was feebly seconded by the governor in his efforts to preserve the colony to the French. A fine monument stands at Quebec erected to both Montcalm and Wolfe.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

After a residence of sixteen years on the Pacific coast, and much travel, often by the most primitive methods, through a remote and, at the time, little known part of the country, Mrs. Leighton gives us in an unpretending little volume* some picturesque descriptions, and an entertaining narrative of her personal observations and experiences. As the work was written from memoranda made at the time, it, of course, describes the country and its inhabitants as they appeared fifteen or twenty years ago. The rapid immigration of enterprising white people with their multiform industries, schools, churches, and all the improvements of civilized life has so greatly changed things that a faithful picture, now drawn, of some of the localities would be in strong contrast

with that here sketched for us. With the present railroad facilities, the steady stream of emigration to the "new land of promise" will be accelerated, and in the next decade the advancement of society there will be still more rapid.

A work of rare excellence, and one that meets a demand that has long been felt, is Wheeler's complete analysis of the Bible.* The learned author was eminently fitted for the work undertaken, every part of which witnesses his competency, fidelity and thoroughness. The field occupied is not new. We have several other works of the same class but none half so satisfactory. The Professor had already wrought with gratifying success on his "Analysis and Summary of Herodotus,"

* Life at Puget Sound, with Sketches of Travel in Washington Territory, British Columbia, Oregon and California. 1865-1881. By Caroline C. Leighton. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers, 1884.

* Wheeler's Complete Analysis of the Bible. A Summary of Old and New Testament History. By J. T. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., Philadelphia: Thayer, Merriam & Co. 1882.

and also of "Thucydides," books that present the principal facts narrated by those classic historians summarized with great clearness. The analyses in the present work present some of the very best examples of concise clearness of statement, and the summaries are carefully made. The synthesis of the four gospels gives all the principal events and sayings of the Savior's life in chronological order, with explanatory notes. We most cordially commend it to all our friends who are able to place it in their libraries. If they are Bible students it is full of such information as will greatly interest them.

We are glad to know that Dr. J. H. Vincent is publishing in neatly ornamented paper covers a series of tracts,* full of valuable suggestions, and that ought to be read by the young people of all fraternizing evangelical churches. They are written from a Methodist standpoint, in plain, forcible language, that can not fail to be understood. The writer is so well known and honored by Chautauquans, for his generous catholicity of spirit, and cordial fellowship with the good of all denominations that they will not wonder at his intense abhorrence of all bigotry and narrow-mindedness.

Among the many books on temperance that have been written during the last two years one of the most useful is "Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer."† The materials for the volume are taken directly from the author's experience as a criminal lawyer, and consist of incidents whose details he heard in the courts or in the cells of the jails. He says: "My experience at the bar has satisfied me that intemperance is the direct cause of nearly all the crime that is committed in our country. I have been at the bar over thirty years, have been engaged on over four thousand criminal cases, and, on mature reflection I am satisfied that over three thousand of those cases have originated from drunkenness alone, and I believe that a great proportion of the remainder could be traced either directly or indirectly to this great source of crime." With such an experience and such a conviction it is needless to add that Mr. Richmond has made a strong plea for the temperance cause.

When Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announced that a new and complete edition of the writings of Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) was to be sent out from their house, the many lovers of "Reveries of a Bachelor," and "Dream Life," were heartily pleased. No other books in our American Literature have a charm like those two. We all feel a certain personal affection for the Bachelor whose fireside dreams and fancies are like our own, an affection which makes us turn gladly to anything he writes, and we are never disappointed in what we find. To be sure there is nothing in "Seven Stories," or "Wet Days at Edgewood," or "Dr. Johns," that gives us the delight of our first favorites, but there is much of pleasant narrative and wholesome sentiment that drives away our dullness and tones up our thoughts. The new edition is very attractive, its cloth binding being "something new" in American books, and when the twelve volumes are out they will be a valuable addition to our good books.

The first new volume in the new edition of Ik Marvel is a bundle of pleasant papers which are put under the apt title of "Bound Together,"‡ because, as the author says, "after considerable search I could find no more unifying title." Pleasant reading they are, indeed, on topics which are everyday enough and interesting enough to make every reader linger over them. Among the essays is the oration on Washington Irving, delivered at the centennial celebration of Irving's birth, held a year ago, at Tarrytown; a course of lectures on "Titian and His Times;" "Two College Talks;" "Beginnings of an Old Town," an address delivered upon the occasion of the second centennial of the foundation of the town of Norwich, and several delightful papers grouped under the general heads of "Processions of the Months," and "In-doors and Out-doors."

There are a great many very suggestive and valuable hints in "My House."|| If house builders would only follow them our eyes and taste

* The Holy Catholic Church. The Antiquity of Methodism. The Episcopal Church. By J. H. Vincent, D.D. Phillips & Hunt, New York: 1884.

† Leaves from the Diary of an Old Lawyer. By A. B. Richmond, Esq., Meadville, Pa. Meadville Publishing House. 1883.

‡ Bound Together: A Sheaf of Papers. By the author of "Wet Days at Edgewood," "Reveries of a Bachelor," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

|| My House: An Ideal. By Oliver B. Bunce. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

would not be so tried now-a-days by the ginger-bready piles of red and green peaks and towers and balconies and turrets and cupolas that are called houses; houses that are built for style, and not for fitness. It is a pity that a few sensible ideas about house building can not be put into our heads until we shall build a little nearer Mr. Bunce's ideal, houses whose foundations are deep, and whose walls will stand through many generations to come, built for happiness and not to look at. He does not try to set forth cheap devices by which "inferior things are made to put on the seeming of better things," nor to show how a house can be made pretentious by means of shams, but "how it can be made beautiful by choosing and combining intelligently." "My theme is art, and not trickery; my design is to show how to bring about good results by right methods, not how to cover up paltry objects by false devices."

A book giving much needed and valuable information respecting the false systems of religion, has been lately issued, by Messrs. Phillips & Hunt.* It is a book for the times, and published for a purpose worthy of the source whence it comes. It contains nine distinct essays, by as many Christian scholars, well fitted for the work undertaken; beside their eminent ability they have severally been in circumstances most favorable to a thorough understanding of the subjects discussed. The thoughtful reader will discover in them sufficient grounds for the faith indicated by the title, "Doomed Religions," and that the false systems that have for ages enthralled the race give evidence of decay.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The World's Cyclopaedia and Library of Universal Knowledge." Compiled by Professor H. L. Williams. New York: World Manufacturing Co.

"Biogen; A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life." By Prof. Elliot Coues. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1884.

"Stories by American Authors;" volumes I. and II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

"The Last of the Luscombs;" by Helen Pearson Barnard. Boston: Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.

"The Retrospect. A Poem in Four Cantos;" by John Ap Thomas Jones. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1884.

"The Opening of a Chestnut Burr." By E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Riverside Literature Series: "Mabel Martin and Other Poems." By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Doomed Religions. A series of essays on Great Religions of the World. Edited by Rev. J. M. Reid, D.D., LL. D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 1884.



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